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Iason Mink: Jupiter's Golden Boy, Head of the Syndicate and the Amoian Elite. When Tanagura's leading Blondie takes on a new pet, all of Eos is abuzz with the news. His choice is none other than Riki the Dark, the infamous gang leader of Bison, a mongrel with no respect for Iason's rank or authority. What will it take to tame the notorious wild boy of Midas? Find out in this three part series, Kira Takenouchi's *Taming Riki*.



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TAMING RIKI

KIRA TAKENOUCHI

VOL. I
PART I



TAMING RIKI

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KIRA TAKENOUCHI

Taming Riki

Taming Riki

By Kira Takenouchi

Volume One

Part I

Second Edition

Yaoi Underground LLC

Bloomington, Indiana 47402

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Visit www.kirafics.net for other fiction by Kira Takenouchi.

For Rieko Yoshihara,
For Her Vision

For Astrid,
For One Thousand and One Reasons

For Anatra,
Who Gave Me the Push I Needed

And Finally,
This Book Is Dedicated
In Loving Memory of
Shiozawa Kaneto
1954-2000

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Riki's Punishment

“I HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE,” Iason sighed, “not to make me repeat myself.”

Riki shook his head defiantly, refusing to move from the corner where he huddled in a futile attempt to hide his nakedness from the imposing Blondie. Wearing nothing but chains, he had now been subjected to Iason's scrutiny for days, forced to masturbate on command with a frequency enabled by the G-wave emissions of his pet ring. Those same G-wave properties could be used to punish him with agonizing constriction or unconsummated sexual torment and could be programmed in sync with his own brain waves, making even rebellious thoughts a source of certain punishment.

“Very well. I have given you ample opportunity to obey, Riki. It seems I shall have to discipline you.”

Iason's gentle voice seemed to the mongrel strangely incongruent with the full meaning of his words, and he felt something that was becoming all too familiar when it came to this Blondie—fear.

Pulling his knees to his chest and burying his head in his arms, he waited for the inevitable sting of the pet ring constriction. When nothing happened, he looked up and saw that Iason had risen and pressed the intercom that summoned Daryl. The boy immediately entered the room, cowering obsequiously before his Master.

"Yes, Iason-sama," he whispered nervously, head bowed.

"Daryl. Unfortunately, Riki has chosen to disobey me again. I have decided that you will administer his punishment."

"Yes, Sir," Daryl answered, glancing anxiously at Riki.

The Blondie then opened a small drawer concealed beneath the desk that housed his intercom and communications system and pulled out a kasey-whip, a flexible rod that was used for corporal punishment of pets and of eunuchs—the sexually modified males who served the Elite. It rarely needed to be used, and to be whipped was considered quite shameful.

Daryl drew in his breath instinctively as Iason stood quietly, gently tapping the whip against his left hand.

"Riki," he whispered, his voice lowering with menacing softness, "are you ready to be *whipped*?"

All the frustration and rage at being held captive by the Blondie seemed to converge and rise inside him at once. Riki's head shot up defiantly, hatred flashing in his eyes.

"Go ahead, do what you want, get it over with! Anything's better than putting on a show for you, ya perverted bastard!"

Daryl visibly cringed at these words, taking a step back and looking apprehensively toward his Master.

Iason was silent for a moment, then laughed softly. "Unfortunately for you, your role as a performer isn't over yet tonight. Daryl will be helping you on that point; but first, he will be giving you a lesson you won't soon forget. Daryl."

"Yes, Master."

Iason held out the kasey-whip, and Daryl rushed to retrieve it, unable to make eye contact with the towering Blondie.

“Riki,” Iason commanded sternly. “Lie facedown on the bed.”

For a moment Riki contemplated resisting, but an immediate restriction of the pet ring convinced him of the futility of that option. Shoulders humped, he made his way to the bed, his chains clinking and dragging along the floor.

As he neared the bed he shot Iason a malevolent glare, feeling his stomach clench when the Blondie smiled slightly in response. He crawled on the bed and lay facedown as instructed, and waited.

Intentionally drawing out the matter, Iason leisurely retired to his chair and sat down, crossing his legs gracefully, and resting his gloved hands on his knees.

“Turn your head this way,” he whispered. “I want to see your face.”

Riki complied with this order with great reluctance, not wanting him to perceive his discomfort; that would give his new Master too much satisfaction.

But that, of course, was exactly what the Blondie had in mind.

For some time Iason simply looked at him, his gaze moving along the mongrel's beautiful physique, a body that the Blondie could not help but admire—his radiant, silky skin gleaming, his taut muscles flexing with the slightest movement. It would be a shame to mark it with the fruits of discipline, but there was no other way to make Riki understand his position.

In truth, he knew it should have been done long before; certainly, no other pet in Tanagura spoke to his Master the way Riki did. He had put it off, perhaps out of affection for the strange little mongrel, whose defiance and spirit fascinated him. But it was time they made some progress, and he had grown weary of Riki's obstinacy.

Every pet, even Riki the Dark, should know his place.

“What are you waiting for?” Riki snapped irritably. “Get it over with already.”

“It will end when I say it ends. And...it will begin when I say it begins, and not a moment sooner.”

Iason deliberately waited a few additional minutes, watching the mongrel's growing impatience and frustration with some amusement.

“If you understood what was coming, you would not be so impatient for it,” he observed with a small smile.

Then, taking a sip of his wine, he finally nodded. "Daryl."

"Yes, Iason-sama."

"Show no mercy."

Bowing his head, the boy nervously moved to the side of the bed and glanced up at the Blondie for permission to begin. Iason nodded almost imperceptibly.

Daryl's strike came down lightning fast, lashing the back of the mongrel's thighs. His buttocks clenched, but Riki made no sound, and his face betrayed no sign of pain.

"Harder," Iason ordered.

At the second strike, a small sound escaped the prostrate mongrel, and he cringed. As strike after strike made its mark, Riki's expressions became increasingly contorted and his utterances more pronounced, until finally, unable to hold back any longer, he cried out openly.

All the while the Blondie watched him with seeming impassivity, sipping his wine as though finding the whole affair tedious and decidedly uninteresting, on par, perhaps, with a pet just put to auction—something he had seen countless times before.

Eventually Riki's cries merged with pleading, as the mongrel begged helplessly for the whipping to cease.

"Please...please," he pleaded, looking imploringly toward Iason.

"Don't stop," the Blondie commanded, when Daryl gave him a questioning look.

The mongrel's cries now pierced the heart of his Master, but Iason knew that unless he was given an extreme lesson, Riki would never learn what it meant to be a pet; he had put it off far too long, and now that he had finally taken out the whip, it was necessary to show a firm arm. Punishment was exactly that: punishment. His pet's suffering was required for the discipline to achieve the desired outcome of submission to his authority.

The Blondie watched carefully, wanting only to push the mongrel just beyond his limit for pain without leaving any sort of scarring on his exotic dark skin. No; he was far too fond of his pet's beautiful body to mark it permanently, even to show his ownership. He wanted misery without injury. His objective was only for Riki to know he had been thoroughly punished and that Iason would not hesitate to use

such extreme methods of correction when necessary—but not to truly harm his pet in any way.

“From this I hope you’ve learned something about obedience, Riki. I’m sure you don’t want this experience repeated again.”

Then, raising a hand to signal a stop to the discipline, he finally gave the mongrel the relief he begged for. Riki’s sobs filled him with pity, though one would not have known it from his hard, stern expression. His pet had certainly been whipped; his buttocks and thighs were covered with welts and lashing marks.

As his sobs finally subsided, the punished pet lay limply on the bed, staring vacantly ahead.

“Daryl.”

“Yes?”

“I’ll take that now.”

The Blondie nodded towards the kasey-whip still in the boy’s hand. Riki’s eyes grew wide with fear, eliciting a small smile from his Master. “You needn’t worry. You’ve been sufficiently punished, pet. I’m returning this to the drawer, where I hope it will remain.”

Iason felt a surge of affection for his pet when his eyes betrayed obvious relief at these words; Riki had, for the first time since he had come into his household, showed some semblance of fear and submission, now trembling where he lay on the bed, his dark eyes wide like a child’s.

The mongrel was—at least while the sting of punishment was fresh—prepared to obey his Master, and Iason intended to take advantage of his capitulation, however transient or illusory.

“Now, Riki, since you’re so reluctant to provide the stimulation I asked for, Daryl is going to assist you. Then perhaps next time you’ll reconsider defying me when I request your performance. Turn over on your back. No,” Iason paused, considering the pain of Riki’s punishment, “stand up.”

Riki complied, wincing as he moved, his head bowed in defeat.

Daryl looked to Iason, who nodded at him. “Bring him to orgasm.”

The Blondie studied his pet closely as Daryl began stimulating him, first with his hand and then, on his knees, with his mouth.

At first, the mongrel seemed shamed by the boy's ministrations, keeping his head down and eyes closed. But then, with the onslaught of pleasurable sensations, his manner changed, and he threw his head back, gasping.

Shivering with his own surge of carnal excitement, Iason found himself once again wondering what it would be like to take his own pet, this exotic dark-haired mongrel whose every move seemed to arouse him like no other pet had before. He removed his right glove, unfastened his trouser flap, and slid his hand around his own immense organ, already engorged with his lust.

With slow strokes, he brought himself nearly to his peak just observing the mongrel's increasing arousal. A glimpse of his throat when his head was thrown back was especially enticing; when he apprehended his pet reaching down to rest his trembling hands on Daryl's head, Iason had to stop to keep from ejaculating.

He wanted to wait.

Then, when Riki's gasps abruptly increased in frequency and volume and he began arching his back, Iason knew it was time. As his pet's cries filled the room, he released his own pent-up lust with masterful strokes, pumping out his sex with an incomparably sweet intensity that sent shudders down his back. Eyes closed, he rested for a moment before discreetly cleaning up and rising to leave the room.

He turned at the door.

"Give him any medical attention necessary."

"Yes, Master," Daryl answered, bowing.

Iason paused for a moment, studying his pet, who was still standing—now with his gaze fixed firmly on the floor. He turned on his heels and walked over to the mongrel, taking hold of his chin to turn his face up toward him.

"I think you've learned something about what it means to be a pet. I never want to have to do that again. So, Riki. Do you think you can be more obedient now?"

"Yeah," Riki whispered, eyes wide and forlorn.

"Good." Iason leaned down and kissed his throat, then whispered in his ear, "You belong to me now, Riki. I'll have you remember that."

A strong desire swept over him in that moment, a sudden impulse to seize his pet and kiss him fiercely, deeply—a kiss that would convey his complete possession of the mongrel, more than words ever could. But, with Daryl watching, he resisted the urge, turning and exiting the room with brisk steps, his white boots clipping sharply on the aquamarine marble floor.

His abrupt departure and cool demeanor masked the turmoil of his heart, for the Blondie was, in truth, perplexed over his fascination for his new pet. Yes he, Iason Mink, Head of the Syndicate, was in every sense of the word *smitten* with this defiant warlord from the slums, this dark-haired, dark-eyed mongrel who rejected his every advance, who announced daily his hatred for him—for all the Elites.

Who would have believed that Iason would even entertain the notion of a mongrel pet? A mongrel who had no inbred controls or even a sense of common courtesy to make him suitable as a pet: vulgar and coarse in every respect, stubborn, rebellious, contemptuous—even openly hostile. And not just any mongrel, for Iason had acquired none other than the notorious Riki the Dark, leader of the slum gang *Bison*, the bane of the Midas police.

Despite this—no, perhaps *because* of it—Riki intrigued him far more than all his other previous pets combined. His former pets had all been A-class acquisitions direct from the Academy, completely docile and obedient, always anxious to please.

Perhaps, if Iason were truly honest with himself, he would acknowledge that he had grown bored with the mindless servility of Academy-bred pets and their immediate submission to his every command. The fact of the matter was that Iason found even A-class pets mind-numbingly, disappointingly dull.

Tame.

In contrast to their subservience, the mongrel fought him every step of the way, like a wild animal struggling against his restraints.

Riki's utter intractability on every issue since his arrival in Eos had, paradoxically, only captivated his Master even more. Although, at first, Iason had only intended to toy with the mongrel for a few days, now he found himself increasingly drawn into the challenge of taming Riki.

Raoul, Iason's closest friend and former lover, had been adamant that a mongrel could never be tamed, that he was risking everything by attempting it, but Iason was not so sure.

At any rate, he intended to find out if it could, or could not, be done.

But already the project had begun to consume his emotions, and the Blondie, by his very nature typically cool and unaffected on most matters, puzzled over the intensity of his feelings, wondering where such desires would take him—would take them both.

Perhaps Raoul was right, after all; perhaps his new pet would be his downfall. But...Iason knew, even if that were true, it would not be easy to give up the beautiful mongrel Riki, whose unapologetic defiance and brooding, black eyes had already captured his heart.

Master Iason

Six weeks earlier.

“LET...LET ME GO,” Riki stammered. He was mortified that he had climaxed so quickly, but there was nothing he could do about it now. Iason continued to pin his arms above his head, keeping him pressed up against the wall. The mongrel withered under his unwavering gaze, anxious to gather his clothes and leave the dark, rather squalid motel room. But apparently the Blondie had other ideas.

“Don’t tell me you think you’ve repaid me with such a miserable performance as that?”

Riki sighed. “Fine. Let’s have it. What do you want?”

“Get dressed. You’ll come with me.” Now Iason released him, watching as he fumbled with his clothes.

“Where...are we going?” he asked, frowning.

“To Eos. In Tanagura.”

Tanagura. Riki had only been beyond the borders of Midas on a few day trips but had never been deep inside Jupiter’s city, the grand metropolis of the Elites.

“Why are we going there?” he demanded.

Iason continued to examine him with unblinking scrutiny, arms now folded across his chest and a slight smile tugging at his lips.

“We’re going to my place. Perhaps you’re accustomed to such filth as this, but I assure you, I am not.”

Riki scowled, leveling him a dark look.

“Aren’t you Mr. High and Mighty? Forgive me if I failed to throw out a red carpet for you, *Prince* Iason. I suppose you’re used to everyone running around kissing your ass, but you won’t get that kind of treatment from me. Let’s get this over with. I haven’t all bloody night to be waiting around for you to make up your mind. Tell me what you want and let’s have it done. *Your majesty.*”

These last words were spoken with venomous sarcasm, the mongrel's disgust readily transparent.

Iason laughed softly. "Is this how you intend to repay me? With disrespectful talk such as that?"

"Bloody hell. Just tell me what you want, for crying out loud!"

"I want you to get dressed and come with me, as I've already stated. Are you capable of doing that, or shall I help you put your pants back on?"

"Asshole," the mongrel muttered, under his breath.

He finished dressing and then followed the Blondie outside to his vehicle, a flashy new model that looked to have cost a fortune. He settled into the back seat with the elusive Elite, so impressed by the luxurious interior that, at least for the moment, he felt a little more enthusiastic about the Blondie's proposed trip into Tanagura. With a vehicle like this, Riki could only guess what the Blondie's home looked like—it would be worth the inconvenience, if only for a peek inside the world of the Elites.

So. This...*Iason*...wanted a full night with him, perhaps. He only hoped the Blondie would be satisfied with that; he had no desire to play the sex-toy all weekend. He had plans with Guy, who would no doubt wonder where he was when he failed to show up as planned. He smiled, thinking of the story he would have to tell him and the rest of his gang.

"I assume you have a name?" Iason asked, having studied him for some moments, intrigued with his reverie.

The mongrel snorted a little at this. Why the hell wouldn't he have a name? "Riki."

He glanced at Iason, then became distracted by the view outside as they moved into Tanagura, approaching the great tower that loomed above the city, at the center of Eos.

Excited, he leaned close to the window, impressed with the grandeur of Amoi's capital city.

"Is this your first time in Tanagura, Riki?" Iason's voice was surprisingly quiet and gentle, smooth as silk, and at the same time, undeniably sensual and masculine.

Riki tossed his head, feigning boredom.

"Fuck no. I've been here a million times."

“Then come here. Sit close to me.”

Riki turned to regard the Blondie with suspicion. He didn't understand what he wanted. First, in the motel, Iason had only looked at him, pinning his hands above his head, and then he had fondled him a little and kissed his throat—but that was all.

Of course, perhaps this was because Riki, who was still mystified and humiliated over his lack of control, had ejaculated almost the moment the Blondie touched him.

No doubt now Iason expected something a little more. After all...he *had* saved him from certain death—although it was unclear why a Blondie would concern himself with the plight of a mongrel.

And, as Riki had already told him, it was against his principles to be in anyone's debt. He would have to do whatever Iason wanted, even if it took longer than he'd hoped.

Sighing, he scooted closer to him, staring at his gloved hands, at the expensive fabric of his elaborate suit and cloak. This Blondie was wealthy, no question. He smelled wonderful—exotic, musky, sensual, his every move dispersing his intoxicating scent.

Perhaps once he felt his debt was sufficiently repaid, he could find something to steal—at least a token of his visit with the Blondie. Guy and the others would probably never believe him without proof.

“Closer,” Iason whispered.

Pervert, he thought. It was perfectly clear now he was drawing things out on purpose. Their bodies were touching, although Iason did not put his arm around him.

Riki cast a sidelong glance at the Blondie's crotch and verified that he was aroused. “Do you want me to suck you off or what?”

Iason chuckled at the mongrel's brazenness.

“No Blondie would engage in such behavior with a pet.”

“I'm not a pet,” Riki challenged. “I'm just a vulgar mongrel, so why don't you let me give you a nice little blow-job and get this over with. I've got a life, you know. I can't be driving around all night flirting. Let's do this—I'll even swallow you, if you want.”

Another laugh. “I suppose I haven't been completely clear, Riki. We're not driving around for pleasure. I'm taking you home, to Eos. I'm making you my pet.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Riki demanded.

“I told you that I would have you pay me. You offered your body to me, and I have decided to take it.”

“I meant a quick fuck, for crying out loud! A fuck or a good suck! You...you are completely insane. Hey! You! Stop the car!” Riki called out to the driver, trying unsuccessfully to open the door.

“It’s no use. You can’t leave. Daryl won’t stop for anyone but me.”

“Bastard!” Now Riki lunged toward the Blondie, swinging at him with all his strength.

Iason easily restrained him, pinning his arms behind his back with one hand without even uncrossing his legs.

Next Riki tried to bite him, but the Blondie grabbed hold of his hair, pulling his head back. Riki was pinned against the Blondie, who kissed his throat, then moved up to his ear.

“Stop fussing. This doesn’t have to be so difficult. The sooner you accept that you’re mine, the easier it will be for you.”

“I’ll fucking kill you,” he snarled.

“Is that so?”

Iason kissed his throat again, his hair falling down against the mongrel’s body, its scent seductive, exotic. He uncrossed his legs and Riki could feel his erection pressing up against his tailbone.

“Let me go, you pervert!”

“That’s hardly an appropriate way to address your new Master. I see some taming is in order. Unfortunately for you, that means you’ll be spending your first night in chains.”

“You can’t...bloody get away with this! I’ll...call the police!”

Iason seemed entertained with Riki’s resistance, as though he were dealing with a child. “Stop struggling, little pet. You’ll only hurt yourself. As for the police, you have no rights in Tanagura,” he replied, deciding not to mention the fact he was also the most generous benefactor of the Tanagura Police department.

“I’m not your freaking pet! I’ll never be anyone’s pet!” Riki hissed.

Thrilled and amused with the mongrel’s spirit and defiance, Iason only pulled him closer, continuing to explore his neck with soft kisses and a few gentle bites, laughing whenever the mongrel attempted futilely to escape.

Riki discovered, to his great mortification, that he was developing another erection, a fact that was not lost on his new Master.

“What, ready again?” Iason whispered, moving his gloved hand to his thigh but no further.

Just as before, this slight, erotic touching was enough to arouse Riki uncomfortably. He panted, trying to fill his mind with sobering, macabre thoughts, to no avail.

“Are you always so easily aroused?” Iason purred, nibbling on his earlobe, then flicking his tongue inside his ear.

“Please...stop,” he begged.

“A pet is expected to perform for his Master. I’m going to release one arm and then you’ll perform for me.”

“What do you mean, perform?”

“Bring yourself to orgasm.”

Riki scoffed at this, snorting. “You’re fucking out of your mind, you Blondie freak.”

“Perhaps you would prefer if I stopped the car and had Daryl come back here to assist you?”

When Riki remained silent, Iason released his arm, only to restrain him again when the mongrel immediately attempted to escape, lunging toward the door and clawing the handle desperately.

“Daryl! Pull over.”

“Yes, Sir,” came the voice of the driver, who Riki could not see through the darkened glass between the front and back seats.

The car slowly rolled to a stop.

“Come back here, Daryl.”

“Yes, Master Iason.”

The voice didn’t sound intimidating; if anything, it was obsequious—simpering, even. The back door opened and Riki beheld a pretty, anxious-looking youth with gentle grey eyes who regarded Iason with something akin to terror.

“Daryl. This is my new pet, Riki. Unfortunately we’re off to a unpromising start here as he already refuses to obey me. So I need you to stimulate him for me.”

The boy’s gaze now fell on Riki, and he looked a little surprised, as though he recognized him.

He had been wondering who Iason had brought with him but hadn't been able to get a good look at him until now. All he knew was that his name was Riki—and now he realized it was none other than Riki the Dark.

"I'll do it," Riki asserted, as Daryl moved toward him. "Please. Let me do it."

"Very well. You have *one* more opportunity to obey," Iason warned, pleased that his new pet had capitulated on this point and quite anxious to watch the mongrel masturbate. There was nothing quite comparable to the way a pet pleased himself.

"Daryl. You may resume driving."

Bowing, Daryl closed the door and got back into the car, smiling to himself. His Master always had his way, that much was certain.

"Now pet. If you give me any more trouble, I shall be forced to discipline you. I don't think you would enjoy that very much, and it would quite spoil our first night together, don't you agree?"

Sighing, Riki waited for Iason to release his arm, after which he tugged unhappily on the button of his dark denim pants and then unzipped them, almost angrily. Maybe if he played along, the Blondie would tire of his sick little game and let him go.

He withdrew his engorged shaft, stroking himself with experienced fingers—fingers that often found little else to do in the slums of Ceres than steal a bit of pleasure on a long, barren afternoon. He knew how to bring himself to orgasm quickly and he did so now, his face expressionless, though his breathing increased markedly, his lips parting ever so slightly.

Iason watched, fascinated, then began sliding his hand slowly down the mongrel's thigh, stopping just shy of fondling him.

Riki uttered an involuntary cry as the Blondie's hand moved tantalizingly close, then suddenly he began to gasp with increasing urgency. Deciding to give into the moment, he closed his eyes and let it happen—moaning as his semen pumped out of his twitching organ in erratic bursts, shooting up and dripping languidly down his hands.

Iason watched every movement with glittering eyes, enjoying this performance far more than the mongrel's first.

"Lick your fingers," he commanded.

Riki hesitated, ashamed. It was something no one had ever asked him to do before...something he had only done in private.

“Obey me, pet.” It was uttered simply, the first of many such times the command would be issued to the recalcitrant mongrel.

His fingers still trembling from his release, Riki slowly held them to his mouth, licking the warm essence from them, his face growing hot. Iason took hold of his hand, guiding it to his own mouth, where he sucked on his fingers in a deliberate, unhurried fashion.

Next, Iason slowly moved his hand to his erection, allowing him to feel the immense size of the organ that bulged from the thin fabric of his bodysuit. Then, he released him. Riki attempted to fondle him, but Iason inexplicably pushed his hand away.

Perplexed, Riki blinked at the handsome Blondie.

“What...do you want me to do?”

He was having trouble reading Iason, who seemed interested in sex while avoiding much actual contact, other than a bit of teasing, a touch, or a kiss here and there.

“We’re almost home. Then I’ll have you perform again where it’s more comfortable.”

Riki narrowed his eyes. “Will you let me go then?”

“I’ve already told you. You’re staying with me. You’re my pet now.”

“Who ever heard of a mongrel pet?” he demanded. “This is some game you’re playing.”

“I assure you. It is no game. And as for your being a mongrel pet, that’s what makes you a rare animal.”

“I’m not a bloody animal!”

“You misunderstand me, pet,” Iason replied gently. “I did not mean it the way you have interpreted.”

“Take me back now!” Riki’s voice was louder, more desperate as they pulled into the parking garage of a large condominium complex. “Please! Just take me home!”

“We *are* home,” Iason answered, softly, as they drove through the lot to the VIP parking.

“This is pure insanity. I’ll fucking slit your throat while you’re sleeping!” he threatened, struggling again as Iason quietly restrained him, his strong arms wrapped around him.

"I suppose this means you'll be in chains for some time. That's just as well. I'm actually rather fond of a pet in chains." Iason spoke impassively, as though completely unimpressed with Riki's threat.

"You're...one twisted, fucked up, perverted piece of Blondie cum-sucking scum!"

"Such vulgar language, pet," Iason sighed. "Now. The first thing we need to do is clean you up. You could use a good bath, I think."

At this, the mongrel frowned, offended.

"I'll have you know I shower every day," he protested.

"Perhaps it's your clothing, then. No worries—there are plenty of clothes in the penthouse that should fit you for now. I'll have the tailor come next week and fit you out with a new wardrobe."

"Are you saying I stink?" Now the mongrel's pride was wounded, and he resented the Blondie's implication that he was not well-groomed. He had always prided himself in taking good care of his body, and he had certainly never received any complaints before.

"You're filthy, no doubt from your fight, or have you already forgotten about that? You're probably used to such skirmishes, a wild little wolf like you?" Iason buried his face in his hair. "Such soft hair. But you could use a more aromatic cleansing agent."

"I can't help it if I'm from the slums," the mongrel snapped. "I'm not some fancy rich Blondie like you with a bottle of fine cologne stuck up my ass. All I can afford is soap."

"You have a good set of teeth," Iason observed.

"Stop examining me like I'm some kind of animal!"

The car rolled smoothly to a stop and Daryl cut the engine.

"We're on the top floor. Now, you can go up there with dignity, or you can go kicking and screaming. Either way, you're going," Iason announced sharply.

Riki contemplated this choice for a moment, realizing that his best chance of escape was to play along with the Blondie.

"Yeah, yeah. All right," he conceded, pretending to cooperate.

"A wise choice."

Iason continued to hold onto his wrist, much to Riki's annoyance. He knew it would be impossible to break away unless he could distract him somehow.

As they exited the car, Daryl moved to his other side. Riki had no worries about the wide-eyed pretty boy, but the Blondie was another thing altogether. His grip was like steel.

“Ease up, why don’t ya? You’re cutting off my circulation.”

Iason answered this by slightly loosening his grip, but not enough to give him any hope of escape. He decided he would have to get brutal and knee the Blondie.

“So...you live on the top floor, huh?” he asked nonchalantly.

“Yes.”

“So is this building just for Blondies or what?”

Iason’s eyes narrowed suspiciously. He could tell the mongrel was playing with him.

When Iason failed to answer him, Riki suddenly lunged toward him, swinging at him awkwardly with his left hand while he attempted to knee him in the groin.

Unfortunately, both attempts failed as the Blondie immediately restrained him, easily evading his offensive without Daryl’s assistance. Now, he held both arms roughly behind his back, pushing him a little angrily into the elevator.

“Help!” Riki cried. “Someone help me! I’m being captivated!”

Smiling slightly at his misuse of the word “captivate,” Iason now held his wrists with one hand, pressing his other gloved hand hard over his mouth as he pulled him roughly against his own body.

“Quiet down, pet. This is dinner time in Eos. The Elite don’t like being interrupted by annoying pet tantrums when they’re eating. Naughty little pet.”

Riki’s eyes now fell on Daryl, who watched him with an almost boyish innocence, looking altogether amazed at his defiance.

In fact, Daryl knew he was the notorious Riki the Dark, infamous for his petty crimes and for heading up the formidable Bison gang, the bane of the Midas Police. That his Master had acquired him as a pet was nothing short of bewildering. He was rather terrified that he was to be Riki’s caretaker; he wouldn’t be like Iason’s other pets—docile, mindless creatures who did their Master’s every bidding.

Daryl was afraid he would be unable to control him, and then, of course, Iason would punish *him*. He shuddered, remembering the

awful sting of the kasey-whip his Master had disciplined him with once when he had been caught trying to break into the sealed-off guest wing. There was only one thing he could do—call Katze for advice...and maybe a little help.

The mongrel gave Daryl a dark look, contemptuous of the boy's meek subservience.

At the top floor, the door to the elevator opened, and Iason was forced to drag Riki to the penthouse when he began kicking and struggling with all his might.

As they moved inside, the lights automatically came on, and Riki stopped fighting for a moment, completely overwhelmed.

He had never seen such luxury in all his life. The penthouse was enormous—one entire wall was lined with immense, tall arching windows that nearly touched the ceiling, offering a panoramic view of the city below, now lit up and glittering as the first stars of the night appeared. There was a full bar, and a huge living area with plenty of seating—enough, easily, for thirty people or more. Beautiful paintings adorned the walls, and vases and various art objects were dispersed throughout the hall, yet the room remained spacious, seeming very simple and uncluttered—quite elegant.

The floor of the great hall was of Amoian cherry, covered here and there with plush, heavily ornate carpets and lush furs, though the entryway and the foyer, and the connecting hallways beyond, consisted entirely of cool, turquoise marble—like something straight out of a Xeronian palace. Several tall, thick marble pillars lined the hall, and from the high, domed ceiling hung a tremendous chandelier of Aristian crystal and azure-blue sapphires.

Daryl took advantage of his surprise by quietly opening a cabinet near the door and removing a set of pet chains.

The clanking of the chains breaking his reverie, Riki immediately resumed his resistance, attempting to turn his head to see what was happening. But the Blondie kept him firmly restrained against his own body, and in the next instant the collar was around his neck. Then Iason and Daryl were stripping him, despite his struggles to prevent such a humiliation.

Iason, almost as an afterthought, released his grip on his mouth to assist with this project, and Riki used the opportunity to scream.

The Blondie seemed completely unconcerned.

“No one can hear you. This entire floor belongs to me and I assure you, it’s quite soundproof.”

Next Riki attempted to bite him, which earned him a sharp tug on the chain; Iason pulled his head back roughly by his hair and, removing a glove with his teeth, proceeded to strike him a few times across the face, quite hard.

“You...twisted fuck!” Riki spat.

The Blondie struck him a few more times, even harder than before.

“This is just a taste of what’s in store for you if you continue in this manner, pet. I suggest you give up this foolishness and start being a little more cooperative.”

Sighing, Riki finally ceased struggling, deciding it was probably pointless to try anything with the Blondie standing right there. He would simply wait for a better opportunity to escape—until he was alone with this “Daryl,” a rather fragile-looking boy he felt confident he could easily overcome.

“That’s better. Come, pet. Let’s get you cleaned up.”

Iason led a very unhappy mongrel through the apartment by his neck chain to the bath hall. Riki’s face was stinging almost unbearably from the Blondie’s punishing slaps. He despised the collar. He hated the way Iason kept calling him “pet.”

And yes...he was starting to seriously worry that this was more than just a perverted game, that perhaps the mysterious Elite *was* serious about keeping him as his pet.

When they stepped inside, the mongrel blinked a few times in disbelief. He could never have even imagined such a place. The bath area was the size of a grand living room, with several sunken tubs in separate, screened-off areas, a sauna, numerous smaller enclosed rooms, presumably with facilities, and a large shower.

Immense pots of Amoian ferns were situated tastefully throughout the room, along with generous plantings of gardenias, ivy and peonies in beds built directly into the walls. Recessed oil-lamps flickered above the creamy white and pink blooms as Daryl lit them, one by

one, the subdued lighting giving the room a decidedly tranquil ambiance. The floor was an exotic mosaic of sage and ivory tile which extended up the walls along with pale yellow climbing clematis.

But the most impressive feature of the bath hall was the ceiling, composed almost entirely of glass, which now offered an entrancing view of the stars and the rising moon Ios.

Daryl had started one of the baths and now poured various canisters of salts into it, along with a liquid that immediately produced a copious amount of bubbles and a wonderfully relaxing fragrance; Riki recognized it immediately as a component of Iason's complex personal scent.

"Get in," Iason directed, pushing him toward the tub.

Riki obeyed, tentatively sticking his toe in first, which made the Blondie smile, knowing full well Daryl had made sure the temperature was perfect. He enjoyed the view as the mongrel climbed into the tub, then settled down in the deliciously warm water. Daryl attached his neck chain to a metal post that appeared erected for just such a purpose and proceeded to sponge him.

"Bloody hell! Get the fuck off me!" Riki yelled, swatting at him.

Daryl looked toward his Master uncertainly, hesitating.

Iason considered the matter for a moment and then decided he would bathe his new pet himself. He began stripping, immediately garnering the mongrel's full attention.

"What...are you doing?"

"I'll bathe you this time. In the future, you will allow Daryl to do so," he answered.

Riki swallowed as the Blondie revealed his stunning nakedness to him, muscles taut and beautifully sculpted, his manhood—still somewhat erect—immense in size. Iason's long, nearly white hair seemed almost feminine in its soft beauty when framing his virile physique. The Blondie was undeniably gorgeous. Riki forced himself to look away, angry at himself for admiring him.

"I can bloody well bathe myself," he growled.

Iason stepped gracefully into the tub, moving over to sit next to him, and began sponging him with gentle, soothing strokes. Riki did not want to admit that it felt good, but, in fact, he had never in his life

been pampered in such a manner, and the Blondie's gentleness was disconcertingly erotic—the closeness of his naked body making his heart pound.

It seemed to him that Iason deliberately moved close, so that they touched briefly here and there. He could feel the Blondie's warm breath on his skin, which made his hair stand on end.

He silently cursed himself as he realized that, yet again, he was becoming aroused. This was unusual—even for him, and he realized now with complete certainty it was Iason's mere presence that produced this effect. Fortunately, the bubbles concealed the Blondie's apprehension of his erection, or so he thought.

In fact, Iason did not need to see his sex organ to know he was sexually excited again. The mere look in his eyes conveyed as much. He was enjoying how easily the mongrel was stimulated, and bathing him was sheer pleasure. Iason quickly became fully erect and found himself anxious to secure his own release, having coddled his arousal for hours.

"Now pet," he instructed, quietly, "you will perform for me again. Sit up on the edge of the bath." He pointed to the opposite side of the tub.

Riki looked at Daryl, who watched with unveiled fascination. "Is *he* going to watch?"

"Daryl. You may go."

"Yes, Iason-sama," the youth murmured, bowing, disappointed to be sent out of the room but knowing that he could still peek in from just outside the door.

"Go ahead, Riki."

Riki hesitated, embarrassed for the Blondie to see his arousal.

"Obey me," Iason commanded sharply.

The mongrel slowly rose, head bowed, water and soap bubbles dripping from his beautiful body, his bronzed skin glimmering in the moonlight and the flickering flames of the oil-lamps. His neck chain jangled as he moved.

Iason smiled at his stiff erection.

"There is nothing to be ashamed of, pet."

Riki shot him an annoyed look, then sat back on the edge of the tub, taking hold of himself again.

“Spread your legs more,” Iason ordered, his own hand disappearing beneath the water. “Wide. I want to see you.”

Scowling, Riki obliged him, trying to convey his utter disgust with the whole situation through a dark, glowering stare. Iason gazed back seductively, sensual blue eyes brimming with lust—the same look that had done him in before. Shivering, the mongrel closed his eyes in an attempt to block Iason from his thoughts.

Fucking perverted Blondie.

He forced himself to think of Guy, of Katze, of the countless young men he had gifted with a good fucking or two, of all those he wanted to sample—of anyone *except* the Blondie that watched him now with such eerie intensity.

His thoughts drifted quickly through images until finding the perfect one: it was the time Guy had offered him fellatio at the Orphanage when they first met. His technique had been clumsy and uncertain then, but it hadn’t mattered; Riki had practically ejaculated at the mere sight of the pretty boy crouching down to service him as he stood, back pressed up against the cool tile, the water from the shower pelting them both relentlessly, steaming up the shower doors.

It was the image closest to what the mongrel now felt in the presence of Iason. It was as if he was a young virgin again, volatile and helpless in the face of the Blondie’s overbearing sensuality.

As he began pumping himself, Iason pleased himself as well, controlling his pace to match Riki’s ascent. The mongrel looked especially enticing dripping wet, his thighs spread wide enough for Iason to get a good look at him, to relish every twitch, every stroke, every ripple of his stomach, arms and thigh muscles as the handsome dark-haired, dark-eyed youth brought himself to orgasm again.

This time Riki lasted a little longer, and his new Master savored every moment. The fine, dark hairs of his thighs, still dripping wet from the bath, were matted to his flawless skin; Iason longed to run his hands from his knees to his groin, to feel his firm thigh muscles flex beneath his beautiful wet skin, and then push his knees apart a little more.

He was incontrovertibly sexy, this mongrel from the slums, and Iason already harbored deviant thoughts about him. For an Elite to

acquire a mongrel as a pet simply wasn't done. To copulate with his own pet was social suicide and would infuriate Jupiter, of that he had no doubt. Yet already Iason had in mind the most perverted of all desires—to take the mongrel to his bed.

From the moment he had first beheld his naked body he had wanted him; he had even kissed and fondled him a bit, unable to restrain himself, despite knowing he was a mongrel. When Riki had become so easily aroused by his touch, he knew then he would have him as his pet. Iason found his rebellious nature amusing, his vulgarity a refreshing change from Elite society and Academy-bred pets, his pride endearing, and his mongrel sexuality irresistibly provocative. His offers to perform fellatio had been so tempting, he had almost succumbed, despite his better judgment.

Riki now began gasping and thrusting into his hand, signaling his final ascension. Thrilled, Iason brought himself to the brink quickly, expertly, delaying release until just after he heard his pet's rather strained, though decidedly erotic, sex cries and could see the blissful look soften his angry features.

Closing his eyes, the Blondie let his head fall back against the tub as he ejaculated into the warm, fragrant water, imagining he was penetrating his new pet for the first time.

"Let me go now," Riki begged, after a few moments. "All right? You've had your fun."

Opening his eyes, Iason saw that the mongrel was watching him, a desperate, pleading look on his face.

"Are you going to wash your own hair, or do I need to do that for you too?" Iason replied, ignoring his plea, his voice thick with sex.

"I didn't need you to wash me in the first place," Riki snapped. "And in case you get any twisted ideas, I wipe my own ass."

"I'm glad to hear it," Iason answered wryly. "Very well. Wash your hair and finish cleaning off."

The Blondie rose from the bath, just as Daryl rushed in with a large towel for him.

"Stay with him but allow him to finish on his own, just this once."

"Yes, Master. I left some wine for you, by your chair."

Iason nodded, almost dismissively, and left the bath area without another word to Riki, who slipped back into the water, sighing a little at its muscle-soothing warmth.

He leaned back, making himself comfortable and closing his eyes. He was actually rather sore from his earlier skirmish—the very fight Iason had, for some reason, interrupted, inexplicably intervening to save his life—and the bath seemed to help. Besides, if he was going to be stuck in an Elite’s home for awhile, he might as well enjoy its luxuries. A smile curled his lips as he thought of how Guy would react when he told him about the penthouse. And he had to concede—he *did* owe Iason something for helping him out of a rather nasty scrap. Surely, in a day or so, with a few more of these “performances” the Blondie seemed to enjoy, Iason would be satisfied that his debt had been repaid, and then Riki could go back home, to Ceres.

Daryl studied him for a moment, finally gathering up the courage to address him.

“You’re...Riki the Dark, aren’t you? The leader of Bison?”

“Yeah,” the mongrel grumbled, though softening a little at Daryl’s obvious admiration. He rather liked having a reputation that extended into Tanagura. He opened his eyes. “You’ve heard of me, then?”

“Everyone’s heard of you. Katze says you’re the prince of Midas.”

Riki perked up at this, gazing back at Daryl a bit skeptically.

“Katze? Not Katze, from the underground?”

“Yes.”

“How do you know him?” Riki demanded.

“Oh! He...trained me, when I first came to Master Iason.”

“Trained you?” the mongrel looked perplexed but was impressed with Daryl’s lofty connections.

“He said you were beautiful. I can see he was right.”

Now Riki broached a small smile. He liked the boy’s compliments, especially since he could tell they were genuine. But he was even more flattered over Katze calling him *beautiful*, having always harbored a secret infatuation for the mysterious leader of the Black Market.

“So...who is this ‘Iason Mink’ anyway? Is he, like, some kind of millionaire or what?”

“You don’t know who he is?” Daryl was stunned. He had never met anyone who didn’t know his powerful Master.

Riki shrugged. “Should I?”

“He’s the Head of the Syndicate,” Daryl answered, his voice now lowering to a whisper, “He reports to Jupiter.”

“No shit?” Riki shook his head.

Fucking unbelievable. The pervert was the bloody Syndicate boss. Of course Riki knew about the sentient computer Jupiter, who only Blondies reported to, and only one Blondie directly—the Head of the Syndicate. But having spent his entire life in Midas, he was a bit fuzzy about what exactly went on in the city of the Elites. All he knew is that, until now, he wasn’t part of it. Mongrels, as descendents of those who had rebelled against her during the days of the Revolution, were not even recognized by Jupiter.

Daryl nodded. “Everyone worships him, practically. Everywhere he goes in Tanagura, people come up to him. He’s—how can you possibly not know who he is?”

“Like I give a shit what goes on in Tanagura? I have my own life...back in Ceres. Speaking of which, when the fuck is he going to let me go? Guy’s probably pissed as all hell that I’m not at his place now.”

Not to mention the fact that he had already spent himself before the night had even started, he mused. No doubt Guy would pay him back for *that* by fucking him raw. He smiled, imagining Guy’s expression when his touch failed to elicit the slightest response.

The boy blinked, gazing at him for a moment. “Sir Riki. You are Master Iason’s pet now. You won’t be going back to Ceres.”

Unhappy with this additional confirmation of the Blondie’s repeated assertion, Riki fell silent, staring into the water gloomily. Still, there had to be some way around this pet nonsense. He would just have to bide his time until he found a way to escape, or somehow convince Iason to release him.

He knew one thing: he was not going to be anyone’s pet, least of all the pet of this insufferable Blondie. Whatever his status in Tanagura made no difference to him—he could be the fucking prince of Amoi for all he cared.

Riki bowed down to no one, not even the great Iason Mink.

3

Hunger Strike

“UNCHAIN ME,” THE MONGREL HISSED, struggling futilely against the cuffs that kept his arms shackled above his head.

The Blondie sighed, examining his nails as he answered. “I already told you. I’ll unchain you when I feel you’re ready to act in a civilized manner. Although your conduct so far leads me to believe you’ll be in those chains for some time yet.”

“Bastard! Freak! You wait—I’ll have your heart for this. I’ll tear it out from your chest and eat it raw!”

“I see. And...is that supposed to persuade me to release you? You may want to rethink your strategy, if you plan to be free of those chains any time soon.”

Riki stared back at the impassive Blondie, seething. “You can’t just...*kidnap* people and treat them like this. I know you’re some...fancy Syndicate boss, but that doesn’t give you the right to make me your slave.”

Iason now appeared absorbed in a journal article he was reading, flipping the page and pausing before replying. He sat in an enormous chair, his legs comfortably crossed, a glass of wine in one hand, his gloves carefully laid out on the arm of his chair.

“I did not kidnap you. You offered yourself to me, and so I took you. I don’t need to remind you that you are a mongrel. You have no rights whatsoever—not here, and not in Midas. Therefore, when it comes to you, I am perfectly entitled to do whatever I please.”

Riki fell silent, then closed his eyes, wincing.

“My arms are cramping,” he moaned.

“I imagine they are.”

“Can’t you at least chain me another way? This is bloody torture.”

The Blondie sighed, as though annoyed with the request, placing his wine on the table next to him along with his journal. He rose,

approaching the mongrel, and for the first time in hours he finally looked directly at him. “Your constant complaining is exceedingly tedious, pet. I shall allow you to lower your arms for awhile, only so I might have a few moments’ peace.”

Riki waited impatiently as the Blondie reached up and unhooked his chains from the wall and then, the moment his arms were free, he lunged forward, attempting to wrap the chain around Iason’s neck.

He succeeded in knocking him off balance and they both went tumbling to the floor, but in the next instant the Blondie had him face down on the cold wood, his arms pinned behind him, his immense body on top of his, crushing him with his weight. Iason took hold of Riki’s hair, pulling his head back.

“I could snap your neck,” he hissed into his ear. “Perhaps I should, for that little stunt.”

“Break it,” the mongrel shot back. “I’d rather be dead than perform one more time for you!”

Now Iason fell silent; the mongrel’s naked body under his own was eliciting a reflexive carnal reaction. Instinctively, he spread Riki’s legs with his knees, his developing erection pressed hard up against the youth’s buttocks and then, finding the position too tempting to resist, he rocked his body forward, thrusting against him, just once.

“Pervert,” Riki whispered.

At this, the Blondie rolled off him, and in the next instant had him back on his feet, jerking him up by the hair. He struck the mongrel across the face, hard—once, and then a second time, even harder.

Though he tried not to cry out, Riki could not help but give a little yelp at the second stinging strike, his cheek burning and tingling.

“For that transgression you’ll spend the night standing,” Iason announced, his eyes dark with anger. He fastened the mongrel’s chains to the wall above his head roughly and then turned without another word and strode from the room, retiring to the Library.

Riki tried not to cry, but his eyes stung with tears. He blinked hard, fighting them, but eventually his discomfort, and his frustration, were too much to endure. He wept silently at first, not wanting the Blondie to perceive his anguish, but after a time he no longer cared who heard him, so intense was his suffering.

It was some hours before Iason returned to the great hall. At first he intended to ignore the mongrel as he passed by him to go to his bedroom, but then, hearing his weeping, he stopped.

“Perhaps you’re regretting your earlier conduct,” he probed, his voice more gentle now.

“I’ve wet myself,” Riki replied miserably. “And my arms ache something awful.”

Iason sighed. “Well, we can’t have you standing all night in your own mess. I trust you have the sense not to fight me this time?”

Riki nodded meekly.

“Very well.”

The Blondie unfastened him and then led him to the bath hall. It was late, and he had already allowed Daryl to retire; though he could have easily summoned the youth, he opted instead to bathe his pet himself. He fastened Riki to the post by the bath and then undressed as the water filled the spacious tub.

The mongrel could not help but steal a few long looks at Iason’s perfectly sculpted physique; even he had to concede that the Blondie’s body was beautiful—his porcelain complexion and light blond tresses such a contrast to his own dark hair and skin.

The water was warm, fragrant and bubbly, and once again Riki found himself enjoying being bathed far more than he wished, or would ever admit. He was also rather painfully aware of his arousal, ashamed to be so attracted to the Blondie who had kept him so cruelly in chains for hours. It was infuriating; yet it was undeniable—there was simply something about him that he found irresistibly sexy.

He almost hoped Iason would solicit a performance, but the Blondie appeared to be in a more pensive mood, washing him with slow, gentle strokes, the soft sponge dripping warm water on his skin in a way that made him shiver—not from cold, but from the sensual pleasure of the Blondie’s attentive caresses.

“You’re a very naughty pet,” Iason announced, finally, as though just having come to this conclusion.

“I’m not a pet,” he protested, though his defiance was diluted by a great yawn, which betrayed his exhaustion after nearly three days without sleep.

He had refused to sleep or eat anything since his arrival at the penthouse, and now this resolution was starting to take its toll.

"You *are* my pet," Iason confirmed, "but you're quite obstinate. Why do you insist on this pointless act of defiance? We both know eventually you must eat and sleep. So why not end this nonsense now? You're only hurting yourself."

"I told you. I won't eat or sleep until you set me free."

"The sooner you come to terms with the fact that you belong to me, Riki, the easier it will be for you. You're only making things difficult for yourself."

"I don't belong to you or anyone else. You can call me your pet if you want, everyone's entitled to a delusion. But I'm not your pet, and I never will be."

The Blondie paused for a moment before replying. "If you persist in defying me, Riki, I shall be forced to punish you."

"Then punish me! You'd probably get off on it, you sadistic fuck!"

At this, Iason frowned. Riki cringed, waiting to be struck, but the Blondie continued to bathe him, saying nothing.

Then, with almost chilling softness, he replied, "You'll not speak to me in such a manner, pet. I'll not tell you again."

Though Riki was tempted to answer that with another insult, something about Iason's tone of voice stayed him. He would not have admitted it to anyone, but the Blondie frightened him, and he decided—at least this once—that he would not provoke him further, and so the rest of the bath was completed in silence.

His jibe had probably cost him a night of agony, or so he presumed, fully expecting to be put back into the horrid chains and forced to stand with his arms shackled above his head.

But Iason surprised him by leading him back to the hall and chaining him to the wall in such a manner that allowed him to sit down—even lie down, if he chose—on the floor.

Without a word, the Blondie rolled out a thin mattress near him and tossed a pillow onto it.

"Sleep," he commanded and then left the hall, retiring to the Master bedroom.

But the mongrel stubbornly sat up against the wall, refusing the pathetic bed that had been offered him, though he sorely wanted to submit to his desire for sleep. Instead, he forced himself to stay up another night, jerking awake every few minutes as he fought his own body. By dawn he was so exhausted he could hardly think straight.

Daryl came into the hall, immediately looking over to see if Riki had slept.

"You didn't stay up all night again, did you?" he asked, frowning, knowing his Master would not be pleased.

"What do you care?" Riki grumbled, his voice hoarse.

"You need your sleep, Sir Riki. And you must eat something. I'll bring you some breakfast."

"I don't want it," he shot back. "I won't eat anything that touches his table."

"I can just put it directly on the floor," Daryl suggested, not quite getting the thrust of Riki's objection.

"I told you I don't want it! Are all Elite eunuchs as stupid as you?"

Daryl frowned at this, disappearing into the kitchen. He returned a few moments later with a tray of food, which he attempted to set down next to the mongrel.

Riki reacted to this by kicking the tray, sending the dishes crashing to the floor. "I told you I didn't want it! Fuck off!"

Master Iason emerged from his bedroom, looking tired and cross. He wrapped a robe around his naked body, tying the sash at his waist angrily. "What is all this?" he demanded.

"He refuses to eat, Master," Daryl replied meekly.

The Blondie placed a hand on his hip. "Does he now? We'll see about that."

He strode forward, grabbing Riki's neck chain and forcing his face down to the spilt food on the floor.

"Eat it," he hissed. "If you throw your food to the floor like an animal, you'll eat off the floor like one."

He rubbed the mongrel's face in the food but Riki stubbornly refused to open his mouth.

"Obey me!"

"Go to hell!"

Iason reacted to this by yanking him to his feet, chaining him up again with his arms above his head, the position he knew Riki hated the most.

“Very well. If you insist on this sort of conduct, I am forced to show you who’s Master. You’ll stand here until you’re ready to address me more appropriately.”

With that, the Blondie retired to his room, returning to his bed for a few more hours’ sleep.

Riki, exhausted and almost immediately in agony from the position, tried hard to blink back tears.

Daryl quietly cleaned up the mess and then attempted to wipe the food from Riki’s face, but the mongrel snarled at him, as though he would bite his hand. The gentle youth pulled back, wide-eyed, and then decided to leave him alone, at least for awhile.

After a few hours Riki began whimpering from the uncomfortable position, his muscles cramping unbearably. Daryl watched him, frowning, wishing he could do something to help.

“You must be careful not to provoke Master Iason,” he whispered nervously, attempting once again to wipe the food from Riki’s face with a warm washcloth.

This time, the mongrel allowed it, grateful, for the food had dried on his skin, creating an uncomfortable, itchy crust.

“If you anger or displease him, he can be...quite terrifying. You haven’t really seen it, not yet.”

Riki scowled at this but was in too much pain to offer a reply.

“He is Master of this house. His decisions are absolute,” the eunuch continued. “You *must* obey him, Sir Riki. He will insist on it. Master Iason always has his way.”

At that moment, the Blondie emerged from his room, having already showered and dressed for the day. Even from the distance Riki could smell his wonderfully clean, exotic scent, his clothes and hair fragrant with expensive soaps and lotions, and with Aristian Royal Blend, an especially pricey cologne that he always wore.

Tugging on his gloves, Iason appraised the mongrel with a slight smile. “Still feeling defiant?” he asked tauntingly.

Though he longed to spit back a scathing reply, Riki was now desperate for relief from the chains and so remained silent, his eyes flashing darkly.

Iason approached him and then stood before him, laughing softly. "Such rebellious eyes," he whispered, tracing a gloved finger along the mongrel's jaw line. He leaned forward, kissing his neck and then moving close to his ear. "Such a naughty little pet."

"Please," Riki breathed. "Let me down. My arms...."

"Feeling that, are we?"

The mongrel swallowed, trembling. He hated having to humble himself before the Blondie, but he had reached his limit. Suddenly he feared Iason would leave him standing the entire day, and he knew he couldn't bear even another moment.

"Yes. Please. Release me."

Iason answered this by reaching up and unfastening his chains from the wall hook. Riki groaned, lowering his arms with relief. The Blondie turned, and Daryl stepped forward anxiously.

"I've laid out the table for you."

"I'm not hungry," he replied. "But see that my pet eats today." With that the Blondie left the penthouse without a backward glance.



DARYL APPROACHED RIKI, looking a bit nervous. "Master Iason says you are to eat something," he announced, noting the untouched plate of food on the floor.

"I don't eat off the floor like some animal," Riki retorted, eyes shining darkly. "Let me sit at the table like any other Amoian and I'll consider it."

Daryl blinked. "I thought you refused to eat anything that touched his table," he pointed out.

"I didn't mean that literally," Riki snapped. "Are you really so daft? Did they just cut off your dick? Maybe they sucked out part of your brains too! Bloody idiot."

Ignoring the insult, Daryl's eyes flicked toward the dining room table, which was just beyond the reach of Riki's chain. He hated unchaining the mongrel; even taking him to the bath hall had become something of an ordeal, and he fully expected him to try and escape.

But Master Iason had been very clear that he was to eat. Daryl knew if he failed in this, *he* would most certainly be punished, and if there was one thing Daryl feared, it was a Master's whip.

"All right." Nodding, Daryl started toward him and then suddenly stopped, hesitating.

Riki watched anxiously, trying to conceal his excitement. He was ready to make his move and was fully prepared to do whatever was necessary. Though he had never killed anyone before, he was resolved that, if it came to it, he would do so—or at least, he *thought* he could do so. He knew he had to make his escape *now*, while the Blondie was away. Iason had finally left the penthouse for the first time since bringing him there; Riki had counted three days' passing, though he had neither slept nor ate the entire time. Iason had forced him to "perform" repeatedly, so much so that now he felt a bit sore.

At first, he was mystified at how the Blondie managed to arouse him, though now he was sure it had something to do with the pet ring Iason had rather sadistically placed around the base of his cock. The Blondie wore a glimmering, sapphire ring, and Riki had observed him more than once flipping open the top of the ring; there appeared to be some sort of hidden panel beneath the gem. Whenever he touched it, Riki became aroused again—even mere minutes after ejaculating.

By now he was sick of the Blondie's perversions and constant demands, desperate to get back home to Ceres and away from the city of the Elites.

Now, finally, Iason had left him alone with the nervous, gentle boy, and though Riki did not especially want to hurt him, he knew he would probably have to, if he were to make his escape.

Just as Daryl was about to move forward to unchain him, the door to the penthouse hummed open. Riki scowled at the interruption, turning to see who had ruined his hard-won moment of opportunity, and was a bit surprised to see the tall, auburn-haired youth who strode into the room.

It was Katze, a eunuch who had once served in Iason's household; to Riki, he was none other than Katze Scar-Face, head of the thriving underground Black Market between Tanagura and Ceres.

"Katze!" Daryl greeted, relieved. "You came."

"Of course." Katze's gaze shifted to Riki, and a small smile tugged at his lips. "So, it's true. I wasn't sure if I believed you."

Daryl nodded. "I was just about to unchain him. He refuses to eat except at the table, and Master Iason says he must eat something today. He hasn't eaten anything since he arrived."

Katze moved closer, eyeing Riki suspiciously. "Hmmm. You were about to unchain him? I'll wager he had some plans for you, Daryl. You really are naïve. NEVER unchain him, unless you have some sort of weapon, in case he makes a move against you. Don't underestimate this one."

Frowning, Daryl considered Riki, wondering if Katze was right. "I don't have a weapon," he murmured. "And I have to unchain him sometimes, to take him to the bath hall."

"But always before, Iason was in the penthouse, am I right?"

"Yes."

"Foolish boy," Katze scolded. "Look at him, Daryl. He's probably twice as strong as you. He could wrap that chain around your neck and choke you to death without breaking out in a sweat."

"Would he do that?" Daryl asked, wide-eyed. He regarded Riki again, now even more fearfully.

"Of course he would. He's not an Academy pet, Daryl! He has no inbred controls whatsoever. Look at him, he's practically foaming at the mouth, he's so angry I've spoiled all his plans."

And it was true; Riki was furious that Katze had intervened just as he was about to make his grand escape. Although the mongrel had always felt nothing but respect for the notorious leader of the Black Market, he found their meeting now most unpleasant.

"Idiot," Katze hissed. "You wouldn't have gone far, Riki. Your pet ring would have prevented your even leaving the penthouse."

This was news to the mongrel. He frowned, unhappily digesting this new information.

Katze nodded. “The doors won’t even open for you. And even if you *could* get out of the penthouse, which is impossible, the ring has a tracer in it. You’d be immediately apprehended and brought back to Iason. And here’s a tip for you, Riki—don’t piss him off. If he ever has cause to punish you, you’ll sorely regret it.”

“Fuck off,” Riki replied bitterly.

“He always says that,” Daryl remarked a bit anxiously when Katze seemed to stiffen in response to the mongrel’s insult.

“And I hope you discipline him for it?” Katze demanded.

“Well, no. Should I?”

“Of course you should! You can’t let him speak to you in that fashion! On your feet, pet!”

Riki ignored him, looking away.

“But, Master Iason...that is, he hasn’t given me *authority* to discipline him, Katze.”

“Have you asked for it?”

Daryl shook his head fearfully.

Sighing, Katze flipped open his communicator, sending an outgoing beacon to Iason.

“Iason Mink.”

“It’s Katze. I’m at the penthouse, helping Daryl with your new pet.”

“Is there a problem?”

“Potentially. Daryl wants to unchain him. Riki refuses to eat unless he can sit at the table. Do you give us authority to use discipline, if we find it necessary?”

“Of course. Only—don’t break his skin. No scars, Katze.”

“Understood. Sorry to interrupt you.”

Iason disconnected without further comment and Katze stood for a moment, smiling at Riki. “Master Iason has given us authority to discipline you, if necessary, Riki. So, I suggest you obey me. On your feet!” He tugged at his neck chain, and the mongrel reluctantly rose to his feet, scowling.

Daryl watched this interchange wistfully, admiring Katze’s confidence. He knew he would never be able to handle the mongrel in the same fashion, and he fervently wished Katze was in charge of Riki, rather than himself.

Katze whipped out a small device from his jacket pocket, a 6700 Series Stun-Pen, holding it before Riki's face.

"Do you know what this is?"

"Yes," Riki muttered. It was a favorite of the Midas Police, and Riki was already familiar with its chillingly painful sting.

"Good. Then you know if I'm forced to use it, you'll be paralyzed for a good ten minutes. And it won't feel especially pleasant, or so I'm told. I'll be leaving this with Daryl. So I suggest you abandon whatever great plans you had for escape. Now," Katze reached out, unhooking Riki's chain from his collar, "you'll sit down at the table and you'll eat. Understood?"

Riki met Katze's gaze, suddenly feeling weary. He nodded, mortified when he felt his eyes filling with tears.

Katze noted the change in him immediately, softening a bit. "I'm sure this must be difficult for you. But really, you're very lucky. You have no idea how many pets would give anything to be in your place."

"But I'm not a *pet*," Riki whispered, a single tear escaping and slowly sliding down his cheek. He brushed it away angrily, suddenly overcome with emotion.

"You're Iason Mink's pet now. For whatever reason, he's chosen you. If I were you, I would take a good look around you. You're in paradise here. You'll have everything you want."

Katze's voice had lowered to a friendlier tone, though he still held Riki's collar hoop firmly. To see the notorious Riki the Dark reduced to tears affected him, though he chose not to show it.

Daryl watched the transformation of the angry, dangerous mongrel into a weeping boy in disbelief. How had Katze managed it?

"Daryl," Katze whispered, turning toward him, "why don't you bring him some fresh, hot food? I imagine he's actually quite hungry."

"Of course," he replied, rushing off to the kitchen.

And it was true enough; after three days of refusing food, Riki was famished, and now that Katze had somehow managed to break his resolve, he suddenly felt keenly aware of his hunger as well as his need for sleep. He sighed; in the next instant he found himself leaning against the eunuch, who comforted him by running a hand a little awkwardly through his hair.

“All right,” Katze murmured, a bit surprised by Riki’s sudden submission. “Do you have someone looking for you? Guy, isn’t it? I can let him know you’re all right.”

Riki jerked back, eyes wide. “No! Don’t tell him. Please, Katze. It’s better he thinks I’m dead.”

“Don’t be absurd. How would that be better?”

“Please! You don’t...understand. You’re not from the slums. If he knew I was a pet, he’d lose all respect for me. I’d be nothing to him.”

Katze sighed. Although he wasn’t a mongrel, he had plenty of contact with Ceres and knew that Riki most likely spoke the truth. They were a strange breed, the mongrels, especially those that ran in gangs. He nodded. “Fine. I’ll say nothing, if that’s what you want.”

“Yes. It’s what I want.”

“Sit down, then. Daryl’s bringing you some food.”

Riki hardly knew what he was doing from that point on; his body was nearly at the point of collapse. He ate and then he found himself carried to a bed—he wasn’t sure where the bed came from, only that now it was there, against the corner wall of the great hall.

He heard Katze and Daryl talking over him but was too confused to make out what they were saying and then he was someplace else, in the comforting arms of his dreams.

When Iason returned home that evening, Riki was still sleeping, sprawled out on the bed that Katze had moved into the great hall.

“Did he eat?” he demanded, when Daryl rushed to wait on him.

“Yes. He’s been sleeping all day. Shall I wake him?”

“No. Let him rest. Katze was here, earlier?”

“Yes, he only left about an hour ago. He says he can come again, if we need him.”

Iason nodded. “Did you have to use force?”

Daryl shook his head. “Sir Riki seemed to do whatever Katze said. Katze told him about the pet ring. Sir Riki...was upset about it.”

“Ah.” Iason smiled. “I imagine he was. So he gave you no trouble?”

“Not really. Katze...I think Sir Riki knows Katze.”

Iason arched a brow at this. “Is that so?”

“I think so. Anyway, Katze just...threatened him with a Stun-Pen and after that Sir Riki did everything he said.”

Iason laughed softly at this, and Riki stirred a bit. Daryl frowned, a bit perplexed at his Master's laughter, which he rarely heard.

"So. The mongrel's been stung before. That's good to know. Yes, have Katze come for awhile, at least until we've tamed him enough to remove his chains."

"Yes, Master. Would you like some wine, Sir?"

"Hmmm? Ah. Yes. Icarian Amber, tonight."

"Yes, Sir." Daryl bowed, rushing off to retrieve the wanted drink.

Iason sat down in his favorite chair by the fireplace. The summer was drawing to a close and the room felt a bit chilly.

"And start a fire, Daryl. Keep it burning every day now."

"Of course, Master."

Daryl returned with the glass of white wine, then tended to the fire; the change in the room was immediately felt by both of them, for the warmth and glow of the burning wood gave the penthouse a cozy feel; the snap of the fire was comforting, even mesmerizing.

Iason sighed, sipping his wine and studying the sleeping mongrel, wondering how long it would take before he could convince his unwilling pet to sit on his lap. He found he rather longed to hold him, to bury his face in the mongrel's dark, silky soft hair.

He was accustomed to having his pets sit on his lap when he came home from work and he found he sorely missed this ritual now. He would hold the pet for awhile and then have him perform for him; it was something he did every night, without fail, and merely contemplating it now aroused him.

But Riki had masturbated for him only with great reluctance, and only after Iason had forced his arousal through G-wave emissions. Iason had, after the first night, maintained a distance from him, wanting the mongrel to feel the weight of his chains. He had hoped that by now Riki would be stripped of some of his pride and would be more willing to obey his commands.

Iason had ignored his refusal to eat or sleep, deciding to not even acknowledge his rebellion, but after three days he had determined action was required; he had left it to Daryl to ensure that Riki ate something and was pleased that this had been accomplished. He was also glad to see the mongrel sleeping and hoped this marked a turning

point. Although his defiance had been amusing at first, the Blondie had already tired of his continuing insolence and hoped now for a little more cooperation.

Riki stirred again, opening his eyes, and for some moments continued to lie on the bed. Then he sat up, regarding Iason with a sleepy look, his hair tousled in an almost comical fashion.

"I need to go to the bath hall," he announced.

Daryl rushed forward to attend to him, unfastening his collar chain from the wall. Riki watched him, puzzled. He still could not understand how he was unable to unhook the chain. It did not look as though the boy did anything special, and yet the chain simply fell away from the wall by his mere touch. Yet when Riki tried the same thing, the chain remained firmly fixed to the wall.

Never having been exposed to signature technology, the mongrel did not understand that Daryl's touch, and Katze's, had been automatically programmed into the restraining system but his had not, in the same way that the penthouse doors opened for Iason as the Blondie approached them.

"Give him a bath as well," Iason commanded softly.

Riki frowned at this, still not comfortable with being attended to so intimately, even by so inoffensive a boy as Daryl.

"I can bathe myself," he insisted, sitting up a bit straighter.

"I do not doubt that. But you will allow Daryl to bathe you, Riki, as I made clear to you before."

Riki opened his mouth to argue and then suddenly sighed, deciding it was hardly worth making a fuss about. Besides, he had secretly enjoyed being bathed—at least when Iason had done it.

He studied Iason for a moment and then looked away, blushing, when he realized he was developing an erection. And this time he felt sure the Blondie had not touched his sapphire ring. Angry with himself for finding his Elite captor so attractive, he scowled, his face flushing dark.

Iason noted his arousal, intrigued, but said nothing.

When Riki returned to the hall, clean and looking—for the first time—almost relaxed, the Blondie smiled.

“Leave him unchained,” he commanded, as Daryl was about to fasten his collar chain to the wall hook. “And go ahead and unhook his chain from his collar.”

Daryl did so, and Riki almost sighed aloud, so great was his relief at finally being freed of the heavy chain attached to his collar.

“Come here, pet,” the Blondie ordered.

Iason’s request surprised him; the Blondie had, since his arrival, maintained a distance between them, watching him from his chair, or sometimes from a darkened corner of the hall.

Riki approached him slowly, his gaze moving to the fire, which looked especially inviting. The Blondie was certainly accustomed to every comfort, that much was clear enough. Having spent many a cold Amoian winter without any sort of heat but for stolen unit generators—which never seemed to take the edge off the brutal chill of the night—a fireplace like this, in a room already comfortable, was a luxury of which Riki could never have dreamed.

“Sit on my lap,” Iason instructed.

Although another time Riki might have protested, he found he was willing to humor his Master, at least for awhile. Though he still wore chains between his wrists and ankles, now he could at least move freely across the room, and for this he was grateful. As he approached, his erection sprung back to life again, much to his mortification.

Blushing, he crawled onto the Blondie’s lap, embarrassed of his nakedness and his burgeoning arousal. Iason’s wonderfully sensual scent did little to help matters; he found he wanted to bury his face in the Blondie’s long, gloriously silky hair, and he hated himself for becoming so easily aroused when near him.

Smiling, Iason wrapped his arms around him, pulling him against his body. “Why are you ashamed of your arousal?” he whispered.

Riki shrugged, humiliated that he had mentioned it.

“It pleases me,” the Blondie continued. “You will come and sit on my lap like this, every night when I come home.”

Sighing, Riki allowed himself to relax back against the Blondie’s strong body, feeling a bit foolish as his cock continued to twitch and grow, until he was completely erect. He could feel Iason’s own erection beneath his buttocks and he waited, expecting the Blondie to

make some sort of demand from him. But Iason continued to sit quietly, holding him, and other than embracing him made no move to touch him.

A bit uncomfortable, Riki began to breathe harder, squirming in his lap. "Give me a break," he finally gasped. "I'm about to burst, here."

"Not yet," Iason whispered, pushing his hair back to kiss his throat, his tongue flicking provocatively along his hot skin.

Riki groaned. "You're...deliberately teasing me."

"Very well, pet. Release yourself."

Not needing a second invitation, Riki's hand flew to his engorged member and he began pumping himself with anxious, purposeful strokes designed to bring him to orgasm quickly.

"Slow down," Iason commanded. He frowned, touching a gloved hand to Riki's wrist.

"Shit! I can't!"

Iason answered this by placing his hand over Riki's, forcing him to slow his pace.

This only excited Riki even more. "Oh! I can't...I can't wait."

He pushed his head back against Iason's chest, thrusting his pelvis into his hand. Iason kept his gloved hand firmly over his, controlling him, though Riki strained to increase the cadence of his pump.

"Please...you're torturing me. Why don't *you* do it, then?"

Iason was silent for a moment and then turned to see if Daryl was in the room. But Daryl had discreetly slipped into the shadows, wanting to watch the Blondie with his new pet without being noticed.

"Very well," Iason whispered, gently moving Riki's hand away. He slipped his hand around Riki's shaft, slowly stroking him.

"You're keeping your glove on?" Riki asked incredulously and then gasped, closing his eyes as Iason continued to fondle him. The Blondie slipped his other hand across Riki's thigh and then began kissing his throat.

"Oh fuck," the mongrel groaned, suddenly unable to contain his seed. He ejaculated, biting his lip in an attempt to keep from crying out his pleasure, not wanting Iason to have that satisfaction.

His Master watched him, fascinated, and then, anxious to attend to his own needs, gave his pet a little push.

“Stand up,” he commanded.

Riki slowly rose to his feet, eyeing him warily.

“What do you want?”

“Turn around. Facing away from me.”

Riki did so, turning to look back at the Blondie, who had unfastened his trouser flap.

Iason met his gaze, his expression unreadable.

“Spread your legs further apart.”

“Like this?”

“Wider.”

The mongrel glanced back, perplexed. “What, you just want me to stand here?”

“Hold your...spread yourself apart for me. I want to see you.”

Riki sighed, feeling ridiculous, but obliged him. He could tell by Iason’s silence and the slight rustle of fabric that he was masturbating.

“You’ve got to be kidding,” he laughed. “This is what gets you off?”

“Hush,” Iason scolded. “Bend over, pet. Hands on the floor.”

“I don’t know if I can even *touch* the floor,” Riki grumbled, though he managed to do so after spreading his legs a bit wider.

So. The Blondie finally intended to take him. Riki cooperated, hoping that perhaps, after giving him what he wanted, he might finally be set free, although he wasn’t exactly impressed with Iason’s choice of position. He felt unstable, exposed, and completely humiliated. He waited, shivering as he recollected the glimpse he’d had of Iason’s enormous organ, then only partially erect, the first night he’d come to Eos. He could only hope his memory exaggerated his size.

But Iason made no move to stand; he continued to sit in his chair, slipping off his glove and then slowly stroking himself as he beheld the mongrel’s exposed backside.

Riki waited, listening to his increased breathing.

“Why don’t you go ahead and fuck me already? And then let me go home,” he announced.

Iason answered this by standing up, and for a moment Riki thought he intended to take him up on his offer. But the Blondie merely placed a hand on Riki’s hip and then, pumping himself

quickly, brought himself to orgasm, his semen spraying down the mongrel's thigh.

Riki looked back, perplexed. Iason gave his rump a little smack before sitting back down in his chair.

He straightened, shaking his head. "You Elite are...*weird*. Why didn't you just fuck me?"

His Master made no answer, adjusting himself as he fastened his trouser flap. In fact, Iason's heart was pounding so loud he could hear it, like a drum, in his ears. What he had done with his pet, even that small bit of contact, was considered taboo among the Elite, and he found that, rather than feel ashamed over it, he was exhilarated.

In truth, he *had* been tempted to take him, though just the mere contemplation of so forbidden a pleasure had been enough to bring him to orgasm. The sight of his pet, bent over so submissively and soliciting his sex in such a vulgar fashion had been so stimulating that he had lost control of his ascent, something that had never happened to him before.

"When can I go home?" Riki whimpered.

"You are home, pet. Hush."

"I mean Ceres. I want to go back to Ceres!"

"Daryl."

The single word, almost a whisper, spoken from the Blondie immediately drew Daryl out of the shadows.

"Yes, Master."

"Chain him up now," Iason commanded.

Riki pouted at this, feeling somehow a bit used. "Fine," he muttered, allowing Daryl to snap the chain onto his collar. Without a word, the boy handed him a small towel, which the mongrel accepted, gratefully, wiping the semen from his leg and his own organ.

"Sit at my feet, pet," the Blondie ordered, pointing to the floor.

For a moment, Riki contemplated resisting. But Iason was watching him closely, and he could tell from the look on his face the Blondie intended to have his way. With a great sigh of exasperation, he moved to the floor, leaning against Iason's chair, next to his legs.

Iason smiled slightly, reaching down to play with his hair as he began reading from an immense book.

“Why won’t you let me go?” Riki asked again.

“I’ve told you, pet. You belong to me now. Be a good boy and hush; I’m trying to read.”

“I’m not...I’m not a *boy*,” Riki clarified.

“Hush, little pet.”

“And I’m not *little*!”

Iason smiled at this. “You seem so to me. But if it bothers you so much, I’ll not refer to you as such.”

Glad for this small victory, Riki pressed the issue. “Please. I’ll do anything you want. You can fuck me as hard as you want; I’ll swallow you, or whatever gets you off. Please, just tell me what you want and I’ll do it, and then you can let me go home.”

“Riki,” Iason sighed, “how many times must I tell you? You *are* home. You are my pet, and you belong here with me. And if you bring this up *one more time*, I am going to punish you. I’ll give you a good whipping and I can guarantee you won’t like it. I’ve given you enough warnings. Is that perfectly clear?”

Riki sulked at this, falling silent.

“Did you hear me? I said, is that perfectly clear?”

“Yeah,” the mongrel replied glumly.

“Good. Now, be a good pet and stop pestering me.”

“But—”

“Pet,” Iason said sharply, slamming his book closed. “Do you want that whipping now? Haven’t you the sense to be quiet when I’ve asked you to stop badgering me?”

“Yeah, all right,” Riki sighed, leaning back against the chair.

“You made me lose my place,” Iason muttered, thumbing through his book. “Ah! Yes. Here it is.”

Sighing, the Blondie reached down and began stroking Riki’s hair again as he read.

The mongrel sat quietly, wondering how much longer he would be forced to play the Blondie’s game. Katze’s claim that his pet ring prevented his leaving the penthouse was worrisome; if this were true, how would he ever escape?

He refused to believe that he was Iason’s pet, no matter how many times the Blondie said it. He would just have to bide his time, play

along and try to please him, until he saw an opportunity to escape or was able to persuade Iason to let him go.

Whether it was the warmth of the fire or Iason's comforting touch, or the fact that he was still in need of a full night's sleep, Riki eventually dozed off; he woke briefly, vaguely aware that he was being carried, and then he was back in his bed by the wall.

He sighed, sprawling across the sheets in a boyish way that his Master found especially endearing.

Iason bent down, kissing his cheek. "Good dreams, my pet."

Forbidden Pleasures

7 weeks later.

IASON SAT IN HIS FAVORITE CHAIR by the fire in the great hall, legs crossed, sipping his wine as he studied his pet. It had become his favorite pastime, something he looked forward to each day, especially after a long day's work.

The dark-haired, dark-eyed mongrel seemed each day more appealing to his Blondie Master, who watched him on this particular evening with unveiled lust, eyes smoldering a sensual blue.

Riki, though by now accustomed to the constant scrutiny of the Blondie, was at the moment feeling extraordinarily grumpy over his situation. He was still naked and still in chains; one exceptionally long chain kept him manacled to a post in the great hall, restricting his movement to a wide arc that prevented his even leaving the room.

At first he had paced, restlessly, but now he had grown weary of his heavy chains, and instead sat huddled in a corner, refusing even the bed that Katze had put out against one wall for his comfort.

Not that it made much difference whether he could leave the room. He'd learned that his pet ring prevented him from ever leaving the penthouse, and that even if he *could* escape, the ring had a tracer in it. He would be immediately apprehended and returned to Iason for certain punishment.

And now that Riki was more familiar with the Blondie's approach to physical discipline, he found himself decidedly unenthusiastic about being whipped again. Riki was *still* sore, now a week since his punishment at Daryl's hand. The kasey-whip *stung* like nothing the mongrel had ever encountered before—and he had been disciplined plenty in his youth at the Orphanage in Ceres.

His frown changed to a scowl when Iason seemed to smile in response to his obvious discomfort.

“Why are you always *looking* at me?” he demanded, finally. “Don’t you have anything better to do?”

“I am looking at you because it suits me to and because you are my pet,” came the Blondie’s silky soft reply.

“Are all Blondies as perverted as you?”

Iason laughed quietly at this. “I see we need to work on your social skills a bit. At least in matters of etiquette and common courtesy.”

Riki gave a derisive snort. “Common courtesy? Why should I be courteous to *you*, when all you’ve done is chain me up like some animal and take away all my freedom? You’ve turned me into some kind of freak show.”

“I’ve told you, Riki, that chains would not be necessary if you’d but promise to behave yourself. But every time I’ve tried to remove them, you’ve only rewarded me with hostility and violence. So, you’ll stay in those chains until you can demonstrate some basic obedience. And one way you can do that is by showing me the proper respect a pet should show his Master.”

Riki fell silent at this, tempted to offer a stinging retort but knowing that it would not further his cause to be liberated of his chains. Perhaps he needed to rethink his strategy. If he played along, maybe the Blondie would let down his guard a bit, giving him a chance to escape.

It had been seven weeks since he had come to Iason’s penthouse in Eos, the posh district at the center of Tanagura, and Riki was beginning to have serious doubts that Iason intended to let him go any time soon. After weeks of futile plotting, he now despaired of ever seeing his home or his gang again. The mongrel couldn’t help but wonder what Guy was thinking or if he and the rest of his gang had been looking for him.

He knew they would never think to search for him in Tanagura. The city of the Elites was off-limits to mongrels; although it might be possible to steal into the city, they would soon be apprehended and returned to Ceres.

Besides, they could never have even imagined that Riki would be where he was now—or *who* he was now—a Blondie’s pet.

And not just any Blondie. Riki was now the pet of none other than the Head of the Syndicate himself, Iason Mink.

The whole situation was absurd. Riki had never even heard of a mongrel pet. And he wasn't alone in finding his current position surprising—everyone who learned of it viewed the Blondie's new acquisition as nothing less than shocking.

That Iason Mink, who had access to whichever pets he wished, would suddenly decide to take a mongrel as a pet was certainly something worth talking about, and all of Tanagura was abuzz with Iason's newest venture.

Nearly every day now Raoul berated Iason for being foolish, arguing that a mongrel could never be tamed and that Jupiter would not be pleased about it. And on this last point, Raoul was right; already Iason had been called before Jupiter to account for his choice, and though he had managed to convince her that the project was a harmless diversion, he knew that it would not be long before Jupiter intervened and demanded Riki be sent away.

And now, after having his mongrel pet in his household for seven weeks, Iason had come to a decision.

He was keeping Riki. At least...until he was fully tamed. If that was longer than the one to two years' tenure that most pets spent with a Master, so be it. As for Jupiter, Iason felt confident that he could persuade her to give him what he wanted.

And if anyone could persuade Jupiter, it was Iason Mink.

Now the Blondie gazed at Riki, his lust for his pet seeming almost to consume him. Each day, it seemed, his longing was more intense than the previous. And Iason had begun to feel that *just looking* was not enough. Having already tasted forbidden pleasures—at least in his youth, with Raoul—somehow it did not seem that great a step to take his own pet. Why shouldn't he be intimate with Riki? It was no one's business what he did in the privacy of his own bed, with his own pet. And he wouldn't be the first to do so—of that much he was certain.

Riki, suddenly aware of an unusual intensity in Master Iason's eyes, squirmed a bit under his unwavering gaze.

"What?" he whispered.

"Come here."

With exaggerated irritation, Riki rose to his feet and slowly approached him, his chains jangling a bit between his arms. When he was close enough, Iason reached out and gave him a smarting little spank, pulling him closer.

“That hurt, dammit!” Riki shouted. “I told you I’m not a *child*—I’m not your plaything!”

“Lie back on the bed,” the Blondie replied softly.

The mongrel made a little sound of disgust. “If I perform for you one more time, my dick’s gonna fall off. Haven’t you gotten off yet?”

Riki fell silent when Iason suddenly rose to his feet, then opened his mouth with a small gasp as the Blondie began to undress.

Iason laughed. “What’s wrong?”

“What are you doing?”

Riki watched him strip, eyeing his body with unveiled astonishment. In truth, he had never seen anyone so perfectly built as the Blondie who now stood before him—naked but for his gloves.

“Surely you haven’t forgotten your offer to repay me with your body?”

For a moment, the mongrel felt as though he’d been thrust back through time. Of course he hadn’t forgotten. How could he possibly forget? That was how he’d wound up in Eos in the first place, although he had never intended to give the Blondie more than a single night of pleasure. Instead, Iason had brought him back to Tanagura—by force—claiming that Riki was now his “pet” and as such was subject to whatever whims he had in mind.

Now, finally, was it possible he intended to take him up on his initial offer? Had he finally tired of his game?

“If I give you what you want, will you let me go?”

Iason smiled. “If? You really don’t have a choice, pet. If I want to take you, that’s what will happen.”

The mongrel frowned at this. “When are you going to release me?”

“When I choose to.”

Now Riki’s eyes flashed angrily. Apparently Iason wasn’t quite finished toying with him yet. “I thought you Blondies didn’t pair with your pets.” His gaze drifted to his Master’s gloved hands. “What, I’m still too dirty for you to touch? You can ram your cock up my ass but you can’t touch me?”

Iason hesitated only a moment and then slowly removed his gloves, letting them drop onto his chair.

“Are you sure your prick won’t fall off if you touch me without those?” Riki taunted. “Maybe you should—”

Iason cut him off with a deep kiss, forcing his mouth open and exploring him hungrily. Riki’s heart beat hard in his chest as he found himself responding, without even wanting to.

It was their first kiss, and for Iason, it was even more erotic than he had imagined. He loved the way the mongrel tasted—he was better, even, than Raoul. But it was not only his mouth he wanted to taste; no, he wanted all of him, longed to snake his tongue up and down his body and into forbidden recesses and spaces.

But now his swollen cock was twitching with need; he craved penetration, acquisition, submission and of course—release. He finally broke away from the mongrel’s mouth, reaching down to stroke himself.

He was now fully erect and his pet apprehended him with no small bit of alarm.

“Holy shit,” Riki breathed, eyeing his massive erection anxiously.

Iason raised a brow, his ice-blue eyes glimmering with amusement. “You look a little nervous, Riki. Perhaps I frighten you?”

“You’re fucking huge. You’re bigger than a horse!”

“Indeed. And how many horses have you known so intimately?”

Riki scowled at him, his gaze once again gravitating to his impressive organ, which the Blondie was slowly stroking as he watched his reaction.

“You’re...you’re not really going to...put that *in* me, are you?” his pet asked, a little weakly.

Smiling, Iason leaned a little closer.

“Isn’t that what’s generally done, pet?”

The mongrel shook his head. “It won’t fit.”

Iason laughed at this. “It’s no use resisting; I’m set on having you, however long it takes.”

Now the Blondie took hold of Riki’s own somewhat flimsy erection, quickly bringing him to full arousal.

The mongrel gasped, feeling suddenly conflicted; he enjoyed Iason's warm hand but he was decidedly unenthusiastic about what was coming, and he continued to eye the Blondie's erection with alarm.

"You like this, don't you?" Iason whispered, as he fondled him.

Riki began to pant, refusing to acknowledge his appreciation for his advances, but his body betrayed him, and he began unconsciously thrusting into the Blondie's hand.

This pleased his Master immensely; he leaned down and began kissing his throat, then bit him gently as he made his way up to his ear. "Lie back," he commanded.

Riki did so reluctantly and the Blondie immediately repositioned himself so he was lying on top of him. He forced his legs open with his knees, his cock pressed up against his portal.

"Please," Riki begged. "Can't you...can't you at least lube yourself?"

Puzzled for a moment, Iason then realized what his pet was asking. He nodded. "Very well. Don't move." He rose and retreated to his bedroom, returning with a small vial of oil.

Riki's eyes were drawn to the Blondie's beautiful form as he moved, and he groaned a little as he cuddled his erection.

Iason smiled at his pet's vocalization, then sat down on the edge of the bed, pouring oil into Riki's hand and guiding him to his organ. The mongrel hesitated, marveling at his tremendous girth. A little impatiently, Iason increased his grip on his hand, directing his strokes with firm insistence. Frowning, Riki did his best to lubricate him fully, knowing it was in his best interest.

"Mmm," Iason purred. "That feels good, pet."

"I can give you a hand job if you want," Riki offered hopefully.

Iason shook his head. "Lie back."

Sulking a little, the mongrel obeyed, steeling himself for the pain of penetration. Iason lay on top of him again, this time kissing him long and hard. Riki attempted to keep his legs together and the Blondie answered this by spreading him wide with his knees.

"Stop resisting me," he warned.

"Go slow!"

The Blondie was now trembling, anxious for reception, and he was sorely tempted to plunge into his pet. But Riki's pitiful plea, unusual

for the proud mongrel, softened his resolve, and he thrust very gently, just to pass the portal.

Riki reacted to this loudly, arching his back and gritting his teeth. “Fuck!” he yelled. “Please! Please stop.”

A little surprised at his reaction, Iason hesitated, allowing him a few moments to adjust. He closed his eyes, trying to fight the urge to ravish him. He was barely inside, but already the mongrel’s tight grip was titillating him, inviting deeper exploration.

He inched in a bit more, eliciting more cries and curses from his pet, who now was actually pushing against his chest in a vain attempt to repel his advances.

“Don’t fight me, Riki,” he repeated, a little more sternly.

“But it hurts so fucking bad!”

“Just relax. You’re only making it worse by tensing up like this.”

“I can’t bloody relax!”

The Blondie answered this with a slow kiss, reaching down to fondle his pet, who had now completely lost his erection. Almost immediately, though, the mongrel responded to his touch and his kiss, his body going limp as his organ hardened. Continuing to kiss him, Iason advanced a little further. His pet whimpered, the sound lost in the Blondie’s mouth.

Iason broke away, groaning. Only the tip of his cock had achieved entrance, and he was desperate to sink deep into him.

“How much more is there?” Riki whispered pathetically.

“My head is just in.”

“Oh fuck!” Riki cried, in dismay.

“Perhaps if we tried a different position?”

Riki answered this with an anguished moan.

Deciding the mongrel was going to be of no help in the matter, Iason suddenly withdrew, flipping Riki onto his stomach. On his knees, he pulled Riki’s hips up and back, spreading his legs wide—as wide as the chains between his manacled ankles would allow. Riki protested with a grunt, feeling extremely vulnerable. Iason eased in again, then plunged in a bit further, much to his pet’s dismay.

“You shithead! Fucking perverted bastard!”

Although Iason had grown somewhat accustomed to the mongrel's insults, he found that, in this context, Riki's words managed to provoke him.

"Very well. If you choose to be difficult, I don't see why I should go easy on you. Let's get this over with." With that, Iason sunk into him fully, with the expected consequence—Riki was at first so stunned by the pain that he was rendered silent, then immediately cried out his utter agony.

The Blondie closed his eyes, savoring the mongrel's tight, hot grip. Riki's cries penetrated his consciousness and he tried to quiet him, stroking the sides of his hips. "Good boy," he praised. "Stay just like this for me, and I promise I'll pleasure you when I'm through."

"It's...fucking unbearable. I hate your cock!"

In spite of his pet's obvious discomfort, Iason was beside himself with pleasure. Raoul had never felt this good, nor was he nearly this deliciously unyielding—so tight and hot, like a wet hand clamping down on him. Unable to help himself, he began thrusting, his body insisting on the commencement of the promised acquisition.

"Ohhh," he moaned brokenly, as waves of pleasure began shuddering through his body.

"I'm glad this is bloody entertaining for you," Riki commented bitterly, though the pain had now subsided, his sphincter muscles finally relaxing.

"Mmm," Iason answered. "Your tightness pleases me, pet."

"Yeah, well. Your fucking horse cock doesn't please me in the least."

Encouraged that his pet was now calm enough to engage in insulting banter, Iason now took him without restraint, penetrating him with vigorous, demanding thrusts.

"And is this really a wise strategy, to provoke me when I've got you on your knees, pet?"

"Humph," Riki sulked, but fell silent, wincing with every movement. "Do you...have to ram me that hard?"

"Yes. For your insolence...I'll take you...*like this*."

With that, the Blondie ravished him so hard that the bed began moving across the floor.

Riki answered this with a series of gasps that mingled with the Blondie's soft vocalizations, a harmony that slowly increased to a crescendo; then, Iason threw his head back, a quiet breath escaping his lips and announcing his rapture as he released his seed into his pet for the first time.

It was even better than he had hoped, far more intense than he had ever dreamed it would be. In that moment, Iason knew he would never be satisfied with anyone else but Riki; even if he were to pair with Raoul again, he felt the Blondie could not match his pet in terms of his own pleasure.

No, he had found something incomparable in this reluctant mongrel, something that satisfied a deep longing he had carried with him for years, a need that had never before been satisfied, until now.

"Ahh, Riki," he sighed, withdrawing. "That was exquisite." He noted his blood-stained organ, feeling some compassion for the mongrel. "Now, lie back, my pet."

Riki, obeyed, flipping back onto his back a little grumpily. But as he settled back, his sour expression softened when Iason began running his fingers provocatively down his body. He shivered, gasping when the Blondie's warm hand encircled his erection.

His Master smiled at his arousal. "So," he whispered, "you did not find that completely distasteful, it seems."

"Ha," Riki snorted, but his breathing increased. His lips parted as he closed his eyes, enjoying Iason's attentions.

Now the Blondie began kissing his neck, a project that the mongrel found excruciatingly erotic. He was unable to suppress a moan, especially when Iason began moving lower.

"Oh shit," he gasped, biting his lip when Iason sucked on a nipple. The Blondie looked up at him and smiled, sending his heart racing.

"I've found one of your special places, I think," he observed, then continued to work the nipple between his teeth with his tongue.

Riki groaned, letting his head fall back on the bed, then raising it again to watch his Master kiss the hollow between his pectorals, flicking his tongue against his hot skin as he made his way slowly, deliberately, down his abdomen to what lay just below.

The mongrel found the Blondie's beautiful, silky, near-white hair irresistible, and with shaking fingers he reached out and took hold of a small strand, letting its softness shift between his fingers. Iason gazed up at him, his eyes smoldering with new lust.

"Fuck," Riki breathed, feeling a surge of blood shoot to his loins. He could not deny that Iason was extremely sensual. In truth, the Blondie excited him beyond measure. And he found that he desperately wanted him to continue what he was doing. He wiggled his pelvis anxiously, impatient for more intimate contact. Iason honored his wish by gently swirling his tongue around the head of his cock as he continued to stroke his shaft.

Unable to resist a vocalization in response to this, Riki cried out, his hands instinctively moving to the sides of his head to encourage him, the cool metal of his chains chilling his belly.

Slowly, with deliberate relish, Iason began exploring him for the first time, licking him, suckling him, and taking him full into his mouth—all the while continuing to slide his warm fingers provocatively between his legs and over his scrotum.

All of these actions Riki found unbearably pleasurable, and he vocalized his pleasure without restraint, thrashing his head erratically from side to side.

"Fuck yeah," he groaned.

In fact, Riki could hardly contain himself. Iason was exceptionally gifted in the arts of lingual pleasure; his earlier discomfort was completely forgotten as he was swept away by his Master's technique—indeed, by the totality of his sexuality, his remarkable sensuality and gentle, sure touch.

Out of habit, Riki found himself warning the Blondie of his approach. "I'm gonna come," he announced, resting his hands on either side of his head.

When Iason continued to pleasure him, withdrawing with a slow, deliberately provocative suck, this proved fatal: the mongrel ejaculated, crying out his sheer delight. Every muscle in his body quivered and contracted, almost painfully, so intense was his release.

Through half-closed eyes he could see that the Blondie drank him; this he found exceptionally erotic and satisfying, as Guy had always

declined this potable. Had this been anyone else, Riki would have lavished him with compliments on his sexual performance, but out of stubborn pride he kept his gratification to himself.

Iason, however, was fully aware of his pet's pleasure and smiled at the way Riki lay sprawled on the bed, looking completely relaxed. He settled back down beside him, pulling him close in a quiet embrace.

The mongrel rested his head on his chest, still breathing hard from his release. In that moment both of them reflected on the intimacy they had just shared, and the new relationship that was now forged between them.

But Riki was feeling conflicted, experiencing a sort of post-coital misery, and wishing that he had not enjoyed the Blondie's attentions quite so much. He should have seemed more aloof and less responsive; even now, why was he submitting to Iason's embrace? He hated himself for finding his arms surprisingly comfortable, for enjoying the warmth of Iason's body close to his own. And now he was also suffering from his Master's rather violent debut into his private sanctum, berating himself for annoying him at such a crucial moment.

As for Iason, he was not nearly as concerned as he had expected he would be after taking his mongrel pet, an action he knew would be viewed as quite scandalous among the Elites, and most certainly frowned on by Jupiter. A smile pressed onto his lips as he imagined Raoul's reaction if he knew what he'd done.

The Blondie found that he did not care what anyone else thought. He had enjoyed his pet immensely and was reconciled to this confirmation of his private perversion, deciding that, after all, he could not change who he truly was.

He had taken his pet at last. And already, he was looking forward to knowing him again, even more intimately, exploring every inch of his body. Perhaps he would even do so again that very night.

"My pet." Closing his eyes, he nuzzled up against Riki's cheek.

The mongrel made no reply, his mind a turmoil of emotions.

The Winds of Tanagura

One month later.

HEART POUNDING A LITTLE FASTER as he neared his condominium, Iason quickened his pace in anticipation of the evening ahead. Now that he had begun taking Riki, the Blondie found that rather than taming his lust, his intimacy with the beautiful dark-haired mongrel only fueled his desire even more.

His sexual exploits with his pet were quickly becoming the thing he looked forward to most each day; he spent more time in bed now than he had when he was younger and he and Raoul had secretly pleased each other in forbidden ways.

He smiled as he thought of Raoul's jealousy when it came to Riki; Raoul was becoming increasingly agitated about his mongrel pet. He wondered how Raoul would react if he knew exactly how much Riki pleased him—and in what ways.

As soon as he entered the dwelling, Daryl greeted him, bowing nervously. "Welcome home, Master."

"Go sit until I call you, Daryl. We're not to be disturbed."

"Yes, Iason-sama," Daryl replied, retreating to his private room.

Riki did not even look up as Iason approached. Though still naked but for his chains, he had grown accustomed to the scrutiny of his Blondie Master, and now submitted to all Iason's demands without resistance, including sexual intimacy. He told himself he did so to avoid Iason's whip, but deep inside he knew this wasn't true.

He had learned from Daryl that Blondies didn't usually pair with their own pets, that such an act was some sort of social taboo. Though he didn't understand why Iason would choose to defy the Elites and risk censure by taking a mongrel to his bed, there was something else that troubled him more.

Riki found that, in spite of himself, he enjoyed being with Iason, a fact that confused and shamed him, and now, in the presence of his beautiful blond Master, aroused him. He tried, rather unsuccessfully, to hide his quickly developing erection, feeling his face grow hot with desire and embarrassment.

Iason noticed his pet's physical response to his approach and smiled, feeling his own surge of carnal agitation. He walked over to Riki's bed and sat down. "It's customary to greet your Master, Riki."

The perplexed look on the mongrel's face amused him, and he laughed softly.

"What do you want me to say?" Riki demanded.

"It's of no importance. Come here."

Riki rose slowly and approached Iason, avoiding eye contact and hanging his head, his chains dragging along the floor.

"There's no reason to be ashamed of your arousal," the Blondie remarked. "Sit here, next to me."

Riki obeyed, and sitting so close to Iason fueled his lust even more.

"Look at me, Riki."

He swallowed, then met Iason's gaze, blue eyes that seemed to pierce into his very soul. There was no denying his Master's own desires and intentions. And he found that he wanted it; whatever Iason had in mind, he welcomed it.

Iason leaned down and kissed him, a long, sweet, lingering kiss, his tongue tracing gentle circles in the mongrel's mouth, then exploring deeper, relishing Riki's response as his pet returned his kiss. The Blondie delighted in his twitches and moans as he stroked the mongrel's now fully erect organ.

Leaving a trail of gentle kisses along his neck, he whispered in his ear, "Lie back on the bed now; be a good boy."

Riki did so, almost shamed by his anxiousness to obey the command, humiliated by his mounting excitement and yet already desperate for his Master's attentions.

The Blondie undressed and then crawled toward his pet, whose eyes were shining with passion, his mouth slightly open. Iason now kissed him harder, running his hands up and down the mongrel's taut torso. Taking Riki's hands, he firmly placed them on his own body,

and his pet began stroking him in return, at first out of obedience but then with escalating passion.

Riki was now so aroused his erection was throbbing against his Master's body. Iason began stroking him again, eliciting small gasps of pleasure.

"Iason," Riki whispered.

"Yes, my pet?"

Riki was silent, though his body began moving against the Blondie's hand, involuntarily thrusting, much to Iason's amusement.

"Is there something you want, my Riki?" he encouraged, and then, when this failed to elicit a reply, he leaned closer and whispered in his ear, "I want to hear you say it."

"I want you to do...like how you did before."

"And then? How shall I take you?"

"Whatever you decide."

Such the obedient little pet, Iason observed. Riki's punishment had been hard on both of them, but there was no denying that ever since the day he was disciplined, there on that very bed, he had become remarkably obedient to Iason's will.

He knew, even before he took his pet into his mouth, that Riki would not last long. His urgency was so great that he began reflexively thrusting inside Iason's mouth, which sent a thrill through the beautiful Blondie.

"Mnnn," the mongrel moaned, and then he cried out, but his cry was choked off by the contraction of his muscles as he climaxed, a sound that was distinctively Riki.

Iason drank of his pet and then moved up to lie next to him, enjoying the look of absolute bliss still lingering on his face. He bent down to impart a soft kiss, his blond hair tickling Riki's face and causing his eyes to flutter and open.

"Now, my pet," he commanded, "I want you to do the same for me."

Riki's eyes widened slightly; this was the first time his Master had made this request, and he had been privately wondering why Iason hadn't insisted on it earlier. He made as if to move but was stopped by Iason, who gently touched a finger to his lips.

"Kiss me," he instructed, then lay back on the bed.

Riki moved onto him, kissing him slowly, the taste of himself giving him a small thrill. He marveled at the sexual appetite of the Blondie, who seemed to have been bred for nothing but pleasure. Although Iason was remarkably quiet in bed, there was no mistaking his utter enjoyment of all things sexual.

His kiss now became more intense as he explored his Master with his tongue, the magic of the pet ring now eliciting a new response from his own member.

Iason gently placed his hands on his shoulders, signaling his desire with a firm push. Riki obeyed, kissing Iason's chest and then sucking on each of his nipples, and then slowly moved further down, leaving a trail of kisses in his wake along the Blondie's sculpted abdomen.

His own heart was now pounding as he anticipated this more intimate encounter with his Master, this Blondie who physically excited him like no other. Iason was fully erect, his size still astonishing to the dark-haired mongrel from the slums. No wonder Iason's initial entry had caused him so much pain. He slid his hand around the shaft, then touched his tongue tentatively to the head, almost afraid to taste him.

Iason let his hand rest on Riki's head, playing with his hair as his pet began to explore him. The wet warmth of the mongrel's mouth was deliciously stimulating, sending shivers of pleasure up his back. There was no mistaking that his pet had some experience in the art of pleasuring, and though he did not care to dwell on the details of that, he was appreciative of Riki's abilities. Certainly, he would not have minded—perhaps would even have relished—teaching his pet how to pleasure him, but at the moment he was rather grateful for the mongrel's considerable skill.

He rose up onto his elbows to watch his pet and was tempted to allow him to continue. But he had other things in mind, and so he reached for the vial sitting on the stand by the bed.

Riki immediately noticed his movement and began trembling.

"Now, pet, come up here and lie next to me."

Riki obeyed, and Iason saw by the look on his face that he was troubled about something.

"What is it, Riki?"

“You didn’t...didn’t you enjoy that?”

Iason laughed. “Are you only worried about that?” Leaning closer, he smiled. “Yes, you were very good.”

“Then why—” Riki began, eyeing the vial.

“It is just my preference to be inside you.” The Blondie took hold of his hand, poured from the vial into it, and then directed him to his throbbing organ. Riki lubricated him while Iason covered his own finger with the pleasure oil and slowly inserted it into the mongrel’s tight portal. Riki was now visibly shaking.

“What, don’t tell me you’re afraid?”

“No,” Riki shot back, his eyes flashing in a defiant manner Iason hadn’t seen for awhile.

He smiled, kissing his pet’s forehead.

“Then, lie facedown on the bed.”

Riki obeyed with surprising meekness, rolling onto his stomach.

Iason continued stimulating him with his finger, sliding it in and out and wiggling it in an attempt to prepare him for his entry. Riki was remarkably tight, a fact of great pleasure to the Blondie but which made penetration, at least initially, a source of considerable pain for his pet. Pleasuring Riki first helped him relax, but it was not enough to preclude discomfort on entry.

Now the Blondie positioned himself, preparing to mount him. But suddenly Riki, panicking, turned and attempted to escape. Surprised, even amused, Iason easily restrained him by flipping him back on his stomach and lying on top of him.

“Do I need to discipline you again?” he whispered teasingly into his ear. “Shall I get the whip?”

“No,” Riki choked back, his voice wavering. “Please, help me.”

Iason chuckled softly at his pet’s bizarre request. “Help you...protect you from me?”

The mongrel was silent, realizing the foolishness of his words.

“I’ll be gentle, my pet.”

“No,” the mongrel protested, though rather weakly.

“Riki,” he scolded sternly. “Obey me. Or I *will* get the whip.”

His pet immediately wiggled into position, spreading his legs to invite entry, and Iason couldn’t help but smile. He had no intention of

disciplining Riki again—unless his pet truly deserved it, which, of course, was possible, perhaps even probable—but he was discovering that his threat to do so was quite effective in eliciting obedience.

He pushed the mongrel's legs further apart, spreading him to reveal his inviting portal. Then, very slowly and gently, he proceeded to penetrate, pausing when Riki's cry informed him of his discomfort. He waited for the muscles to relax before he pushed in a little further; only the tip was in, and he now had an extraordinary urge to plunge deeply, but he knew this would be too much for him.

Advancing slowly in this manner, he was able to keep Riki's pain at a tolerable level, until finally he was fully inside him. For a few moments he remained thus, lying quietly, allowing his pet to adjust to him. A sigh that escaped Riki's lips told him that he had moved from pain to pleasure.

"How does it feel now?" he whispered. "You like this, don't you?"

"Yes," Riki admitted.

"And this?" Iason began slowly thrusting inside him, while taking his pet's earlobe gently between his teeth.

Riki's reply was a series of gasps.

The Blondie was kissing the side of his throat, the place he knew stimulated his pet most. He was delighting in Riki's tightness and became freer with his movements, sliding his hands under his hips and pulling him up to meet his thrusts more deeply. He became aware of the fact that Riki was stimulating himself as he initiated some slight backward thrusts of his own, propelling him to a new level of excitement.

Then he was taking his pet with abandon, plunging into him fully, almost violently. Riki tensed up beneath him as he reached orgasm with his characteristic gasps, his muscles contracting his already tight embrace, sending Iason into his final stretch. Then, he was there—the moment of agonizing pleasure, his complete release into the body of his prostrate pet, whose reception had gone so sweetly from resistance to provocation to complicit participation.

For some time he lay on the mongrel, who bore the full weight of his body without complaint. Then, rolling off to one side, he looked down at Riki, whose eyes remained closed.

He had experienced few sexual encounters anything close to what he had just shared with his own pet, a fact that admittedly now disturbed him a little. What was it about this dark-haired mongrel from the slums that so appealed to him? With a finger, he traced a trail from his jaw down his throat.

Riki's eyes fluttered open, suddenly filled with dark rebellion.

"So are we done, then?" he demanded, rather unceremoniously.

Iason smiled. "What? Are you trying to say that gave you no pleasure? I think we both know otherwise."

"When are you going to take these chains off already?"

"When I'm ready."

Riki sulked at this and Iason laughed softly.

"Do you really think I'd let you go free after you disobeyed me just now? Be a good pet, Riki, and you'll find I'll treat you very well. You belong to me now. You will have nothing but the best and will be treated like no other pet. Once you're ready, I'll make that fact known to the world."

Riki's brow furrowed and he blinked uncertainly, looking away. He attempted to turn on his side, away from the scrutiny of the Blondie. But Iason only took this as an invitation to snuggle up close behind him, wrapping his arms around his small body and pressing his warmth up against his back. They seemed to fit together perfectly, and though his pet would never have admitted it, he felt strangely comforted by his Master's embrace.

He closed his eyes, sighing, marveling over Iason's wonderfully exotic scent, and at the same time wishing he did not enjoy his closeness quite so much.

Iason nuzzled up against his cheek, mistaking his pet's silence for acquiescence. "You will always be my pet, Riki," he whispered, voicing a decision he had already made in his heart some time ago. He knew now he could never give Riki up. Though he suspected his resolve to keep his mongrel pet would invite endless criticism from Raoul and others—and probably even a reprimand from Jupiter—he had made up his mind.

Riki would be his...forever.

Master and pet then lay together silently, each guessing at the thoughts of the other. Both puzzled over the intensity of this unlikely bond that had been forged between them, this inexplicable magnetism that drew them each day more closely together.



Three weeks later.

NIGHT WAS FALLING, and the rising twin moons shone down brightly over Tanagura. Riki was perched on the ledge of the balcony, as he was most nights now, gazing down at the glimmering city below and out toward the beckoning lights of Midas, where the twin peaks of the Taming Tower and the Dark Horse offered him some remnant of familiarity. But Midas—and the slums beyond—seemed so far away now, the towers but distant reminders of all he had left behind.

From the shadows, Iason watched his pet enjoying his newfound freedom. Finally, the rebellious mongrel had been subdued enough to be freed of his chains, although Iason wondered how long it would be before he needed disciplining again.

He walked slowly toward him, the sound of his footsteps drawing Riki's attention. The faraway look in the mongrel's eyes surprised him; the gleam of defiance had been replaced by a sad gaze of defeat. Though Riki's submission was, after all, what he desired, Iason found that he hoped for a bit more welcoming affection from him. After all the sexual intimacy they had shared, he was wounded by the look, though he would never let his pet know.

He mustered up a slight laugh. "So, is it so terrible to be my pet, Riki? Did you want to jump off that ledge when you saw me coming?"

"Pets are nothing but...trash," Riki replied, bitterly, the familiar angry gleam returning to his dark eyes.

"Are you saying you've enjoyed none of our time together?"

Iason traced a line down his pet's bare arm, smiling to hide his disappointment and hurt.

Riki looked away and said nothing.

Iason held his chin, turning his head to force his attention.

“Whether you like it or not is of no importance,” he continued, channeling his frustration into a scolding. “You are my pet. And you will behave as such.”

Riki pulled away angrily. “You’re a stinking bastard! All you Blondies are nothing but perverts!”

Iason paused a moment before replying. “I see. It seems you weren’t ready to be released from your chains after all. So, I’ll have Daryl retrieve them.”

“No!” Riki cried, his eyes widening as he turned back to gaze up at him imploringly. “Iason, please...I...I’ll—”

Iason leaned closer. “You’ll what?”

“I’ll do...whatever you say. Don’t put those on me again. Please?”

“Then, come with me, Riki.”

Iason led him into the penthouse and then to the Master bedroom. He pulled Riki to him and kissed him—a long, slow kiss that finally elicited a response from his reluctant pet.

“Take off your clothes and lie on the bed.”

Just saying the words made the Blondie’s heart accelerate, pounding with the tempo of the night music that filtered up to the balcony from the myriad clubs and saloons in the city below, and from the open windows of vehicles that sped through the streets—Elites in pursuit of the evening’s pleasures.

The sight of the mongrel’s bare flesh as he obeyed and stripped triggered an immediate sexual response so intense Iason almost uttered a moan, but managed to suppress it.

“Spread your legs, pet,” he whispered. “Yes. Just like that.”

With a sharp intake of breath, Iason began undressing as he watched his pet stroke himself, pleased that he did not need to tell him to begin.

Riki began to breathe erratically, his arousal apparent by his more frequent gasps. The Blondie lay on the bed next to him and began slowly stroking his body and kissing his throat. The agonized gasps of his pet sent a thrill through him, and he teased him relentlessly with his tongue.

“Iason,” Riki finally whispered.

“Yes?”

The mongrel was silent for a moment, his body beginning to tremble with need and anticipation.

“Go on. Say it.”

“Please...will you...do it to me?”

His triumph fueling his own desire further, Iason obliged, tracing a path with his tongue down the mongrel’s taut body, until he came to Riki’s engorged shaft, which twitched under his gentle touch.

He swirled his tongue around the head, already wet from lust, eliciting gasps of pleasure from his beloved pet. When he finally took him into his mouth, the mongrel’s breathing grew more urgent, entangled with tiny cries and moans that made the Blondie acutely aware of his own growing need. Riki began unconsciously playing with the silky blond strands of his Master’s hair, a habit he’d developed that excited Iason beyond measure.

Suddenly anxious for his pet’s completion, he added vibrating tongue movement to his masterful technique, which proved fatal: in a moment of sweet release, Riki’s cries filled the darkened room, driving Iason’s own lust to another level.

Allowing him a few moments to recover, he pressed his fingers against Riki’s mouth, demanding admittance. He wet his fingers and then began preparing him for entry. His finger slid in easily, for his pet was now well broken in and was relaxed from his orgasm. One finger, and then two, and then Iason felt a surge deep within that demanded immediate consummation.

Perhaps a little roughly, he flipped Riki over, pulling his hips back to position him where he could penetrate deeply. He felt his own breathing increase, and he closed his eyes to regain some control. When he opened them again, his body had instinctively moved and his organ was pressed against the enticing portal.

Resisting an almost overwhelming desire to thrust deeply into his exposed and vulnerable pet, Iason entered gently, allowing Riki time to adjust to him before he began his more violent conquest.

But once he began, Iason found that his need was more intense than usual. Perhaps because of his cross words or his attitude earlier in the evening, he now began thrusting with a ferocity that betrayed

his own pent-up anger and frustration with Riki, this mongrel pet that refused to love him.

“Iason,” Riki pleaded.

“You don’t care for this? Perhaps now you miss your usual gentle fare?” he taunted through clenched teeth.

Riki’s reply was a tormented cry, and he turned to look back at the Blondie, his eyes wide with confusion and pain. Iason discovered that this gave him a kind of satisfaction, encouraging him to explore him more violently and without mercy. Perhaps he had been too gentle with the mongrel. Perhaps his pet needed to learn how Iason Mink *could* be, if provoked.

Iason pulled back on his hips, adjusting his position to penetrate deeper, harder, relishing the stimulation of his pet’s grip, all the more arousing when punctuated by his cries.

“Whose pet are you?” he demanded, his voice thick with anger. “Whose, Riki? Shall I be forced to put you back in chains? Say it.”

Through broken gasps, the words finally came, though barely audible, spoken with a sadness the Blondie chose to ignore.

“I belong to you, Master.”

The release that came with these words sent a shudder through Iason’s entire body, and though he didn’t cry out, he threw his head back, feeling the pleasure shoot deep within, pulling him into that inner space where all things, for that moment, merged together in blissful transcendence, where he and Riki were inextricably joined together in a love embrace.

The weeping of his pet brought him out of his altered state, and as he drifted back into awareness, he felt overwhelmed with a sense of sorrow and longing. Gathering him into his arms, Iason comforted him, now feeling some regret for treating him so harshly.

“Why?” Riki finally whispered.

“To teach you. I can discipline you with more than just chains.”

“But...*what*...are you teaching me?”

“To be my pet.”

Riki shook his head, trembling. “I don’t understand.”

“Yield to me, Riki. I want you completely,” Iason answered, pulling his pet to him.

Exhausted and defeated, the mongrel laid his head on his Master's chest and closed his eyes. Iason smiled, pleased with his submission. He held him close, gently rocking him long after the enslaved youth had fallen into a profound slumber, long after his own thoughts had drifted from contentment to sorrow and longing, and long after the twin moons had risen high into the night sky.

"My pet," he whispered in the sleeping boy's ear. "All that I want is for you to love me, Riki."

With the mongrel still in his arms, Iason finally closed his eyes and waited for the comforting oblivion of his dreams.



One month later.

AS USUAL, RIKI WAS SITTING ON THE BALCONY when Iason returned home. This had become a favorite spot for his pet, who now retreated there for hours at a time. He always seemed to be looking off in the distance, toward the slums where the Blondie had first encountered him. The slight movement of his head told Iason he was aware of his approach, though he refused to look directly at him.

"Don't tell me you've been out here this whole time."

"There's nothing else to do in this shithole," he remarked bitterly, tossing a finished smoke over the ledge.

Iason put his arms around him from behind, reaching down between his legs to awaken his manhood with a suggestive caress.

"Nothing?" he asked softly.

"You...are a fucking bastard," his pet gasped.

"Is that so?"

The Blondie smiled, bending down to kiss him on the neck. He had grown accustomed to Riki's mongrel-like insults and remarks, and mostly tolerated the verbal abuse from his pet without reprisal. Now that they had become intimate, Iason knew another side to his pet, one that spoke more inviting words to his Master—the language of desire and pleasure, telling him what the proud mongrel from the

slums could never say. The Blondie had made a discovery of sorts: Riki used harsh language to shield his true feelings.

He concentrated on the place along the side of Riki's neck that he knew the mongrel couldn't resist; within seconds, the gasps of his pet informed him he hadn't missed his mark. Moving up to his ear, the Blondie whispered, "tell me what you want, my pet."

"I want...I want," Riki breathed. "Oh...."

The Blondie nibbled on his earlobe, then flicked a tongue seductively into his ear.

"Ah!" Riki cried out. He let his head fall back against him, surrendering to the enticing sensations. "I want your mouth."

Iason smiled at this, amused with his pet's request. "Do you mean you want a kiss?"

"Y-yes." The mongrel blushed, ashamed that he wanted him so much. He wanted his mouth other places, too, yet couldn't bring himself to ask. It had been this way from the very beginning, the disconcertingly provocative sexuality of Iason Mink that aroused him in ways no one else had, or probably ever could.

Iason tilted his head back and began gently exploring his mouth in languid paths with his tongue, relishing his pet's responsiveness. He reached down again and found that Riki was now fully aroused, his erection moving in his hand. It was always this way with the dark-haired mongrel—easily stimulated, and quickly satisfied. Iason knew he could reach completion within minutes without the restriction of the pet ring, but he wanted it to last longer, so he teased his pet with a few sensual strokes and then released him.

"Come, pet," he commanded, walking back towards the penthouse.

Riki followed him inside, unable to stop his heart from racing, or keep his eyes from taking in the graceful form of the Blondie who walked before him, his long blond hair twisting softly in the breeze as he moved. He found he longed to run his hands through that hair, to bury his face in it, and then felt angry with himself for wishing it.

Once in the bedroom, Iason turned and looked at him. He seemed to guess his thoughts, as always, for the knowing smile appeared, taunting him.

“Your eyes betray you,” he whispered. “You’re quite ready for me, isn’t that so?”

“Ha!” Riki snorted, tossing his head to the side. “You...must live in a fantasyland of perversion, if you think I enjoy this.”

The Blondie laughed softly. “So, now you play the coy virgin, being forced to engage in undesirable acts? Weren’t you the one who offered your body up for sex first, in true mongrel form?”

“Only to repay you, not because I wanted it...or...enjoyed it.” Riki swallowed, remembering vividly how much he *had* enjoyed it, much to his own mortification.

“Is that so? Then your body thought otherwise, if I recall...or am I mistaken that you released your lust almost the moment I touched you?” Now Iason pushed him against the wall, pinning his arms above his head with one hand. “Now do you remember?” he whispered.

Riki closed his eyes, reliving the embarrassment of ejaculating from the mere touch of the Blondie. He had been naked, standing against the wall while Iason, fully dressed, had pinned his hands above his head with his own gloved hand, in this same way. His intense scrutiny had been enough to arouse him completely, and when Iason finally ran a hand down his torso to his hip and pushed aside his knee with his own, he had been unable to contain himself when the Blondie touched his erection.

Iason leaned over and began kissing his neck, tormenting him with his tongue and gentle bites. He was determined to make his pet ask for what he wanted.

Riki moaned, desperate to take matters to a more intimate level, but too stubborn to ask. He gasped as his Master slid up against him in an erotic motion designed to inform him of his readiness. Finally, he could bear it no more.

“Iason...please....”

“Please what?” Iason encouraged, softly. Now he pressed up against him more firmly, capturing his mouth in a delicately provocative kiss. “Tell me what you want, Riki,” he instructed, breaking away. “Ask me.”

“Please. What I really want...is for you to stop.”

For a moment, the Blondie did stop, stabbed with an unexpected infusion of hurt and anger. The look in Riki's eyes was now full of unmistakable hatred, all traces of his former lust gone. Releasing his hands and lifting the mongrel up in one easy motion, he tossed his pet on the bed roughly, then stood with his hands on his hips.

"Get undressed," he commanded darkly, unable to hide his irritation with Riki's sudden rebellion.

"Fuck you!"

"Then," Iason put his hands on the bed and leaned close to him, "I'll just have to rip them off you."

Which he proceeded to do, with Riki struggling against him the entire time, pounding furiously at him with his fists.

"Get your filthy hands off me! I'm not your plaything!"

Iason laughed at his attempts to thwart his design, pinning his wrists easily to the bed and lying on him until, finally, the mongrel ceased struggling, going limp with a resigned sigh.

"Ready to cooperate?"

Riki made no answer, turning his head away.

Iason released him and got up. He took off his gloves and tossed them aside, his gaze running the length of the mongrel's naked body.

His pet's arousal was incontrovertible, and yet he refused to welcome his advances, much to his complete mystification. And earlier, had his pet not asked him for a kiss? He couldn't untangle Riki's reasoning process, or understand why tonight he was suddenly so elusively rebellious.

But...as for his own needs, they were mounting rapidly. He required release and his desire had only increased from his struggles with Riki. He unfastened his trouser flap for easy access, revealing his arousal to his watching pet.

"Sit on the edge of the bed," he ordered.

The mongrel ignored this request, turning his head away.

Iason reached over and grabbed him by the hair, pulling him to the edge of the bed and positioning him there, then yanking his head back.

"Obey me, pet, or I'll chain you up and whip you," he threatened, the harsh tone of his voice making the validity of his threat certain.

Riki inhaled in a way that betrayed his anxiety on this point, yet he persisted in his resistance.

“Look at me.”

His pet’s eyes met his, still shining with defiance, but the hatred Iason had noted earlier was gone, now replaced by fear. This odd shifting combination of defiance and fear suddenly made him seem more like the proud mongrel he had first encountered in the slums.

“Pleasure me, pet,” he instructed, guiding Riki’s head toward his throbbing organ.

But Riki kept his mouth pressed closed, attempting to turn his head away.

Frustrated, Iason pulled his head back by his hair and struck him across the face, hard.

“Obey me! Or shall I get out the whip?”

Riki gasped in surprise, a little stunned, his cheek burning furiously. It had been quite awhile since the Blondie had felt it necessary to strike him. He blinked at Iason, who raised his hand to strike him again, then moved forward to swirl his tongue around the tip of his Master’s engorged member, reaching up to grasp the shaft in his hand.

“Good boy,” Iason breathed. “Yes. Just like that.”

For some moments he relished his pet’s submission and excruciatingly sweet technique, savoring the warm wetness of the mongrel’s mouth and the gentle strokes of his hand.

Then he took hold of Riki’s head with both hands and began thrusting purposefully. His pet relaxed his throat to take him fully in the mouth, unable to resist stroking himself as he did so. He was now quite eager for his own gratification, though too proud to admit it.

Iason closed his eyes and threw his head back, delighting in the ecstasy of his pet’s more willing reception. He had been planning to take Riki another way, but now he was strongly tempted to release in his mouth. His need was rising, his lust surging, and Riki’s tongue began twitching against him in a deliberately erotic way as he moved.

It was too much, too perfect, too delicious to resist.

With unparalleled blissful intensity, he felt his sexuality burst beyond his control, releasing in rhythmic waves of pleasure while he

floated behind, suspended in its heavenly wake. Though he had actually not made a sound, his mouth had opened, and for the first time Riki witnessed his Master trembling.

As he pulled out, their eyes met, Master and pet, and some sort of understanding was written there that made any additional discussion of Riki's disobedience unnecessary.

The Blondie noted his pet's erection and furtively retreating hand with a smile. "Now, pet," he said firmly. "I am going to pleasure you."

Relieved that he didn't have to humiliate himself by asking for it, and now completely desperate for relief, Riki immediately squirmed back on the bed, spreading his legs and waiting with a drumming heart for his Master's skillful pleasuring arts.

Iason smiled at his obvious readiness, moving on top of him, erotically teasing his mouth with his tongue, then advancing to his neck, his chest, and all the way down his abdomen.

The mongrel was beside himself with lust, rocking his pelvis in tiny, anxious thrusts. He wanted Iason desperately, loved his every move, his every touch, longed to release himself in the Blondie's wet embrace, and this was driving him mad with guilt. When he thought of Guy, and how much more he desired his new Master than his old pairing partner from the slums, he felt like scum.

And yet—he raised his head as Iason took hold of him and began stimulating him beautifully with his tongue—he couldn't deny that he was immensely attracted to the Blondie. His exquisitely perfect, chiseled features, his formidably sensual intellect and impossibly lovely, long blond hair, his confident, gentle touch; all these things he found irresistibly provocative.

He reached out and took hold of Iason's hair, letting its silkiness run through his fingers. The Blondie looked up at him through pristine blue eyes as he took him in his mouth, a seductive gaze that sent his heart racing even faster.

He dropped his head back on the bed with a slight moan, covering his eyes with one arm, as though he were hiding from that which he knew was the truth but couldn't bear to face.

Moments later, he cried out in utter ecstasy as Iason took him across a threshold to a place he had never been before, to a level of

pleasure he hadn't even known existed, that no one—not even Guy—had been able to show him.

“Fuck yes,” he cried, before he could stop himself, then struggled to retain his composure as tears welled up in his eyes. Suddenly he found himself sobbing, unable to stop himself. Then his Master was holding him, his gentle hands stroking his hair.

“What is it, pet?” he asked softly, perplexed.

But Riki only buried his face against the Blondie's chest with a defeated, anguished moan.

Iason wondered at his sudden breakdown, trying to understand the mind of this strange mongrel, whose moods changed so easily from one moment to the next—seemingly shifting without reason or destination, like the winds that blew across Tanagura.

Transgressions

Two months later.

RIKI PACED RESTLESSLY, CURSING, then in frustration kicked over a small table, sending a vase crashing to the floor.

“Sir Riki, please,” begged Daryl, rushing to clean up the broken fragments. “When Master Iason comes, he will not be pleased if you are like this.”

“Oh? I don’t give a fuck what *Master Iason* thinks. I’m sick and tired of being caged in here like some animal to do that pervert’s bidding. My life is over. I might as well have died....”

His voiced trailed off as he remembered how he first encountered the formidable Blondie who now controlled every aspect of his life.

“But, he’s removed your chains. If you continue like this, he’ll put them back on you. Or worse. Please. I don’t want to have to be the one to,” Daryl stopped, looking around nervously as though afraid Iason was listening.

“You don’t want to be the one to discipline me again, is that it? I’m sick of his threats about that, too. Fuck it.”

Riki strode over to Iason’s desk, searching for the concealed drawer where the Blondie stored the kasey-whip. “Where is it?”

“Sir Riki, please, stop. Only the Master is allowed there!”

Daryl was beside himself with anxiety, turning repeatedly to look at the door, as though fearing Iason would walk in at any moment.

“Relax, why don’t ya? He’s not going to do anything to *you*. You’re such the perfect little...hah! Here we go!” The drawer slid open with snap. “And...look what we have here.” Riki pulled out the kasey-whip, striking the desk with it for effect. “His little implement of torture. Bet the pervert loved watching me suffer.”

“Sir Riki, I am begging you. I *implore* you, put it back.”

Riki laughed and walked across the room to the door that led to the balcony, waited for the door to open, then stepped outside. With a mischievous smile at Daryl, he flung the whip over the ledge.

“And that’s the end of that.”

Daryl shook his head. “You know that won’t be the end of it. I don’t understand why you do things like this. Deliberately provoking him.”

“Because I hate the bastard!” the mongrel shouted.

“Please, your voice,” Daryl whispered. “Someone will hear.”

“I don’t give a fuck who hears!” Riki screamed.

At that moment the door opened, and Iason and Raoul entered. Daryl greeted Iason, who ignored him, noting the overturned table and broken glass. Then he looked at Riki. “What’s this screaming?” he asked quietly.

“Let me go,” Riki demanded. “I’ve more than repaid you. Or give me to the freak there next to you, anyone but *you*.”

“Riki!” Iason reprimanded sharply, as Riki fell to his knees from the sudden punishing constriction of the ring. “How *dare* you speak to me that way and insult Raoul!”

“You can...both go...to...hell, for all I care,” the mongrel gasped.

“Perhaps another time would be better for our talk,” Raoul suggested, in a low voice. “We’ll discuss that matter tomorrow.”

Iason was so furious, he could only nod at the Blondie, who left quietly, but not without a slight smile at the mongrel, knowing Riki was in for some serious punishment.

“Are you deliberately trying to ruin my reputation? That was Raoul, a highly respected Blondie and a good friend, whom I brought here, hoping to show you off a bit. I thought we’d made remarkable progress. But it appears I was sadly mistaken.”

“You’re both...fucking...perverts.”

At this, Iason emitted a long sigh, pausing a few moments before speaking. “It seems we need to relearn some basic lessons in obedience. How unfortunate. I’d hoped we were finished with discipline.”

He turned and strode to his desk, and then froze upon apprehending the open drawer. Riki choked out a laugh in between his gasps. The Blondie stood with his hand on his hip.

“Daryl. Why is this drawer open?”

“Sir Riki, he,” Daryl hesitated, glancing over at Riki.

“Pet. Where is the kasey-whip?”

Iason loosened the ring so his pet could answer, and Riki climbed back to his feet, tossing his head back cockily.

“It’s not there,” he answered, with a smug smile. “I suggest you look somewhere down in the city below, I’m not exactly sure where it landed when I threw it.”

Iason laughed softly to conceal his rage. “I see. You’re the very model of defiance. You’re ready to take me on, is that it? You...won’t be smiling when I’m finished with you,” he warned.

“Fuck you!”

“Daryl.”

“Yes, Iason-sama.”

Daryl rushed towards him, trying not to tremble. He rarely saw his Master so worked up and knew, despite Iason’s relative calmness, that the Blondie was furious.

“Go to the pavilion on the second level and purchase a new kasey-whip. A C-17 class. No—C-18. Tell them to have a T-stand sent here immediately, with quarter cuffs.”

Daryl nodded, giving Riki a frightened look, one that made the mongrel’s stomach churn a little.

“Yes,” Iason whispered, lowly, his anger now evident in his voice. “You *should* be afraid. I’m going to punish you myself tonight.”

He walked toward the wayward mongrel, who took an instinctive step back as the glowering Blondie approached.

“I’m going to teach you, once and for all, that you’re *my pet*, and that you *will* do as I say.”

He grabbed Riki by the hair, pulling his head back. At the same time, his pet ring constricted, emitting additional pain-inducing G-waves that rocked through his body.

The mongrel cried out in agony.

“You feel that, do you? Does that answer you?”

Riki’s reply was an anguished sob.

Leaning closer to him, Iason whispered in his ear, tauntingly, “Still feeling defiant?”

“Please...re-release...the ring...please. Let me...go...home!”

"I have told you a thousand times, Riki. You *are* home. You're my pet, and you will always be my pet," the Blondie answered, and then, more quietly, "I must admit, I'm a little surprised that you're rebelling *now*. You weren't unhappy last night, I think? Or have you already forgotten? That's what made me so confident in bringing Raoul here. I wanted to show you off. But you...chose instead to behave like an untamed mongrel."

"Because I'm fucking going out of my mind!" Riki cried, and then screamed from the punishing constriction of the pet ring. Iason released his grip on his hair, and his pet fell to his knees again as he doubled over with pain.

The Blondie gave a slight laugh.

"So. You thought you'd intentionally provoke me, is that it? You prefer discipline to boredom? Or did you think you'd somehow escape punishment? I've been far too easy on you, it seems."

"Bastard," Riki gasped, now completely on the floor, his knees pulled to his chest as he suffered from the torment of the ring. He remained thus until Daryl returned from his errand, carrying a new kasey-whip, at which time the ring suddenly loosened, much to the mongrel's relief.

"Daryl. Bring it here."

Daryl rushed to his Master, who took the new whip and tapped it threateningly against his left hand a few times as his pet eyed it with unveiled consternation.

"Oh yes, perhaps I should warn you. It's a C-18 class, a bit thicker, which means you're going to feel it a lot more. It has a special retracting buffer mechanism, though, so it shouldn't break the skin, although you'll be pretty sore for a few days. It's designed especially for Blondies who want to administer the discipline themselves but don't want to leave scars on their pets. It seems," he added with a little laugh, "we don't know our own strength." He turned. "Daryl. Go wait until I call you. See that we're not disturbed."

"Yes, Sir," he answered, giving the mongrel a look filled with pity.

Riki, still on his knees, found that he was shaking.

"Pet," Iason commanded sharply. "Take off your clothes and lie facedown on the bed."

“Iason,” Riki began, desperate now to avoid punishment at the hands of the furious Blondie and his new device, “I won’t...do it again. I won’t! Please.”

“Not open for negotiation! On the bed, pet!”

With trembling fingers, Riki undressed, unable to look at Iason, who now filled him with terror. He had never seen him so angry, and now he was beginning to seriously regret his rashness.

“Please,” he tried again. “I’ll do whatever you say. I’ll—”

“Yes, you *will* do what I say. And the first thing you’ll do is *get on that bed*.”

Iason’s command was punctuated with the excruciating punishment of the pet ring, answered by Riki’s tormented cry.

“Don’t make me tell you again,” Iason warned.

Biting his lip, Riki got up and climbed onto the bed, lying down with a little sob of defeat.

“Did you really think you’d get off without being punished? That you could talk your way out of it after that performance in front of Raoul? Look at me.”

Riki met his eyes with great reluctance, now utterly terrified. His Master seemed even larger than he remembered, and the look of pure fury on his face was unlike anything he had ever witnessed. Daryl had warned him how terrifying Iason could be, but the mongrel had not really understood, not until this moment.

With both hands on his hips, and his legs spread apart, the kasey-whip beneath one gloved hand, the Blondie looked truly menacing, and now Riki desperately regretted provoking him.

“Did you think throwing that kasey-whip over the ledge would save you from punishment? Or maybe you were just trying to provoke me, isn’t that it? I suppose that amused you—you were pretty proud of yourself, I think?”

“Please...Iason...”

“Pet. You’re going to be punished now. And I’m not going to stop until I’ve driven total submission into you.”

Iason slapped the kasey-whip suggestively against his gloved hand a few times as the dark-haired mongrel began shaking uncontrollably.

The Blondie noted his pet's trembling with some satisfaction. Riki was already afraid, and the discipline hadn't even begun. In truth, Iason was shaking himself. He had never felt as furious with him as he did at that moment.

It was not just the embarrassing display in front of Raoul, who had counseled him countless times on the imprudence of a mongrel pet, or even Riki's blatant challenge to his authority—his remarkable audacity in disposing of the kasey-whip. More than this, it was his stinging comment...*anyone but you*.

"Pet," he scolded sternly. "You are never to address a Blondie like Raoul in such a disrespectful manner again."

Iason struck his thighs with the kasey-whip, hard, eliciting a frightened, anguished cry from his pet.

"You will never openly defy me again!"

Another strike, this one bringing tears to the mongrel's eyes.

"And you will *never* touch my whip again, is that understood?"

The third strike, falling on his pet's exposed buttocks, was so hard that Riki began pleading for him to stop.

"Oh no," Iason laughed brokenly. "No, pet. We've barely started."

"Excuse me, Master Iason, Sir," Daryl whispered softly.

"I said we were *not* to be interrupted," Iason replied, without even turning.

"Yes, Sir. Excuse me. But they've arrived with the T-stand."

"Ah. Yes. Have them bring it in here."

Riki buried his face on the bed with shame, knowing that those who saw him in such a humiliating position would be quick to spread the news that Iason Mink had disciplined his mongrel pet. Not that he cared *especially* about the gossip, but his social life was already so difficult in Eos. The news of his whipping would come as a great source of amusement to the other pets.

"Did I say you could look away?" Iason demanded.

Riki turned to look at the Blondie, who now stood, stroking the whip with this gloved hand. Then he proceeded to punish his pet in the presence of everyone there, much to the mongrel's complete mortification. Although he tried not to cry out, he could not help it, nor could he help begging for mercy and an end to the brutal whipping.

Finally, Iason stopped.

Riki sobbed like a child, now completely oblivious to the audience that had witnessed his punishment in a hushed awe. They had finished setting up the T-stand and now left, whispering eagerly among themselves.

Eventually the mongrel's sobs abated and he became aware of the immense object that now stood against the wall.

"Wha...what is that?" he asked weakly.

"This will be your new home for the next day or so, until I decide you've had enough."

Riki eyed the device warily, noting the four cuffs with a sinking feeling. Did Iason really intend to chain him standing, arms and legs spread? Suddenly he felt overcome with nausea, and before he could stop himself, he spewed on the floor.

"I'm sorry," he whispered.

Surprisingly, Iason did not punish him for that infraction. He called Daryl, who rushed over to clean up the mess.

The Blondie studied his pet for a moment. Riki's sudden sickness surprised him. And it was so unlike the mongrel to be that afraid, to tremble so uncontrollably. Perhaps...he was taking things too far.

His anger had dissipated somewhat now. He noted the deep red, raised whip marks on his pet's backside and had to concede that he had struck him quite hard and relentlessly, and with a C-18. Perhaps that was sufficient punishment. He returned the kasey-whip to the drawer, and then made a decision. He would save the T-stand for some other transgression.

"I think that's punishment enough. You can get up now, Riki."

The mongrel remained motionless.

"Did you hear me?"

"I...I can't move."

The Blondie smiled. "Yes, that might be a little difficult."

"I mean I really can't...move."

Iason's heart began to pound. "Come now. I told you. Get up."

His pet continued to lie on the bed. Iason walked over to him, studying his motionless body with concern.

"Make a fist," he commanded.

"I can't."

Suddenly seized with a horrible thought, Iason quickly retrieved the kasey-whip from the drawer, turning it on its end to read the class number. "Daryl! I told you C-18, not C-20!"

"Yes, Master, Sir, C-18 is what I asked for," Daryl stuttered.

"This is a C-20!" Iason shouted.

"I'm...s-s-sorry." Daryl bowed his head, quivering with fear.

The Blondie buried his face in his hands for a moment, then buzzed Katze. "I have a medical emergency. Get me some assistance here, right away. I used a C-20 in error. Katze. Be sure to say C-20."

"Holy shit," Katze breathed. "All right. I'll take care of it."

Iason turned to Daryl. "Who sold this to you?"

"Sir...Sir Yousi, it was, I believe."

"That idiot! I'll kill him."

Iason turned and rushed over to Riki, who was now unable to talk.

"Excuse me...Iason-sama...what is wrong with Riki?"

"Leave us!"

"Yes, Sir," he replied weakly, backing away.

"Riki," Iason whispered gently, "I know you can still hear me. Don't be afraid, my pet." He pushed the hair out of his eyes, bending down to kiss his forehead. "Help is coming."

Riki's eyes were now completely dilated. Iason took hold of his pet's hand and brought it to his lips, just holding it there.

"This wasn't my intent. Do you understand me?"

It was not long before the medical team arrived and rushed to attend the motionless pet.

"Did he vomit?" one man asked.

"Yes," Iason replied anxiously.

"Actually, that's good. That might have saved him. It's pretty late to be administering the antidote."

"What...what's wrong with him?" Daryl asked again, risking Iason's displeasure in his desperation to know what had happened to Riki.

One of the medics turned to him. "The C-20 Spider emits a poison. It's meant to be used for terminal punishment. Each strike releases a little more, eventually paralyzing the pet and stopping its heart. We're administering the antidote now."

Iason stood with his back to the wall, his expressionless face hiding a torrent of emotions. He felt numb. When he thought of how hard he had struck his pet with the kasey-whip, each strike delivering more of the poison into his system, he felt overcome with remorse. All he had intended was to discipline Riki—rather harshly, to be sure—but certainly not to seriously harm...or...*kill* him. But his rage had unbalanced him. He hadn't even checked the class number, a careless, foolish mistake. If he were to kill his beloved pet....

"He's coming around."

Iason rushed to Riki's side, and when he saw his pet open his mouth slightly, he felt overwhelmed with relief.

"Lucky break. Looks like he'll be okay now. The antidote just needs to get through his system."

"Give him pain relief," Iason ordered. "And leave enough to last for a few days."

The Blondie hardly noticed when the medical team left. He sat next to Riki for hours, attending him, and tormenting himself with how close he had come to losing his pet. And now, even with pain relief, he could see Riki still suffered from the brutal beating and that he had been far too hard on the tiny mongrel. He felt he would never be able to punish his pet with a whip again.

His rage over Riki's words had come so suddenly, he hadn't really thought about what he was doing. Rage—and, more than anything—hurt, over his pet's rejection. He knew it was foolish to be so concerned with how his pet felt toward him. But he couldn't help himself. Jupiter be damned...he loved the dark-haired mongrel.

"Iason," Riki finally whispered, his voice hoarse. "You don't have to stay with me all night. I don't blame you...I know...I deserved it."

"Hush." Iason put a finger to his pet's lips, then followed that up with a gentle kiss. "Go to sleep, my pet," he whispered, stroking his soft, dark hair.

Riki drifted off, comforted by Iason's touch. His Master stayed by him for a long time, reflecting on their mutual transgressions.

Riki's Heart

"WHAT'S THIS?" Riki demanded, when Daryl handed him the small wrapped gift.

"Master Iason said you are to have it. You were still sleeping when he left this morning."

Smiling, the mongrel shook the package, wondering what was inside. He'd never received a gift before, from anyone—at least not formally, and certainly never one that was wrapped. He remembered once enviously watching an Elite boy open presents at a private party in the middle of Vendel Park, while he stood some distance away, hiding behind a tree.

For some moments he simply admired the glittering gold paper, smiling as he played with the long ribbons that bounced in loose curls from an enormous silver and gold bow. He found that he was rather flattered Iason had left him the gift. He felt sure he would like whatever it was, simply because it was his first real gift.

"Master Iason wrapped it himself," Daryl remarked, a little surprised by Riki's obvious infatuation with the gift, and by how carefully he began to unwrap it, as though afraid to rip the paper. He would never have imagined Riki would care about such things; if he had been asked, he would have guessed the mongrel would have snorted at the gift, tossing it aside. Instead, Riki seemed almost *touched* by it, and Daryl could not help but smile at his boyish grin.

Inside the gold wrapping Riki discovered a small box, made of some material he could not quite identify, and carved with an exquisite, breathtakingly intricate design. He studied it for some moments and then opened it, finding a beautiful set of meditation balls which chimed when he picked them up.

"I've seen these before," he murmured.

"They're enkephalin meditation spheres," Daryl explained. "All the Elites have them. They relay an endorphin release if you can achieve a theta brain wave. Master Iason is hoping you can learn to relax."

"I don't know what that means, theta brain wave."

"It's a relaxed state of mind where you can think more clearly about things. It is about 5 or 8 cycles per second."

Riki shook his head. "I still don't know what you mean. These are pretty cool, though. I like the sound they make." He shook one, smiling.

"Just try holding one in each hand and then try to relax. If you can get to theta you'll be given an endorphin release."

"Do I want an endorphin release?"

Daryl nodded. "I think so. I've heard it feels pretty good."

"Have you tried this before, Daryl?"

The boy shook his head, smiling. "Oh no. Those are far too expensive for someone like me—those cost 50,000 credits, easily, probably more—and that box they're in is worth at least 30,000 alone. It's carved of Aristian ivory."

"80,000 credits?" Now Riki eyed the spheres with more interest. "You say the Elites have these?"

"Yes. Master Iason uses them all the time." Daryl paused for a moment, and then added softly, "I don't think I've ever heard of a pet being given those. I thought the spheres were only for Elites."

"I guess I'm special then," Riki replied, grinning.

"You *are* special, Riki-sama. Master Iason treats you far better than he did his other pets."

"Oh yeah? But he didn't fuck his other pets, right?"

Now Daryl lowered his voice, as though afraid to talk about this particular issue. "No, he didn't."

"You said Blondies didn't take their own pets. Why do you think he does it, Daryl?"

"I don't know." A little nervous, Daryl looked around, as though afraid someone was listening. "But as your Master, he has the right to ask of you whatever he wants."

"Hmmm. Then why are you whispering?"

“Because...well, I’m not sure, actually. I guess because, it’s sort of forbidden. Sometimes I worry about Master Iason.”

“Why?”

“Well, because he’s risking a lot. I mean, I don’t think Jupiter would be very happy if she knew...about it.”

Riki laughed. “That old toaster? Who cares what Jupiter thinks.”

“Riki,” Daryl scolded nervously. “You shouldn’t say such things.”

“You think I give a shit about Jupiter? She’s nothing to me. You hear that, bitch?” Riki yelled.

“Riki! Hush!”

Nervous, Daryl stood up and rushed around the room aimlessly, as though fearing something would happen.

The mongrel laughed at this. “You’re so cute when you’re nervous, the way you run around in circles.”

“You shouldn’t...say such things, Riki! You don’t understand.”

“Calm down, nothing’s going to happen. But if it will help chill you out, I’ll go to my room and try out these ball thingies.”

Daryl nodded, anxious to end the conversation.

Riki made for his room, humming to himself. Ever since the accident with the C-20 kasey-whip, Iason had seemed different. Kinder, somehow. Like leaving him the gift—even though the Blondie could not have possibly realized how much it would mean to the mongrel from the slums.

And Riki couldn’t help but notice that all the meals at the penthouse lately had been *his* favorite, not to mention the fact that his Master had made no sexual demands of him since the incident.

Although, if he were to be entirely honest with himself, Riki actually missed the sex. He would never admit it to anyone, least of all his Master, but he had gone several days without climaxing and was in need of some release. In fact, he was so aroused that he was tempted to masturbate in private, something he had rarely found necessary to do since his arrival at Iason’s penthouse.

He slipped into his room, closing the door, his heart beating fast. He had the distinct feeling that Iason would not be happy if he discovered him pleasuring himself in the privacy of his room. But he was horny as hell, and after all, he *was* a young man. There was only

so long he could go without taking action for his own comfort, unless he was prepared to wet his sheets at night.

The mongrel reached under his mattress, finding the two pet magazines he'd kept there for just such an occasion. He flipped through them, finding his favorite images, one of a female on all fours, her undergarments pulled down to her thighs, and the other of two males, one pleasuring the other with his mouth.

He unzipped his pants and began fondling himself, rubbing his sudden wetness over the head of his cock with his thumb.

At first, he stroked himself as he looked at the images in the magazines, but after awhile he became distracted by his own thoughts, and most especially, by the face that kept appearing in his mind, no matter how hard he tried to dispel it.

Iason.

Riki resisted, trying desperately to redirect his thoughts to the pretty pets in the magazines, and when that failed, to Guy, and even to Katze, but with no real success.

Finally giving into his own secret fantasy, much as he hated himself for it, Riki brought himself to orgasm thinking of his Master, the very Blondie that had taken away all his freedom and forced him into submission—nearly killing him, albeit accidentally—only a few days before. His cock was rigid and hot in his hand as he pumped himself to completion, imagining Iason moving down between his legs and pleasuring him orally as only the Blondie could.

His magazines slid to the floor as he moved into his final stretch, his heels sinking into the bed, his legs wide apart, his teeth clenching with every stroke.

"Bloody hell," he breathed, and then, with a choked cry, he released his pent-up sex, his salt dripping down his fingers onto his stomach. For some moments the mongrel simply lay on the bed, one arm thrown over his face as he fought back feelings of shame.

He didn't want to be fantasizing about his *captor*, the very Blondie who had forced him into sexual slavery. And yet, he could not help it. As hard as he had tried to resist his attraction to Iason Mink, he was simply unable to. In his heart, Riki feared he was falling in love with the Blondie, and this, more than anything else, tormented him. That

he should *want* Iason's attentions, even deliberately solicit his sex, was so shameful that Riki felt complete disgust for himself.

He sighed, then rolled onto his side. The pleasant chime of the meditation spheres on the bed drew his attention; he reached out and picked one up, smiling as he shook it to hear the pretty, calming bells within. He turned the ball over in his hands, studying the intricate design on it, and wondering how the ball made its music. What was inside? How was the ball constructed?

He had no idea what to do with it, other than look at it and shake it. Daryl's talk of theta waves and endorphins had only bewildered him. But he loved the gift.

Much as he would have hated to admit it, the street-wise mongrel from the slums was beginning to truly enjoy Iason's attentions; there was a gentle side to the Blondie that was hard not to warm up to, a calming presence that Riki had never experienced with anyone else before. And although he had no idea how to use the spheres, he was flattered that Iason thought him sophisticated enough to know what to do with them, and that he had spent such an extraordinary sum of credits on a gift for him.

Without even meaning to, Riki fell asleep again, waking when the light over his door came on with a little chime, signaling the return of the Master of the house. Riki bolted upright, wiping the semen still on his hand onto his bed and quickly zipping up his pants, and then shoving his magazines back under his mattress.

He could hear the clip of Iason's boots on the hard marble floor and Daryl's excited murmuring. He got up and wandered toward the great hall, finding the Blondie sitting in his favorite chair by the fire, as usual.

"Ah. Riki. Come here," Iason commanded.

Riki sauntered towards him, hands buried deep in his pockets.

"Did you like my gift?"

The mongrel shrugged, trying not to appear too thrilled about it.

"Sure. It was cool."

"Hmmm."

Iason smiled at his rather unenthusiastic reply; Daryl had already informed him of Riki's reaction to the gift and he found his pet's



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Art by Tata

feigned indifference intriguing. "Give me a kiss," he ordered, turning his head to offer a cheek for the purpose.

Riki did so, bending over to dutifully peck him on the cheek. Iason pulled him onto his lap, wrapping his arms around him.

"You're home early," Riki observed, unconsciously playing with a strand of the Blondie's long, silky light blond hair, wrapping it around his wrist.

"Yes. I wanted to be home in time for the meteor showers."

"The what?"

"There will be quite a show tonight in the stars. Anubias is nearing the planet, so we'll see a good number of meteors, just after sunset. We have a clear sky so the view should be magnificent."

"Meteors? You mean shooting stars?"

"Yes, pet."

"I've seen those before, once or twice," Riki remembered, settling back comfortably against him. "Back at the Orphanage, when I was a kid. They wouldn't let us stay up for it but we—me and Guy, that is—snuck out onto the rooftop anyways. It was pretty amazing."

"Tonight will be even more spectacular than anything you've seen before. I thought we might eat out on the balcony this evening so we don't miss anything."

"That sounds fun," Riki answered, and then caught himself, putting on a less enthusiastic expression. "I mean, it's boring as hell around here, usually."

Iason chuckled softly at this. "Is it so hard for you to admit you enjoy spending time with me?"

"Ha! Who says I enjoy spending time with you?" Riki demanded.

Not at all put out by the mongrel's insulting manner, Iason nuzzled against his cheek, kissing him, and then moved up to his ear.

"Tonight I'll have you sleep in my bed," he whispered.

Riki made no reply, his eyes widening a bit. Although he had fallen asleep with the Blondie once or twice, Iason had never *officially* ordered him to his bed. He shivered, finding the thought deliciously erotic, despite having just released only a few hours before.

Iason slipped a gloved hand under his shirt, moving up to his nipple, which he twisted provocatively as he slid his other hand across

his thigh. Riki could feel the Blondie's erection against his ass, moving and hardening.

"I want to be inside you," Iason continued, biting his neck with gentle, seductive nibbles.

The Blondie was so aroused that he was trembling; he had not climaxed since the kasey-whip incident, several days before, and had made no demands on his pet during that time. But now he could no longer hold back his sexual needs, and having Riki situated on his lap was proving to be a confounding source of sexual provocation.

"You're...going to miss the...falling star thingy," Riki murmured, gasping when Iason bit on his earlobe.

"Then let's go outside."

"Is it too cold?"

"It's surprisingly warm. But I'll take a quilt and wrap it around us."

"All right." Riki slid to his feet, turning to look at Iason, whose lust-filled eyes seemed to shine as he returned his gaze.

Daryl, having apparently listened to the conversation, rushed out of the room and returned with a quilt, which Iason took without comment, leading his pet out onto the balcony.

As they stepped outside, Riki could see that a table and two rather comfortable-looking chairs had already been set up, with a bottle of wine waiting on the table, along with a bowl of bright orange flowers.

Iason sat down in one of the chairs, holding out his hand to his pet, who climbed onto his lap, shivering again when he saw the Blondie's look. There was no question what Iason had in mind.

"Take off your pants," the Blondie commanded, after covering them both with the quilt.

"I'll be too cold," he protested. He shivered, not from the cold, but from Iason's intense manner.

"Just pull them down to your thighs, then."

"Are we going to do this now? I thought I was...going to your bed."

"Yes," Iason replied, kissing his throat. "I'll take you now, and then again tonight. I'm anxious for you now, Riki. Obey me."

The mongrel unzipped his pants and pulled them down, glad that he had masturbated earlier. If he had not, he would not have been able to conceal his utter delight in Iason's project.

As soon as his ass was bared he felt Iason's hands on him, exploring him with atypical passion and eagerness. The Blondie had already removed his gloves, something that Riki had begun to find especially erotic.

He had not noticed that Iason had brought a vial of oil, but he definitely knew of its existence when the Blondie inserted a lubricated finger into his rectum, thrusting slowly as he twisted Riki's left nipple and then kissed his throat.

The mongrel's cock went hard in an instant; he moaned, instinctively rising up onto his feet to allow Iason deeper penetration.

"Good boy," his Master whispered, rewarding him by sliding his hand around Riki's erection, slowly stroking him.

"Hell yes," Riki sighed, closing his eyes.

It was all too much. Iason seemed to know exactly what to do to arouse him and how to pleasure him best. He found himself wanting his Master's cock, anxious to feel him deep inside, though he was too proud to ask for it.

"You're so ready for me," Iason remarked, rubbing a thumb over the head of his organ, smoothing the few drops of anxious semen that had already emerged over his hot, tight skin.

The Blondie had unfastened his trousers and pulled out his own massive erection, and now lubricated himself.

"Tell me you want me," he demanded.

"Oh god," Riki cried, his voice breaking.

"Tell me," Iason insisted, continuing to fondle him as he gently rubbed his manhood across his pet's buttocks, as though teasing him.

"I want you," the mongrel admitted, finally. "Please, do you have to torture me?"

Triumphing in his pet's admission, Iason answered by entering him, his well-oiled cock sliding inside him effortlessly, much to his surprise. Whether it was the position or Riki's aroused state, he wasn't certain; all he knew was that the mongrel admitted him fully, grunting as he filled him.

The Blondie readjusted the chair so that he could lean back in it, pulling Riki onto his stomach and then repositioning himself so he could give his pet a good fucking. He continued to fondle Riki as he

began his acquisition; it was an unusual position, yet it seemed to work well.

Riki was in rare form, crying out and arching back against him, feeling exposed, pleased, and deliciously violated all at once.

"You like this," Iason observed.

"Yes," Riki conceded. He closed his eyes, swallowing, and then opened them again. "I love the way you touch me like that," he continued. "Your hand is so warm. And you feel good inside me."

"Do you like this?" Iason asked, his other hand sliding to the mongrel's scrotum, which he cupped gently.

"Yes. Yes!"

"And this?"

Iason somehow managed to pour oil onto his hand, although the vial rolled from the table and fell to the balcony floor, shattering. He smoothed the oil onto Riki's cock, eliciting a series of sighs and moans that left no question as to his pet's view.

"That's perfect. Oh! Slow down...yeah. Just like that."

At that moment, the sky filled with tiny streaks of light as the meteor shower began.

"The stars," Riki whispered, then groaned. "I'm going to come here, in just a moment. It feels too good. I can't wait."

"Go ahead," Iason encouraged, thrusting a bit harder. "Come for me, pet. Let me hear your pleasure."

"Oh yeah! Fuck! Iason, oh god...here it...here it comes. Oh shit! Ohhhh!" With that, the mongrel climaxed, followed by his Master almost immediately afterwards, propelled into his ascent by the sound of his pet's sex cries.

Overhead the meteors lit up the heavens in a magnificent display of streaking light, just as the twin moons began rising.

For a few moments, they were both silent, staring up at the sky. Iason slowly withdrew, but kept him on his lap, kissing his cheek every now and then.

"Did you like that?" he whispered, finally.

"Yeah. Oh! Did you see that one?"

The Blondie smiled, amused with Riki's excitement. He found his pet almost childlike at times, when it came to his reactions to the

simplest things. It was one of the ways the mongrel was so different from his other pets. Academy-bred pets were pampered from infancy, and were thus very hard to impress; their responses were always scripted, a trait Iason found exceedingly tiresome. And though Riki was capable of putting on a face to hide his true feelings, it seemed to the Blondie that, more often than not, the mongrel said exactly what he thought and felt.

"Iason?"

"Yes, my pet?"

"I...liked the gift."

"It is the first of many gifts. What sort of things do you like?"

"Um...I like...riding bikes and smoking and drinking stout, and...um...just doing different things."

Iason smiled at his pet's rather ambiguous reply. "Can you be more precise? What would you like?"

"I don't know. A bike?"

"No. Too dangerous. Pick something else."

"I don't know. I don't know what I want!" Having never been asked what he wanted before, Riki found he was somewhat at a loss to answer his Master's simple question.

"Perhaps literature of some kind?"

Riki perked up at this. "Literature? You mean like...pet porn?" he asked, hopefully.

"Certainly not. I mean a review journal, perhaps?"

"What about a...magazine about bikes?"

The Blondie laughed, pulling him close.

"Very well. I shall have Katze find you something. And think about what else you might like."

"All right." Riki fell silent, suddenly feeling a bit depressed, as though he somehow compromised himself by enjoying the Blondie's attention and promise of more gifts.

They ate together under the stars and then, after Iason had finished another glass of wine, he rose. "I'm retiring to my bedroom now, Riki. Come and join me when you're ready."

The mongrel nodded, swallowing hard. Something about the way the Blondie looked at him made him shiver; he found, despite

himself, that he was looking forward to a night in his Master's bed. He decided to take a quick shower to freshen up first. Afterwards, he made his way to the Master bedroom, finding Iason already in bed, naked, and waiting for him.

"Come here, my pet," Iason whispered, upon seeing him standing uncertainly in the doorway. "Take off your robe."

The mongrel did so, and then crawled under the covers with the Blondie, who immediately pulled him close.

"You're warm," Riki remarked, smiling.

"Your hair is damp. Did you just shower?"

"Yeah. I felt all...grimy."

Iason chuckled at this, then nuzzled against his cheek. "You smell good, pet."

"So do you. I mean...you always smell good. What's that perfume you wear?"

"It's cologne," Iason corrected. "Perfume is for females."

"Oh. Right. What is it?"

"Aristian Royal Blend."

"I like it."

Iason answered this by pushing him onto his back and then kissing him, gently, one hand sliding down his body to his hip. "I'm going to love you all night long," he whispered.

Riki shuddered, finding this announcement incredibly provocative. "We're not going to sleep?"

"Not much. Perhaps a bit. I'll be home all day tomorrow, so we can sleep in."

The mongrel opened his mouth to comment on this, but before he could do so, the Blondie began kissing him again, this time more urgently, his tongue swirling round and round. Riki felt as though he were floating away, so transporting was the pleasure of his Master's kiss.

Once again Riki felt confused by his own heart, his pride urging him to reject the Blondie's advances, yet his body—indeed, every fiber of his being—compelling him to welcome his Master's embrace.

His struggle would remain an unspoken one, an internal dialogue that Iason would never hear; the Blondie exulted in his pet's unequivocal response to his touch, feeling that, at last, he had secured

his pet's affections. Finally, after months of resistance, he had managed to tame the wild mongrel from the slums.

Or so he thought.

8

Rebellion and Forgiveness

7 months later.

RIKI WAS STROLLING NEAR THE PAVILION one afternoon, enjoying his freedom, when a low, familiar voice stopped him.

“Z-107M, isn’t it? Iason’s mongrel?”

He turned to confront the towering form of Raoul, the Blondie that had been with Iason the day Riki had so infuriated him, resulting in a brutal punishment session he would never forget.

He nodded slightly, wondering what the Blondie wanted, and noting the look of disdain on his face with no small amount of annoyance.

“I heard your punishment was quite a show. I wish I had been there to see it. Apparently, you’re the lucky one. If it had been me, and you’d put on that disgraceful little display of disobedience, I would have made *sure* it was a C-20. Then I’d have dumped your body into Manatung Bay for the krostafish to feed on.”

Riki repressed a strong urge to impart his thoughts about how he’d handle Raoul’s corpse, if given the opportunity, remembering all too well Iason’s lesson about how to address Blondies. It was all he could do to keep from replying.

Raoul, smiling slightly at the mongrel’s obvious perturbation, continued. “Tell me, Z-107M, is it true Iason takes you?”

Riki glared at the sneering Blondie, certain that such questions were not usually asked of pets.

“So. I can see by your expression that it is. Not that it’s any surprise—everyone in Eos suspects as much. Although personally I don’t understand it; why would he even put his hands on a filthy mongrel like you? It’s truly revolting.”

Frowning, Riki turned away, wanting to leave but knowing that he was not at liberty to move until dismissed by the Blondie.

Now Raoul leaned down and added, in an icy tone, “But you should know, *mongrel*, if you’re the cause of Iason’s downfall, I’ll take you as *my* pet, and punish you mercilessly every day until I choose to dispose of you.”

Riki was shaking with anger, every part of his Bison nature urging him to pound into this towering piece of Blondie scum. Only his fear of Iason’s wrath restrained him.

With a slight laugh of contempt, Raoul walked off without another word, leaving the mongrel to stare after him, clenching and unclenching his fists. The encounter had ruined the stroll for him, and he returned to the penthouse, feeling anxious and depressed. Surprisingly, Iason was there when he arrived, which was unusual so early in the afternoon.

“Ah. Riki. Come here, my pet.” Iason was sitting in his favorite chair by the window, legs crossed, a glass of wine in hand.

Riki walked over to him.

“Sit on my lap,” he commanded, uncrossing his legs.

After the mongrel had settled comfortably in his lap, Iason took hold of his chin, looking him in the eyes.

“So. What is it? You look as though you have something to say.”

He hesitated, unsure of what to do. Should he tell Iason about his encounter with Raoul?

“Perhaps I can help you. Does it have anything to do with Raoul?”

Riki’s eyes widened as he wondered what sort of sorcery or technology had given him this information. He glanced down at his clothing, as though searching for a spyware device of some kind.

Iason laughed. “Your thoughts are sometimes so easy to see,” he remarked, then added in a soft whisper, “though not always.” He gestured to the window with his wine glass. “I could see you down by the pavilion. I saw Raoul stop you. It seemed like he had quite a lot to say. I want you tell me what he said to you, my pet.”

Somewhat relieved, Riki related the encounter in its entirety. As he spoke, Iason’s face remained expressionless. But because he now knew his Master so well, the mongrel could almost see the anger being worked up behind his cool mask.

"Get up now," he commanded, giving him a playful spank, a habit he had acquired that Riki found particularly annoying.

"I'm not...a *child*. I'm not yours to do with however you please!"

Iason set his glass down with a smile. "I challenge that assertion." He took hold of him and placed him firmly over his knee, then gifted him with a few hard spanks, much to Riki's extreme irritation.

"You most definitely *are* mine to do with as I please, pet." He spanked a little harder.

"Let me go! Dammit, Iason! That hurts! Bastard!"

Iason leaned closer to him, smiling.

"Naughty pet. Speaking to your Master in such a fashion! Now it's time for some serious punishment."

Then he proceeded with a spanking that hurt far more than Riki would admit. The Blondie really *didn't* know his own strength.

"Please. Iason," he pleaded finally, cringing.

His Master set him up on his feet with one hand. "Now you have been duly chastised. See that you obey me from now on, or further castigation may be required."

Riki leaned against the wall, hands in his pockets.

"You're fucking hilarious."

Iason rose, donning his outer cloak in a fluid, graceful movement. "I'm going out for awhile...to see Raoul," he announced, raising an eyebrow. "When I return," he took hold of his chin, "I plan to violate you completely, multiple times."

"How is that different from any other day?"

Iason leaned forward. "Insolent pets are the first to be punished. I predict another spanking for a certain frequently naughty pet."

"Hmmm," he snorted, though as the Blondie turned to leave, he couldn't help but smile. He would give anything to know what his Master would say to Raoul.

Iason found that his anger increased the more he thought about Raoul's intrusion and his words to Riki. Clearly, jealousy was behind it, but the fact that he had the audacity to ask his pet about his private life irked him especially. His roundabout threat to harm Riki and his promise to take him as his pet were equally infuriating.

Raoul certainly knew he had no right even speaking with his pet, let alone badgering him for information and threatening him. He was proud of Riki for his silence and restraint, fully cognizant of how difficult that must have been for the proud leader of Bison.

When he reached Raoul's flat, the Blondie looked surprised to see him. Then, perceiving Iason's extreme displeasure, he frowned. "I see. So the little mongrel came running to you?"

"How dare you threaten him, Raoul. And inquire into my private life. You had no right."

"I'm only thinking of you," he answered, hotly, moving aside to admit him. The door hummed shut behind them and he lowered his voice, as if afraid someone would overhear. "Have you thought about what's going to happen to you if you carry on like this? Jupiter—"

"My private life is none of your concern. Nor Jupiter's, for that matter. What I do in the privacy of my home is my own affair."

"It wasn't always that way. We used to share everything; you kept no secrets from me. But now you shut me out."

"That was long ago, Raoul," Iason sighed, exasperated.

"And you feel nothing now?" he shot back, angrily.

"I feel something...but not for you."

Raoul laughed loudly and brokenly at this. "Oh, I see. Do you think you can twist that knife a bit more? Don't tell me it's that mongrel you're talking about? Iason. Are you saying you'd rather have some filthy mongrel pet in your bed than me?"

"I am saying...that my relationship with *my pet* is of no concern to you and that, though I respect and admire you as a friend, Raoul, the time of our passion is long past."

"That's a lie. It's a lie and we both know it. I could carry you to my bed right now and prove it."

"I refuse to have this conversation yet again, Raoul."

"I don't know what you mean," he retorted. "We've never had this conversation. Every time I try to bring it up you shut me off."

"That's because you...you're under some sort of *delusion* that we're still lovers. You won't hear me, no matter what I say."

"We *are* still lovers," Raoul insisted. "Even if you won't admit to it. Even if we haven't been together in all these years."

Iason laughed, shaking his head. "This is precisely what I mean. You speak as though we're in a relationship when clearly, Raoul, we are *not*, and have not been for nearly twenty years. There's nothing between us. How many times must I tell you?"

"You know as well as I do that there will *always* be something between us," the Blondie answered softly.

Iason avoided his intense look, turning his head when he bent down to try and kiss him.

"Iason." Raoul reached out and took hold of his chin, trying to force the Blondie's attention. "At least look at me. Can't you even do that?"

"No," Iason sighed, keeping his eyes lowered.

Now Raoul leaned forward, lifting the Blondie's hair to expose his throat. "And why is that?" he whispered, sliding one hand down Iason's back.

"Stop."

"Answer me first."

"Raoul."

Raoul smiled, bending down to kiss Iason's throat. "Yes, my love?"

"I'm not...*your love*."

"Mmmm." Ignoring him, Raoul nibbled on his earlobe, sending an involuntary shudder through the Blondie.

Iason swallowed, closing his eyes. "You never change, Raoul. I'm not yours to take whenever you please."

"You *are* mine," he challenged. "I've had you under me a thousand times; you're mine, and you will always be mine."

"I'm not interested."

"Oh really?" Raoul slid his hand around to Iason's quickly developing erection. "What is this, then?"

"A reflex. Nothing more." Iason reached down and grabbed his wrist, pushing him away. "Stop."

"Come to my bed. Right now. Let me prove myself." Raoul began kissing Iason's throat again, momentarily quieting him. "You see? I remember exactly what you like. I'll make you shake all over. I'll do anything you want, Iason. Just give me a chance."

"Let me go." The Blondie's voice was cold and uncompromising.

Sighing, Raoul released him. “You’ll never forgive me, will you? No matter what I say or do.”

“What are you going on about? That’s all ancient history. Of course I forgive you. I just don’t love you anymore.”

Iason turned and moved toward the door, but before he could leave, Raoul came up behind him again, wrapping his arms around him and pressing his body close.

“For the record,” he whispered, “I still love you. I’ll wait for you. However long it takes; I know you’ll come back to me.”

Iason sighed. “If you want to know, then yes, it’s true. I take Riki. And not just that. No one could ever come close to what we share. Not even you, Raoul.”

Raoul stood motionless, continuing to stare at the door even after Iason had left. Then, in a sudden rage, he knocked over a small table, shattering a vase of flowers.

Yui, who had watched the entire scene between the lovers from the shadows, rushed into the room to clean up the mess, knowing his Master well enough to refrain from speaking. Raoul retired to his chair by the fire, brooding.

After a few moments Yui brought the Blondie some fresh brewed coffee and iced cinnamon rolls—Raoul’s favorite—which at first were ignored. The scent that emanated from the rolls eventually forced his notice, for he had a special weakness for Yui’s cinnamon rolls, especially when they were crowned with generous dollops of creamy frosting, like those that now waited for him, still warm, on the tray next to his chair.

Sighing, the Blondie sipped his coffee and bit into a roll, closing his eyes to savor its sweetness. Though he would never have admitted it to Yui, who watched him anxiously, the dessert helped calm him; it was exactly what he needed at the moment, and he was glad to have a servant so attentive to his needs.



IASON RETURNED TO THE PENTHOUSE, finding Riki lounging on the bar counter, swinging his feet like a child as he stared vacantly ahead of him.

“Pet. Get down from there. And come here,” he commanded.

With an exaggerated sigh, Riki jumped down from the counter. As he approached the Blondie, Iason reached out to give him a little spank and Riki, smiling mischievously, dodged him.

Laughing, Iason grabbed him and lifted him up, carrying him over to the dining table, then set him down on it, pushing his thighs apart to squeeze in close to him.

“Why did you have me get off the counter, if you were just going to have me sit on the table?” Riki asked, saucily.

“Hush.” Iason kissed him, urgently, feeling unusually passionate, as though he could not kiss him deeply enough. “Get undressed.”

Riki complied, suddenly eager for whatever his Master had in mind.

“Daryl,” Iason called.

“What!” his pet cried, alarmed.

The Blondie chuckled softly. “Not what you’re thinking, my pet.”

“Yes, Master Iason, Sir,” Daryl murmured demurely, avoiding direct eye contact with either of them.

“Bring me the vial on the bedside table.”

Daryl rushed to retrieve the wanted vessel, retreating to his quarters when Iason forbade further disturbance.

Riki eyed the vial, then studied Iason. It was unusual for him to move so quickly. His Master was clearly quite aroused. This made him wonder about the visit to Raoul. He had been toying with the notion for some time that Iason and Raoul had some sort of connection. He wondered what exactly his relationship with this Raoul was and found that he hoped Iason was not pairing with him. But the Blondie had learned his considerable repertoire of pleasuring skills somewhere, and if pets weren’t usually taken by their Masters, Iason must have been with someone.

“What is it, pet?” Iason laughed. “You look quite put out. And I thought you’d come to enjoy this.” He shook the vial suggestively.

“You and Raoul...are you,” he paused, trying to think of the right word, “*intimate?*”

Iason leaned toward him. "Is my pet jealous?" he smiled, delighted with the possibility.

Riki snorted. "Why would I be jealous of him? The arrogant prick."

The Blondie laughed softly. "We were lovers at one time. But...that was a long time ago." He leaned down and gave his pet another urgent kiss, pulling him off the table to his feet. "Now, turn around."

As he did so, Iason repositioned him so that he was lying on his stomach, bent over the table. Riki was surprised when he felt his Master spreading him, then the hot wetness of his tongue snaking past his portal. He moaned, loudly, turning to see the beautiful Blondie sitting back gracefully on his heels, his blond hair trailing on the floor. "Fucking Jupiter," he breathed, his eyes rolling back in ecstasy.

Now he felt Iason's firm, warm hand encircling his shaft, stroking him masterfully, and the simultaneous stimulation of his tongue and his hand hurled him full speed toward his critical point; it was all excruciatingly lovely and wickedly pleasurable, unlike anything he had ever experienced before. He moaned almost continuously, completely overwhelmed by the tides of impending rapture that washed over him in relentless waves.

"Ahh...Iason," he moaned, then, clenching his teeth, he cried out his unfathomably sweet consummation.

As he drifted on swells of lingering pleasure, he felt the penetration of a finger, then a second, and then the Blondie himself pressed up against him. Then suddenly, his hands firmly holding his hips, his Master plunged fully into him, which brought tears to his eyes as he cried out in agony.

"Forgive me, my pet," Iason whispered, his voice thick with urgency. "I'm going to be hard on you."

He proceeded to take him violently and deeply, with raw, unfettered abandon, his need compelling a swift resolution.

Arching his back and throwing back his head, his long hair spiraling backward, Iason reached his pinnacle, and for the first time, Riki heard him vocalize his pleasure, a sound so erotic and masculine it sent chills down his back.

Afterwards, Iason fell forward onto him for a few moments.

Riki felt a little vexed with him for his surprise offensive. The Blondie had never taken him in such a manner before, with no preparation. But at the same time, he couldn't deny that he had been exquisitely pleased prior to his violation.

He winced as Iason pulled out, feeling sore and torn.

"I'm sorry, my love."

Riki was silent, unsure of how to react to the new appellation, "my love," and equally confused by the secret thrill he felt when he heard his Master say it.

A call came in, and Iason picked up. From the look on his face and his hushed voice, Riki had a feeling it was Raoul. Pushing down the rising tides of jealousy, he quickly dressed, then went out on the balcony for a smoke.

Something about the day felt all wrong. When he looked back, his interactions with Iason seemed far too...*comfortable*—their teasing banter, his "spanking," his jealousy over Raoul and earlier, at the pavilion, his complete impotency in response to the Blondie's repeated insults and challenges.

And the sex...fuck, he loved it; he no longer even resisted. He didn't even really mind, all that much, the pain of Iason's violent entrance, because it had given him chills to hear his Master's rapture. And his private reaction to his new pet name...all wrong.

He ran a hand through his hair and sighed. Fuck. He was losing himself. He really *was* Iason's pet. How had it happened? When had he stopped resisting?

He knew. It began the day Iason had punished him so brutally for his defiance—the day he'd almost killed him. Since that day he'd been a coward, afraid to do anything that might elicit his wrath. The Blondie had beat submission into him, just as he'd promised.

He'd become the pet of Iason Mink.

And he couldn't...just *couldn't* let that happen. He had to do something. He had to fight. Even if it meant certain punishment. Something.

Anything.

Suddenly, he was struck with an idea and quickly went back inside, snatching up the vial that still sat on the table, and with a glance at

Iason, who followed his movements with a perplexed look, rushed back out to the balcony. He looked down at the city below and then held his arm over the ledge, preparing to drop the vial, when suddenly the Blondie seized his wrist, squeezing painfully.

“Don’t you *dare* drop it,” he whispered fiercely.

Gazing back defiantly, Riki opened his hand, releasing the vial to its doom below.

“Such a silly way to begin a new rebellion,” Iason sighed. “You’re like a child. Why this fascination for throwing things off the ledge?”

Iason’s grip on his wrist tightened as he turned and strode back into the house, dragging him inside.

“Let me go, you fucking bastard!”

“What brought all this on, Riki? Was it the call from Raoul?”

The mongrel remained silent, staring back at him darkly.

“I see. You’re back in your Bison armor, then?” He shook his head, mystified. “It’s a step forward, then three back with you, Riki.” He leaned close to him, smiling. “I’m beginning to think...perhaps you enjoy being punished.”

Summoning up his courage, Riki spat on his Master’s face.

The Blondie wiped the spit from his face wordlessly with his gloved hand, straightening up and struggling to control a sudden influx of rage that threatened to shatter his composure. Up to this point, he had been enjoying playing along with what he *thought* was a little game of harmless rebellion, his pet only wanting a bit of attention and teasing, soft discipline.

Now he realized Riki was in earnest.

He whipped off his glove, tossing it aside, then pulled his pet’s head back by his hair. He struck him, hard, across the face.

“You’ll regret that,” he whispered, striking him again. “Daryl!”

Daryl came running, having watched the entire scene anxiously from the shadows.

“Apparently Riki wants to be thoroughly punished again. And since he’s back to playing the untamed mongrel, it’s appropriate we put him back in chains. Help me undress him. Then bring me his collar.”

Riki struggled as they stripped him, but to no avail. Then Iason dragged him to the bedroom, slamming his wrist into one of the

hanging cuffs of the T-stand and snapping it shut with his fist, then the other wrist, and then each of his ankles on the cuffs below. The mongrel was now standing spread-eagled, completely naked. Iason put the hated metal collar around his neck, fastening it firmly.

“This should start to get pretty uncomfortable, very soon. I’ll wait until then to continue.” He turned without another word, leaving Riki feeling exposed and vulnerable.

Iason stepped out onto the balcony, puzzling over what had just happened. His pet’s sudden rebellion was bewildering. He found that he was trembling. No one had ever spit on him before, and for it to come from his pet...he struggled to push back the hurt and anger. Only minutes before, they had shared what he felt was their most erotic pairing ever.

There was no doubt in his mind Riki had loved his ministrations. His moans had driven him nearly to the brink, and when his pet said his name, he had been unable to resist taking him then as he had—satisfying in that moment a longing for violent acquisition that he had harbored for countless years. So deeply pleasurable was his release that he had even cried out, something he had never done before.

Why, moments later, had Riki behaved so childishly, so suddenly rebellious? Why had he...*spit*...on him? There was no question that he was deliberately provoking him for some reason.

He tried to unravel the events of the day. His pet had thrown the vial over the ledge; was he really so angry over Iason’s unprepared entry? Or was it some sort of jealousy over Raoul?

This last thought was almost pleasing to him—no, most *definitely* pleasing—yet he felt unconvinced this was the cause of Riki’s new rebellion. The dark glare in his eyes betrayed no trace of affection. It was as though all his efforts to tame his pet had been inexplicably swept away, all their hours of pleasure together counting for nothing.

He sighed. What would it take to tame the dark-haired mongrel? It had already been nearly a year, and he was growing frustrated. What would he have to do to bend the will of Riki the Dark?

It seemed to Riki that Iason had left him there for an eternity. His arms and legs were starting to cramp. Despite his discomfort, the mongrel felt proud of himself. At least he still had some self-respect.

When his Master finally returned, he leaned against the wall, arms folded across his chest. "Feeling some regret, perhaps?"

"Fuck you, you perverted shithead."

"I'll be doing the fucking, to use your mongrel phrase."

He unfastened his trouser flap, moving behind Riki, then yanking his head back violently by his hair.

"My apologies," he whispered in his ear. "I would be more appropriately lubricated, but I seemed to have misplaced the vial. So I'll just have to trade velocity for lubrication and ram it in hard."

"You sadistic fuck!"

Riki felt Iason's gloved hands pull his hips back into position, the accommodating springs of the T-stand allowing this shift. He steeled himself, determined not to utter a single sound. But when the Blondie plunged violently into him, he was unable to keep from crying out in utter anguish. His Master's earlier conquest had left him raw, and this new onslaught was too much.

"Have mercy," he whispered.

"What's that? Begging for mercy already? What happened to all that defiant resolve?"

"If you only knew...how much I *hate* you," Riki spat.

These words filled Iason with pain and rage. He began thrusting, hard, erratically, eliciting tortured moans from his pet. But eventually, as the onslaught continued and the mongrel grew accustomed to him, the painful sensations were replaced by more pleasurable ones, and Riki began gasping, despite himself.

Soon it was evident that his ring had been set to prevent ejaculation, its restriction leaving him desperate for release but unable to attain it.

He could tell by Iason's sudden silence and the cessation of his thrusting that he had arrived at his peak. He gritted his teeth, jealous of his pleasure. His gasps betrayed his frustration.

"Ah yes. I thought that was an especially nice touch, don't you agree? Denying you the pleasure of consummation?"

The Blondie began kissing his neck, reaching around with one hand to stroke his rigid organ. The mongrel moaned through clenched teeth, now desperate for release.

It was pure torture. Riki despised the T-stand. Even the kasey-whip was better than this—at least that punishment was over quickly. His entire body was cramping and aching now, and the sexual frustration was unbearable, especially with Iason's heartless teasing.

"Why don't you just whip me," he pleaded, finally. "And let me out of this thing."

"Or...I could whip you while you're in it," Iason proposed.

Riki fell silent, having failed to consider this more disagreeable option. But his Master had no intention of using the kasey-whip again, not after the incident with the C-20. He disappeared from the room for a moment, and then returned, twirling a small hand paddle in one hand.

Relieved that he had not returned with a whip, Riki relaxed, feeling confident that he could endure the small, innocuous-looking paddle.

But then, Riki had never been paddled by a Blondie before.

Iason held up the paddle in front of his face. "Since you've decided to behave like a child, it's fitting I punish you like one." He leaned closer. "I seem to remember predicting you'd get a spanking."

"You're an asshole."

The Blondie smiled. "It's unwise to provoke the hand that's about to discipline you, pet."

"Fucking bastard!"

Iason answered this by moving behind him and striking his ass with all his strength, the impact of the paddle resonating through the room.

WHACK!

Riki bit his lip to keep from crying out. A second strike managed to produce a grunt; the third strike, a wince and a gasp. By strike four, the mongrel could not help vocalizing his anguish.

"Ouch! Dammit, Iason!"

"Feeling that, are we?"

WHACK!

"Fuck!"

WHACK!

The mongrel yelped, from then on answering each strike of the paddle with a groan or an agonized whimper. The strikes continued, one after another, in merciless succession. By the time Iason was

finished, it was all Riki could do to keep from sobbing, his head hanging down in abject misery as tears slid down his face and throat.

From behind him, Iason leaned in close to whisper in his ear, pressing the paddle threateningly against his hot flesh.

“Ready to obey me now?”

Riki closed his eyes, trying to regain his composure. His backside burned dreadfully. But he had an even bigger problem. He desperately needed to empty his bladder. He had waited as long as he could, and now he was forced to address the matter.

“Iason,” he whispered. “I need...I really need...to...um...go.”

His Master walked around to face him, leaning forward.

“You need to relieve yourself? I was waiting for you to ask.”

He retrieved a container, and to Riki’s mortification, held it under him and took up his member. “Go ahead.”

“Please. I can’t...do it, not with you watching. Could you call Daryl?”

“I could. But I choose not to.”

“Please, Iason. I can’t. Don’t you...get it?”

“Must feel pretty helpless. You can hold onto your pride and suffer, or you can debase yourself in front of me.”

Iason smiled slightly, his eyes glimmering a cold blue.

Riki swallowed, lowering his eyes in shame. He relieved himself, the hot stench of his water humiliating him. When he looked up, the Blondie was smiling triumphantly.

“Good boy,” he whispered, and then moved out of Riki’s sight.

Then, much to his extraordinary relief, Iason snapped open one of his cuffs. His arm fell down limply, then his other arm was released, and then his feet. Iason carried him to the corner of the great hall and fastened his collar to the restraining chain. Riki fell over, curling up in a ball, falling asleep not long after.

For several days he was kept in chains. Iason once again forced him to masturbate while he watched, something he knew his pet detested. Though he longed for sexual intimacy, he wanted to make his pet long for it even more.

After a few days, Iason was walking through the great hall when he heard a hoarse whisper.

“Iason.”

He froze as the sound of his pet's chains announced his approach. From behind, Riki put his arms around him, pressing up against him.

"Can we stop the punishment now?" he pleaded. "I miss...being with you."

The Blondie closed his eyes, drinking in the moment, then whipped around, unfastening the chain from Riki's collar and carrying his pet to his bed. The eagerness of the mongrel was nearly matched by his own as Master and pet reestablished their sexual understanding. Riki surprised him with uncharacteristic initiative, reaching down to stroke him boldly, exploring his body with tantalizing caresses.

The Blondie was beside himself with lust. His kisses were perhaps a little rough as his need escalated. Yet he wanted to reward the hard-won submission of his pet, first. Flipping Riki onto his back, he pushed his thighs toward his shoulders to reveal his waiting portal.

"You liked this, didn't you?" he whispered, then moved down between his legs, penetrating him with his tongue.

His pet's sigh left no question as to his answer. The Blondie pleased him sweetly, his loving, unrushed exploration completely incongruent with his own desperately urgent need. Moving up to take him into his mouth, he continued stimulating him with his finger, a combination clearly welcomed by the dark-haired mongrel; Riki's moans increased in frequency and pitch, rising with his ascent to rapture, and then, his muscles contracting so hard his torso lifted off the bed, he voiced his final surrender.

Iason moved on top of him, kissing his throat as he waited for him to recover. The mongrel finally opened his dark eyes; they were shining, a slight smile turning the corners of his mouth.

"Did you like that, my pet?"

Though Riki didn't answer, his smile grew a little more pronounced. Now Iason rolled onto his back, holding out his hand. "Straddle me," he commanded, holding his cock upright.

Riki climbed atop the Blondie, slowly easing onto his waiting organ, pausing when he experienced discomfort. Iason, with shaking hands, took hold of his hips and forced their continuing descent, unable to wait for his pet to adjust. The grimace of pain on Riki's face

paradoxically stimulated him, and he closed his eyes, opening his mouth slightly.

Then, when he was fully inside his pet's wet embrace, he lifted the mongrel's beautiful body and then dropped it as he lifted his pelvis with a little thrust, testing out this new method of enjoying him. To his surprise, Riki pressed his hands against his chest and initiated lifting movements himself, allowing Iason the luxury of concentrating on thrusting, though he continued to take hold of his pet's hips to direct the speed of their joining.

They paired thus, Master and pet, each gazing intensely at the other, rebuilding in those few minutes all that had been destroyed, releasing all that needed to be forgiven. More than the exquisite pleasure that permeated his release, Iason was transported by a look of affection in Riki's softened eyes that he had never seen before, a look that spoke to his heart words he had desperately waited to hear.

9

Fate

Six months later.

“BUT...WHY DOES HE HAVE TO COME *HERE*?” Riki paced the floor restlessly in front of the impassive Blondie, who was reading the quarterly *Galaxy Report*, too absorbed in it to even look up.

“I’ve already told you, Riki. We need somewhere private to discuss some sensitive issues.”

The mongrel scowled, feeling extremely put out. He hated Raoul. “I can’t believe you ever paired with him,” he muttered. “He’s not very attractive, you know.”

Iason smiled at this, for it was common knowledge that Raoul was one of the most handsome Blondies ever created by Jupiter. “You needn’t be jealous, pet. It’s only business.”

“I’m not jealous!” Furious, Riki stomped his foot like a thwarted child, his eyes flashing belligerently.

“Calm down,” his Master scolded, sharply, abandoning his attempt to read and setting the periodical down on the small table next to his chair. “Now, I expect you to be *civil* to Raoul, Riki. I know there’s no great love between the two of you. Still, his position demands your respect. He is a Blondie, pet, and as such, he will always be above you. No matter what the situation between the two of you, Raoul will receive the benefit of the doubt; if there is any question as to who is in the wrong, *you* will be punished.”

“That’s bloody fucked up,” Riki shot back, angrily. “Don’t give me all that crap about Blondies being all high and mighty. I’m not one of your stinking Academy pets who trembles at the mere sight of you arrogant Elite. Raoul’s a dickhead and he’ll never be above me, no matter what you say!”

Iason sighed, bringing a hand to his head. “Pet, I am not going to argue with you about this. I haven’t time to lecture you on this point, though it seems we have some work ahead of us concerning the Amoian class structure and some basic rules of pet conduct.”

At this, Riki glared back at him, hands on his hips. “I told you, I’m not one of your Academy pets! You wanted a mongrel, and that’s what you’ve got! I don’t give a fuck about *any* of you Blondies—or any of your bloody rules!”

As soon as he said this, Riki realized he’d gone too far. Iason’s unwavering gaze was too much; he looked away, feeling the heat rise to his cheeks.

“I see,” Iason murmured, after a long moment.

Riki cringed, feeling certain that punishment was coming and wishing he’d kept his mouth shut. After a few minutes of silence, he dared a look at Iason, who continued to study him, his expression completely unreadable.

“That is, I don’t give a fuck about...*most* Blondies,” he offered, unable to bring himself to take back his words entirely.

At this, Iason’s lips quivered as he fought back an instinctive smile.

“Come here,” he whispered, his eyes shining with love.

Head down, Riki approached him, crawling onto his lap when the Blondie uncrossed his legs.

Iason pulled him close, enjoying the mongrel’s distinctive, earthy scent, and wishing he had a little more time to spend with him before Raoul arrived.

He was pleased with Riki’s retraction, though he hadn’t seriously entertained the veracity of his scathing remarks. By now he was accustomed to the mongrel’s insults and profanity-laced rejoinders, and he was at least partly convinced that his pet cared a *little* for him, despite his surly protests to the contrary.

“You’re a naughty pet,” he asserted, whispering provocatively into his ear.

Riki squirmed a bit, but Iason only held him tighter, his soft, light blond hair tickling his face.

“I’m not naughty; I’m rebellious. There’s a difference.”

"I quite agree with you on the distinction. However, given the fact that you *are* my pet and that obedience is therefore expected, you are more correctly classified as *naughty*. Perhaps I shall be forced to spank you now, just a bit, to put you in your place."

The proud leader of Bison snorted at this but said nothing, momentarily silenced by the Blondie's threat.

"What? Don't tell me that's all it took to rein you in?" Iason teased, running a hand across his thigh. "Is someone afraid to be spanked?"

"Ha! I've been spanked plenty. I wouldn't even feel it." Riki tossed his head back defiantly, trying to hide a growing sense of anxiety.

"Hmmm. We'll see about that."

Although Iason was strongly tempted to give the mongrel a few swats, just for sport, there was another matter that—at the moment—proved far more pressing. The predictable consequence of holding his squirming pet on his lap was the development of a remarkable erection that now began to demand his notice.

He decided to save the spanking for another day, knowing that soon enough his incorrigible pet would do something to deserve it.

"So, Riki. You must be on your *best* behavior. Understood? I'm warning you, pet. If you disobey me on this, don't think I won't turn you over my knee and take my hand to you, in front of Raoul, if necessary."

The mongrel fell silent, fully convinced that his Master wouldn't hesitate to administer such humiliation in the presence of his hated nemesis. Much as he despised having Raoul admitted into the penthouse, he couldn't bear to be punished before him; no, that would give the arrogant Blondie far too much pleasure.

Chuckling, Iason lifted his chin with a gloved finger, forcing his attention. "Stop sulking. If it bothers you so much, why not go down to the pavilion?"

But Riki had no intention of leaving his Master alone with Raoul. He didn't trust the Blondie, and though he pretended otherwise, he *was* jealous. He couldn't stand the thought of Raoul, who he loathed, having once been Iason's pairing partner. And from what he could see, Raoul wasn't finished when it came to Iason. In any case, he planned to keep a close watch on the visit, if only from the balcony.

He shook his head, glumly.

“Very well. I’ll allow you your sour mood. But now, pet,” Iason forced him to stand, giving his bottom a little spank. “On your knees.”

“Ow!” Riki protested, though it was hardly the worst his Master had gifted him when it came to physical discipline.

The Blondie unfastened his trouser flap. “I want you to relieve me before he arrives.”

Riki sighed as though greatly put out by this request, though he was secretly more than happy to oblige him; Iason was well aware of this, his gaze drawn to the sudden bulge in his pet’s tight-fitting pants.

The mongrel knelt down, pushing back the fabric of Iason’s trousers to reveal his ready member, and then sliding his hand around the fully erect shaft. Iason let his head rest against the back of the chair, watching him through half-closed eyes. Exploring the Blondie’s length with his tongue, Riki then slowly took him in his mouth as Iason removed a glove and began stroking his head, running his fingers through his dark, shiny hair.

“That’s very good, pet.” Then, when Riki reintroduced his tongue, he murmured, “Yes. I like that. Just like that, Riki.”

Riki became aware that someone was at the door as Daryl rushed to answer it. He gave his Master a questioning look, pulling away.

“Don’t stop,” Iason whispered, urgently, taking hold of his chin and pressing himself up against his lips. Riki opened his mouth to admit him, and Iason hummed his approval, his vocalization changing to a low groan when he felt his welcoming tongue, warm and wet against his near-bursting cock.

“Yes, pet. Like that.”

The Blondie gave a slight, breathy moan, then grabbed hold of his pet’s arms in a way that signaled his impending release. With a sharp intake of his breath, he closed his eyes and arched his back, thrusting up into his mouth. Iason’s trembling told Riki he had ejaculated—that and the hot essence that shot down his throat.

The mongrel moved to get up but Iason stopped him, bending down to kiss him. “You’re a good pet,” he whispered, tugging his glove back on with a smile.

As Riki rose and Iason fastened his trousers, Raoul entered the room, taking in the situation with obvious displeasure.

“Pet, go out to the balcony,” Iason instructed.

Riki passed Raoul, their eyes locking in a mutual glare. The mongrel smiled smugly, wiping his mouth suggestively. He was certain that Raoul had seen something, or at least had discerned what had just gone on there.

“Iason,” Raoul grumbled, darkly, after Riki had left. “Must you flaunt your perversions?”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about, Raoul.”

“You just had that filthy mongrel service you. I see it in your eyes.”

“Even if that were true, it’s no concern of yours.”

“Iason—”

“I didn’t invite you here to argue about this.” The Blondie rose, moving to the bar. “Would you like some wine? It’s quite perfect. One of our clients from the Trade Convention left a bottle, although I’m not sure who—the card read, *Compliments of Your Favorite Client*.”

Raoul fell silent for a moment. “Sometimes I think you take pleasure in hurting me.”

Now Iason turned, a faraway look on his face. “I thought the same once about you. Or have you forgotten that *you* were the one who betrayed *me*?”

Unable to reply, Raoul hung his head.

The beautiful Blondie laughed softly.

“Come now. That’s all ancient history. What we need to discuss is a new security concern Katze has brought to my attention. It seems he’s picked up on a sharp increase in activity, and he thinks there may be a strike on the grid sometime in the near future.”

Raoul frowned. “Don’t tell me you’re relying on that old eunuch for your intelligence?”

Iason sighed. “Raoul, I’ve told you before. He’s the best there is. And no Blondie would be trusted in the underground to get the kind of information he can. The point is he’s convinced me there’s a threat—one that we can’t ignore.”

“What do you suggest we do?”

“I want to reconfigure the system. I think we may need to reprogram the entire grid. If someone has the access codes, who knows what could happen?”

“Do we really need to go that far? Have you any idea how much work that entails?”

Iason took a sip of wine, slowly shaking his head, then sighing. “I can’t think of an alternative that’s safer. That’s why I asked you here—you’re the only one I know I can trust.”

“I’m glad you think you can trust me,” Raoul answered, softly.

Iason moved away to the window, looking out over Tanagura. “It’s all really so fragile,” he murmured.

Now Raoul came up behind him, putting his hands on his waist and whispering in his ear, “Iason. My offer still stands.”

“I gave you my answer,” he replied, attempting to move away. Suddenly, Raoul grabbed him, pushing him up against the window, pinning his wrists above his head. Iason’s wine glass shattered, sending shards of glass and wine down the Blondie’s arm.

“I refuse to sit by and watch you throw away everything for that mongrel!” he hissed.

Riki had been watching the interaction between the two Blondies from his ledge on the balcony, desperate to know what they were talking about. They seemed quite animated, and this made him nervous, so he got up and began pacing. He didn’t like the way Raoul moved in so close when talking to Iason. When he saw him make his move and then pin Iason to the window, he didn’t even think.

“Get off him, you fucking shithead!” Riki came charging into the room and managed to get in a solid punch to Raoul’s face before the Blondie picked him up and threw him, hurling him across the floor.

“Raoul!” Iason shouted, as the enraged Blondie started toward the mongrel, who was still trying to shake off being slammed against the far wall. Iason reached out and grabbed his wrist. “That’s enough.”

“Iason—your arm!” Riki cried. The Blondie’s arm was dripping with blood and wine, his glove soaked red.

“Did I do that?” Raoul whispered, mortified.

“Stay away from him! You fucking prick!”

“Riki! This is your first and *only* warning. Back outside. *Now.*” Iason’s harsh tone left no doubt as to the Blondie’s sincerity.

The mongrel reluctantly retreated as ordered, glaring at Raoul.

“You’re not going to punish him?” Raoul seemed incredulous. “You let him come in here and punch me, without even a reprimand?”

“It’s not so surprising for a pet to protect his Master.” Iason was washing his arm in the sink, removing embedded shards of glass without a trace of pain reflected in his features. In truth, he was quite pleased with Riki’s response, feeling it betrayed a concern for him he longed his pet to harbor. “Your hurling him across the room was punishment enough.”

Daryl, unsummoned, appeared with some medical supplies, and tended to his Master’s wounds with shaking fingers, then cleaned up the mess on the floor, where wine and blood swirled around broken shards of glass.

Raoul brought a hand to his mouth, his fingers closed in a fist and his brow furrowing as he studied him, clearly distressed. “Iason. I didn’t mean to hurt you, honestly. I just get so angry sometimes...when you push me away.”

“Can you pour me some more wine, Raoul?” Iason sighed. “I need to relax, and my head is killing me.”

Raoul complied, and the two Blondies moved to the oversized, comfortable chairs by the fireplace where they sat and began discussing the security issue again.

“So...when do you think we should tackle the grid?”

“Sooner rather than later. I don’t want to, but I’m thinking we ought to begin tomorrow. At least get the first quadrant started.” Iason closed his eyes, leaning his head back against his chair.

“Are you well? You look a little pale.”

“It’s just my headache. Maybe I’ll take something for it.”

“Don’t get up. I’ll call your boy.”

“No. There’s something I want to check anyway.” The Blondie rose to his feet and took a step, then suddenly stopped, a strange look pressing into his features.

“Iason? What is it?”

“That light,” Iason whispered. “Don’t you see it?”

Raoul frowned, peering in the direction of Iason’s gaze. “What light? You’re looking at the wall.”

But before Iason could reply, he lost consciousness and fell to the floor, his robe and hair swirling gracefully in his descent.

Riki, having watched all this from the balcony, rushed back into the great hall and to his Master's side.

"Iason!" He turned to Raoul, eyes flashing dark. "Bastard! What did you do to him?"

"I didn't do anything, you filthy mongrel! He just collapsed!"

Raoul was at the communications center, buzzing for medical assistance and feeling just as alarmed as Riki, though trying to hide it.

Riki brushed the hair from his Master's face.

"Iason," he whispered, leaning in close. The sight of the Blondie lying on the floor, completely unresponsive, made his stomach clench, and in that moment he suddenly realized how much Iason had come to mean to him.

Raoul knelt down, taking his pulse. "He's too fast."

"He just...collapsed? He didn't say anything?"

"He complained of a headache. Then he stood up and said he saw a...light. I wasn't sure what he meant. Then he just...fell."

Something clicked in Riki's mind, something he remembered from the slums—a poison that was used during the Gang Wars just after the Revolution. He lifted Iason's lids, checking his pupils. One was dilated, but the other constricted.

"Agatha," he breathed. "You hallucinate right before you pass out. They call that 'Agatha's Halo.' People see amazing things. And you get a headache. People usually put it in alcohol."

"He was drinking wine," Raoul replied, slowly. "And he *did* say that it was a gift...."

"We have to slow down the poison! We have to get him as cold as possible—put him in the shower! Get some ice!"

The Blondie made no reply.

"Raoul!"

"I don't take orders from mongrels!" he snapped. "How do I even know you're right? And...it's *Sir* Raoul, to you."

Riki tried to calm down, his heart beating so fast he could barely think. "Look. I've seen this. His eyes—it's the only thing that can cause that. The poison affects each hemisphere differently."

Raoul snorted. "You're hardly a physician. We should wait for the medical team to arrive."

"Please...I'm begging you. We can't wait. He'll die. I know you care about him. I'll do whatever you say, just do this one thing...*Sir* Raoul."

The Blondie studied him for a moment, frowning, then leaned forward. "All right. On one condition."

"Anything! We need to move him *now*!"

"You service me. On your knees."

For a stunned moment the mongrel stared back at him, unable to believe the nature of his request. Wasn't this the very Blondie who was so violently opposed Iason's pairing with a mongrel? Raoul gave a slight smile, making his sincerity clear.

"Fuck it. Whatever. Just get him in the shower, now!"

Raoul immediately stood up, lifting Iason in an easy movement, and carried him to the shower.

"Daryl! Bring ice...as much as you can!"

Daryl, who had been running erratically through the penthouse as though completely disoriented by his Master's condition, seemed grateful for a task, immediately rushing to the kitchen.

Iason's body was fully submerged in ice water by the time the medical team arrived.

"I'm sure it's Agatha," Riki stated, relating the symptoms.

One of the medics scanned the wine bottle with a molecular detector. "Yep. It's Agatha all right."

He turned to Raoul. "You were smart to cool him down like that. It would have been too late by the time we got here."

The medical team attended to Iason, and soon the Blondie began moving restlessly.

"He just needs to sleep this off. He'll probably sleep at least an hour. It looks like he'll be fine...although don't be surprised if he sees the Halo from time to time. And he'll probably develop some pretty bad headaches now and then, too. Now we need to get him dry and put him in bed to get him warm. No clothes, though—we don't want any kind of restriction."

Iason's wet clothes were removed and his body dried, and then Raoul carried him to the bed. Riki had tried to assist but was pushed

violently aside by the Blondie. He watched Raoul jealously, fuming as the Blondie took in the naked body of his old lover without even trying to conceal his designs. Once Iason was situated in bed and the medical team was gone, he turned to him with a purposeful look.

Riki, easily guessing his thoughts, snorted, one hand on his hip. "You're still going to hold me to it, after I was right?"

"You agreed."

"Bloody fucking hell," the mongrel sighed. "Whatever. Let's get it over with."

Raoul led him over the fireplace, pointing to the floor.

"Get on your knees."

Riki complied, with obvious reluctance. Raoul unfastened his trousers, revealing his monstrous organ. The mongrel shook his head, wondering now if *all* Blondies were so well-endowed.

The Blondie grabbed his hair, pulling his head back.

"Let's see what's so special about you that Iason's willing to risk everything for it."

"Isn't this against your Blondie code of conduct or something? Taking another Elite's pet?" Riki demanded.

"If Iason can break the rules, why shouldn't I?"

"If he finds out...."

Raoul leaned close. "If he finds out," he hissed, "make no mistake, I *will* kill you."

Riki closed his eyes and tried to transport himself mentally elsewhere, *anywhere*, as he began pleasuring the fierce Blondie.

"Move your tongue more...just on the head. Yes. Like that."

The mongrel felt as though he would be sick.

"Open your mouth more, pet."

Now Raoul's breathing was increasing. He took hold of the mongrel's head and began thrusting aggressively. Riki tried to relax his throat, but found it was involuntarily twitching with his intense mental desire to repel the Blondie. Paradoxically, this produced an unexpected effect.

"Ah, what are you doing? That's good. Keep doing that."

Raoul's excitement was mounting. He closed his eyes, throwing back his head. Suddenly, grabbing the back of Riki's head again by the

hair, he pulled out, shooting his essence all over the mongrel's face with a moan that sounded almost like a snarl.

He released him, and Riki fell forward onto his hands, the Blondie's semen dripping from his face onto the floor. Without a single word, Raoul fastened his trousers and walked off.

Unable to control the flood of emotions that washed over him, Riki blinked, trying to stave off the tears that stung his eyes. He felt sickened and violated. He realized then how lucky he had been to have an Elite like Iason as his Master, as opposed to one like Raoul. As he struggled, he became aware that Daryl was next to him, offering him a damp towel and a drink.

"You see everything, don't you Daryl?" he laughed brokenly, though nearly in tears.

"Is Master Iason going to be all right?" Daryl asked nervously.

"He'll be okay. Those Blondies...they're pretty tough."

"About Sir Raoul—"

"Let it go, Daryl. Don't say anything. Got it?"

"Yes, Riki-sama."

Not long after that, Iason woke up and was apprised by Raoul of what had happened.

"It's clear you were deliberately poisoned. After this, I'm not waiting until tomorrow to begin reprogramming the grid. I'll start on it now, as soon as I leave here. And when are you going to listen to me and get a private bodyguard?"

"I can't stand the thought of having someone watch my every move," Iason answered. "But I'll be sure to get a molecular detector, at least, to test my wines."

"Yes. Please do that."

"It seems I'm in your debt. Thank you, Raoul."

After Raoul left, Daryl went into Iason's bedroom, frowning at the sight of the Blondie lying in bed.

"Is there anything I can get you, Master?"

"Where's Riki?"

"On the balcony."

"Send him in," Iason ordered.

Daryl remained standing for a moment, looking uncertain.

“What is it, Daryl?”

“Master, it was Sir Riki that saved you. He’s the one who knew you’d been poisoned. He convinced Sir Raoul to take you into the shower and had me put ice all around you.”

This was, of course, news to Iason; and for a moment he made no reply as he mulled over the implications.

“I see. That was right of you to tell me, Daryl. That will be all.”

“Yes, Sir.” With a slight bow, Daryl scurried away to fetch Riki, leaving Iason to dwell on this new information.

So, it seemed Riki had come to the rescue twice in the same day. It was almost too much to hope for. And Raoul had been quite prepared to take all the credit for his pet’s ingenuity, he realized with some amusement. The Blondie felt a surge of affection for his pet that wanted immediate expression.

Riki sauntered into the room, hands in his pockets.

“What’s wrong, love?”

His pet shrugged, avoiding eye contact.

“Come here. I want you under the covers with me. Get undressed.”

The mongrel complied, undressing and sliding under the sheets. Iason pulled him close, with his chest to Riki’s back. “You feel nice and warm,” he whispered. “Are you afraid I’m going to punish you? You were very naughty coming in to assault Raoul like that. But since I know you were only concerned for me, I’m going to overlook it.”

In fact, Iason was exceedingly pleased with his pet’s protectiveness; it had given him no small thrill to see Riki come in swinging.

The dark-haired mongrel could feel his Master’s arousal, and with shaking fingers, he reached around and took hold of the hot organ, stroking him firmly.

“That feels good,” Iason praised, kissing his neck, which sent chills through the mongrel’s body. “Why so quiet, Riki? What is it?”

“I thought you would die.”

“What’s this? Don’t tell me you were concerned for me?”

Unable to bring himself to admit that, Riki snorted. “It’s just that, if something happens to you, next thing you know I’ll be under Raoul’s whip.”

"I see. You don't need to worry about that. Raoul will never be able to hurt you, my pet...unless, of course, you persist in assaulting him."

Riki fell silent, remembering the hateful glare in the Blondie's eyes as he shot his essence onto his face.

"But, why would someone want to kill you?"

"You really don't understand my position here, do you? But, let's save this discussion for some other time. Right now I want you. I want to be inside you."

Iason began stroking the mongrel, who was very much aroused and emitting tiny moans and gasps that he longed to increase. Pushing him onto his back, he explored his mouth with a gentle kiss, running a hand through his dark hair. Riki slid his hands down his back, teasing his perineum with suggestive strokes.

As the passion increased, they began rolling around on the bed. Riki buried his face in his Master's hair with a spine-tingling moan.

"Fuck me, Iason," he whispered, finally.

Inhaling sharply, the Blondie felt a renewed surge of lust from this mongrel-style request. His pet had never asked so bluntly for penetration before. In fact, it was the closest he'd come to truly vocalizing his desire without being prompted to do so.

"Make me wet first," he commanded, urgently.

Riki obeyed, pleasuring him so wickedly with his tongue that Iason fought to keep from ejaculating on the spot.

"Riki," he breathed. "You're unusually passionate today."

His pet looked up at him, tongue flicking sensually across the tip of his erection, his eyes smoldering with lust.

"I'm fucking horny as hell. I want you to fuck the shit out of me."

"Oh, pet," Iason whispered fiercely, lifting him up and throwing him firmly down on the bed. "You excite me beyond bearing."

He entered from the front, face to face with his beloved pet. Taking hold of his anxious erection, he began caressing Riki with firm strokes as he moved, relishing the obvious pleasure that contorted his features, delighting in his grimaces and the curling of his upper lip. As his lust increased he found that his thrusts grew more violent.

Riki opened his eyes, dark and glimmering, his mouth now open.

“Fuck me...harder,” he gasped, with a naughty smile, knowing full well the effect this would have on the Blondie.

Unable now to stop an instinctive moan in response to these stimulating words, Iason thrust hard once or twice, then felt his irreversible ascent hurling him toward teeth-gritting completion. He was aware of his pet’s release as Riki seized his arms, his essence spewing across his chest.

Rolling onto his side, he pulled Riki to him. “Come here, my love.”

My love. Riki heard these words and closed his eyes, resting his face on the Blondie’s rising chest, relishing his warm embrace. Even if he could not bring himself to return these words, he couldn’t deny that hearing Iason say them filled him with a sense of peace.

He was so relieved that his Master was all right. And the fact that someone had tried to poison him filled him with worry. He cared deeply for Iason, even if he could not bring himself to confess it. Even if he still desperately wanted to win back his freedom and return to the slums, even if he still longed to see Guy and race through the streets with his gang, now he could not deny that Iason had a piece of his heart, too.

“You excited me so much,” Iason murmured, pulling him a little closer. “Do you know how much you please me, Riki? My darling pet.”

The mongrel sighed. At that moment, that particular day, he found that he did not mind, so much, being the Blondie’s pet. Maybe, after all, this was who he was fated to be...the pet of Iason Mink.

10

Rains of Passion

One month later.

THE RAIN FELL IN TORRENTS OVER TANAGURA, relentless like a mourner crying for a fallen love. Riki felt, once again, as though he were going slowly out of his mind. His ambivalence ate away at him, making him question his own heart. He no longer even knew who he was anymore.

Was it truly his fate to be the pet of Iason Mink? Had his life been reduced to nothing more than that of a sex slave? Did he love Iason? Or had he become brainwashed, developing affection for his captor that would evaporate the moment he saw an opportunity for escape?

His thoughts turned more and more often to Guy; he wondered what his old pairing partner would think if he could see the life he led, if he knew he spent his nights and days catering to the sexual appetites of a Blondie.

His guilt over his growing attraction to his Master was almost overwhelming; Iason could not approach him without eliciting an immediate sexual response, and Riki found that he now actively fantasized about him, sometimes even initiating the sex. Though he had tried with all his might to resist such an outcome, his body now answered to his Master as if he had been bred only for his pleasure.

He hated Iason. And he...loved him; fuck, his mind was completely twisted up when it came to him. Whatever it was he felt, it was powerful; emotionally, he had been brought to his knees.

Lost in his thoughts, he failed to notice that Iason had returned home. As soon as he looked up, he knew something was wrong. Anger was evident in the Blondie's sharp movements—in the way he held his mouth, his tight features, his dark gaze.

His Master was furious...and Riki had a sinking feeling it had something to do with him.

Iason stood before him, arms crossed on his chest, one hand to his mouth. The mongrel made a half-hearted attempt to escape his scrutiny by heading toward the balcony, despite the pouring rain.

"You're not going anywhere," came the Blondie's quiet reproach.

The mongrel swallowed, wondering what he'd done.

"I just had a very interesting talk with Raoul."

Riki closed his eyes, now having a very good idea as to what the conversation might have been about. *Fucking Raoul*, he thought, letting out a long sigh. He couldn't believe the Blondie had told Iason, after threatening to kill him if he breathed a word.

Iason watched him carefully. "Ah. So it's true. I was rather hoping there was some mistake." His voice shook as he spoke, his hands trembling. "In fact, I find this so difficult to believe, I want to hear it from your own mouth," he whispered, leaning in close. "Did you engage in sexual contact with Raoul?"

Riki hung his head. "It was just one time, Iason. And—"

"How *dare* you, pet! Oh, Riki. Riki, Riki." Iason shook his head, smiling despite his rage. "You are going to regret this. I'm going to punish you like you've never been punished before," he warned.

"Let me explain. I had a good reason—"

"Spare me your pathetic excuses. I'm...stunned. I honestly can't believe you'd do something like this, Riki. Of all the disobedient things you've done, this is the very worst. And you're going to pay for it, pet. I'll have you begging for mercy before I'm through with you."

"But it was the only way—"

"Hush! When I want to hear from you, I'll tell you. You're in for it, Riki. I'm turning you over my knee for some old-fashioned punishment. Come here." Then Iason grabbed him by the wrist, dragging him over to his chair.

"You can't be serious," the mongrel protested, pulling against him. "I'm not...a *child*!"

"Didn't I already tell you? Hush!" He yanked on Riki's trunks to reveal his bare flesh and then positioned him over his knee. "I'm furious with you, pet. This is going to be a lesson you'll never forget." Iason whipped off his glove, tossing it to the floor.

"Please, Iason!" Riki begged, mortified.

His humiliation at being bent over his Master's knee so shamefully was soon forgotten once the spanking commenced. Within minutes, he was in tears, long before Iason let up. He kicked and struggled but the enraged Blondie kept him firmly on his lap, his arms held tightly behind his back, continuing to rain down strike after strike.

Riki managed to kick him rather brutally in the calf in a desperate attempt to escape. In response, Iason pinned his right thigh over his legs to keep him from kicking or moving out of position again. His hand was burning and aching, yet he continued the merciless spanking, so angry he could hardly see straight.

Daryl, who had rushed into the great hall to welcome Iason, a bit surprised that the Blondie had come home from work so early, now backed away, frowning, watching Riki's spanking from behind one of the immense marble hall pillars.

Finally, just when the mongrel felt he could take no more, his Master stopped.

"You are *my* pet, Riki," he announced, his voice shaking with emotion, "and you are *never* to touch another Blondie. Is that absolutely clear?"

Riki sobbed his reply, struggling to regain his composure as Iason set him on his feet with one hand.

"I'm still quite angry with you. Leave me."

The mongrel stood for a moment, tugging up his trunks with trembling fingers. The Blondie had never sent him away before.

"Go!" Iason shouted.

Backing away in confusion, Riki instinctively moved toward his place of refuge, the balcony. The pouring rain somehow seemed to match his mood, and he found that he was still sobbing, not from the pain of Iason's discipline—although that had certainly lived up to its promise of punishment—but out of hurt over the Blondie's rage and rejection of him and, most of all, the injustice that he should be so brutally punished over an act he had so deplored.

As he neared the ledge, he began to feel a darkness rising within him that seemed too powerful to fight, and an answer to all his torment suddenly presented itself in his mind, a solution so simple he wondered that he had never considered it before. He climbed up onto

the ledge, and then stood, looking out onto the sprawling city below. Smiling slightly, he thought about what it would feel like to soar towards Tanagura, a few thrilling moments to mark his proud exit from an unbearable existence.

Daryl approached Iason fearfully, quite aware that the Blondie was in a particularly foul mood.

“What is it, Daryl?” Iason sighed.

“It was the night you were poisoned, Iason-sama. Sir Riki tried to convince Master Raoul to put you in the shower, but Master Raoul wouldn’t do it. Sir Riki, he began begging him and agreed to whatever Master Raoul asked for. That’s when it happened. Sir Riki...cried.”

Iason listened in stunned silence. Raoul had certainly failed to mention any of these crucial details. His old lover made him believe that he had tempted Riki to engage in sexual acts simply to prove his unfaithfulness and unsuitability as a pet. He sighed, his head falling back against his chair. When would he learn that Raoul simply could not always be trusted when it came to personal matters? He would most certainly be confronting him about it tomorrow.

“Why did you not tell me of this before?” he asked sternly.

Daryl bowed his head. “I’m sorry, Sir. Forgive me. Sir Riki asked me to keep silent.”

“Is Riki your Master, or am I?”

“You are my Master, Iason-sama. I’m s-s-sorry.”

“In the future, I expect you to apprise me of such matters immediately. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Now go. I’ll think about how you’ll be punished for this.”

“Yes Sir. Excuse me.” Daryl bowed, backing away.

So his pet had sacrificed himself to his nemesis in order to save his him. And Iason had rewarded this with a relentless spanking, and in a manner he knew his pet especially despised.

“Riki,” he sighed.

He looked toward the balcony, suddenly realizing his pet had gone out in the pouring rain. It was raining so hard, at first he couldn’t even see him.

A flash of lightning suddenly lit up the balcony, and Iason's heart stopped when he saw his pet standing on the ledge, arms held out.

"Riki!" he shouted, dashing out to the balcony. "Riki, no!"

His pet turned and looked at him with a strange smile, then let his body fall forward.

Iason leapt to the ledge, grabbing his pet before he fell and dragging him to the safety of the balcony.

"Let me go!" Riki screamed.

The Blondie held him tight. "Hush," he whispered in his pet's ear. "It's all right, my pet."

"It's not all right! It will never be all right!"

His Master comforted him, his arms wrapped tightly around his body, while Riki sobbed inconsolably.

"I know, my love. Daryl told me about Raoul. I'm sorry that I punished you. I know I was very hard on you."

Riki's body suddenly seemed to go limp.

"I'll make it up to you, pet. I'll find a way."

The downpour had continued unabated, and Master and pet were both completely soaked. Iason loosened his grip and turned Riki around to face him.

"Oh, Riki. I almost lost you," he whispered. "Don't you know...I would have followed you?" He pulled his pet to him and hugged him close. "My precious pet. You mean everything to me."

He had spoken the words without even realizing he had done so, his emotions spilling from his heart, unfettered and raw, completely without check. But Riki, still in a state of emotional turmoil, did not even hear him.

"All I wanted," the mongrel answered, his voice hoarse from weeping, "was to help you. He wouldn't listen."

"I know. Pet...I know this now. I am very angry with Raoul. I assure you, he will find out exactly how angry I am tomorrow."

"He shot his semen...on my face," Riki added, shuddering.

This detail did little to quell Iason's growing irritation with Raoul.

"He was very wrong to do that," he answered, quietly. "It was quite dishonorable for him to touch you at all or ask such a thing of you."

"I hated it," the mongrel continued. "And I hate *him*."

In truth, the Blondie felt only relief at this declaration. Although he felt badly for Riki having to experience Raoul at his worst, he was far less upset now knowing that he had not enjoyed or solicited the Blondie's advances.

"That's understandable. You have a right to feel wronged, but you're going to have to be very careful how you act around Raoul from now on. I know you're angry, but you can't act disrespectfully toward a Blondie. Even I can't protect you, if you do that. So pet, promise me to be on your best behavior around Raoul. Let me take care of him. This isn't your fight."

"It *should* be my fight. I should be able to fuck him up good! It's so unfair. This world is so...miserably twisted and fucked up."

"That may be. But give me your promise, Riki."

"I promise," Riki replied softly, a faraway look in his eyes.

"Good. Now, Riki. I want to tell you something."

The mongrel waited, looking up at the Blondie sadly.

"I have had many pets, as you might imagine. As the Head of the Syndicate, I always have first choice, even before auction. But no pet I've owned has ever meant anything to me, until you. No; it's more than that. Riki, I am determined to keep you as my pet, always, no matter what happens. You're more precious to me than...anything. The only thing that really matters to me now is that you're with me."

The Blondie's heartfelt confession was followed by a much less romantic proclamation from his pet.

"Well, I'd be lying if I said I liked being a pet. Because we both know I don't. I'd sure as bloody hell rather be free. But as far as Masters go, I guess you're probably better than most. Fuck, I'd shit if Raoul was my Master. The discipline sucks, but I guess you're a pretty good fuck, anyway."

"Riki," Iason laughed. "Is that all the praise I've earned?"

The dark-eyed mongrel, blinking from the drops of rain that fell on his face, looked up at him with such an expression of sweetness that Iason felt his heart turn inside out. Slowly he leaned down, offering a kiss to his pet, thrilled and relieved when the mongrel returned his advances and began erotically sucking on his tongue.

Then it was as though a floodgate had opened, their passion matched only by the intensity of the rain. Wet clothing was quickly discarded, their bodies both gleaming wet in the light of the hanging lanterns that swayed in the wind.

“You liked this, didn’t you?” Iason whispered, positioning his pet by the ledge, facing out toward the city. “Spread your legs, love. Let me taste you.”

Riki complied, realizing with a surge of excitement what the Blondie was up to. Iason spread him apart gently, eliciting a slight gasp of pain.

“I’m sorry, pet.”

Even in the darkness and rain, Iason could see the bruises already forming on his punished backside. He wiggled his tongue erotically past his portal, taking hold of his full erection with his hand.

Riki moaned, shuddering. “Ah, that’s so...good, Iason,” he breathed, no longer trying to hold back. “So fucking good.”

Whether it was that particular position, or the drama that had unfolded there in the rain, or the rain itself, which continued to pelt down incessantly on the glistening bodies of Master and pet, Riki then experienced a release like nothing he had ever known before.

“Yes! Oh, shit yeah! That’s perfect! Iason!”

His cries of ecstasy were so intense, the Blondie almost ejaculated just listening to him. He rose, shaking, desperate to send off his own lust in similar glory.

Riki turned, eyes glittering. “That was one of the best times ever.”

“Was it? Oh Riki,” Iason breathed.

“What are you waiting for?” the mongrel teased, with a naughty smile, turning back around and presenting himself, his hands face down on the ledge. “I bet you’re about ready to shoot your wad as it is.”

With a sharp intake of his breath, Iason positioned himself behind his pet, pressing his aching organ against the enticingly offered entry, and began penetrating, slowly.

“Go ahead and fuck me hard. Like I know you want to.”

Iason closed his eyes, feeling a shudder run the length of his body. Then, with shaking hands, he seized his hips and, withdrawing almost completely, plunged back into his depths. Riki gave a yelp and a

groan, and Iason hesitated. The mongrel turned and looked back, breathing hard.

“Go ahead. Do it.”

Iason's acquisition was then quickly accomplished as he took him with lust-driven vigor, the project accelerated by his pet's unparalleled submission and seductively tendered encouragement.

Afterwards, they both went inside, finding towels and fresh clothes set out on Iason's bed.

“Daryl is good at what he does,” Riki remarked.

The Blondie didn't reply, having never thought about it before. At the moment, he was a little annoyed with the eunuch for having withheld information he wished he had known much sooner.

“He anticipates your every need.”

“As he should.” Iason was matter-of-fact, almost curt.

Riki laughed. “You Blondies really have it made, don't you? If I was a Blondie....” He suddenly stopped, catching himself.

Iason smiled. “If you were a Blondie, what? Tell me.”

“Just...well, I'd get to do the fucking for once,” he answered with a half-smile, eyes glimmering.

The Blondie studied him for a moment, arching a brow. “I think I've discovered a way to make things up to you, pet.”

Riki looked at him incredulously, not quite daring to hope.

“Meaning what, exactly?”

“Meaning this: I'll give my body to you once, to do as you will.”

“Are you fucking for real?” he breathed.

“Whenever you choose.”

“Fuck! I just came,” he lamented.

Iason laughed. “No hurry. My offer doesn't carry an expiration on it.”

Riki was beside himself with excitement, having fantasized for quite some time about taking his Master. Now he was consumed with plans on how it should be accomplished.

Iason, amused by his pet's preoccupation with his promise, found that he was curious as to what Riki would choose to do and anticipated the event with no small amount of pleasure, as well.

The rain continued to pour throughout the night, knocking the lanterns to the ground on the balcony outside, and pounding against

the penthouse, as though begging admittance. But even the rains that fell on Tanagura could not match the rains of passion that flooded over them that night. Master and pet were as one, like old lovers reunited after years of separation. They held each other and talked for hours, both of them forgetting, at least for that night, the roles that society had carved for them. They were in a place apart from the rest of the world, a place where no one, not even Jupiter, could reach them.

Domination

IASON AND RAOUL WORKED SILENTLY, both of them weary from hours of reprogramming the Eos security grid. It was a project they had been laboring over every day for nearly a month, and still the first quadrant wasn't finished.

Raoul turned frequently to gaze at his old lover, puzzled by his coldness. The Blondie hadn't made eye contact with him the entire day. They were the only ones still at the Syndicate; everyone else had left hours before. Most of the overhead lamps had been turned off, leaving the two Blondies in a small pool of light surrounded by darkness.

Iason's hair shone with merciless beauty under the overhead halogens, tormenting him with the desire to bury his face in it, run his hands through it, pull it back and ravish his tender throat....

"Let's give it a rest," he suggested, feeling disconcertingly aroused.

"Not yet."

The extraordinarily fast tapping of Iason's keystrokes had continued unabated for hours and now only seemed to accelerate.

"We've been here fourteen hours."

"Go home if you need to, Raoul," the Blondie replied, in an unmistakably exasperated tone.

Now Raoul stood up and moved in front of him, blocking his access to the computer.

"Iason. What is it? You've been like this all day."

With a sigh, the Blondie looked up, meeting his gaze with a decidedly icy stare. He paused for a moment. He'd been brooding over Raoul's indiscretion all day, trying to decide how to confront him about it. Now, it was time.

"What you told me yesterday wasn't altogether accurate, was it?"

Raoul swallowed. "I don't know what you mean."

"You haven't changed, have you? You deliberately misled me, no doubt hoping Riki would take the brunt of my anger."

"Did he?" Raoul pressed, his hopefulness on this point transparent.

"That's none of your concern," he snapped. "But I must say I'm rather disappointed in you. No. I'm *furious* with you. Not only what you did—which I absolutely deplore, by the way—but also the way you tried to manipulate me with it."

"Iason. You just won't listen to reason when it comes to that filthy mongrel," Raoul spat back. "I had to do *something* to show you what he's made of."

The Blondie pushed his chair back and stood up, his face close to Raoul's. "You have absolutely no right to interfere in my private life. How dare you touch my pet, Raoul!"

"Iason," Raoul began, reaching out to put his hands on his shoulders. "Look at you. You're upset over a *pet*. Can't you see how absurd this is?"

Iason shrugged him off angrily. "How many times must I tell you? There's nothing left between us, Raoul. And as for Riki being my pet—he means more to me, as a pet, than *you* ever did as a lover."

The Blondie was silent for a moment, stunned with this declaration. "That's a lie. How can you be so heartless?" he whispered, finally.

Iason laughed. "I'm heartless? How quickly you forget your own transgressions, Raoul."

Raoul had the decency to hang his head at this, running a hand through his hair with a sigh.

"How dare you touch him. How dare you! Riki is *my* pet. I would never dream of taking such a liberty with one of your pets!"

"Calm down. I don't know what you're getting so worked up over. He wasn't even all that good, in my view. I can't believe you're willing to risk everything for such a pathetic sexual performance as that. Although I'll grant you, he seemed eager enough."

Now Iason, pushed to his limit with this final imagery—despite knowing it was probably untrue—answered Raoul with a hard punch to his face, knocking him into a desk and sending a terminal crashing to the floor.

"*Now* we'll call it a day."

He turned, then stopped, whipping back around.

“One more thing, Raoul. If you *ever* touch him again, I’ll make you suffer in ways you’d never dream.” His eyes confirmed the threat, glimmering with such an angry glare that Raoul instinctively shivered, knowing full well what he was capable of, when provoked.

Turning on his heels to leave, Iason’s cloak swirled behind him as he strode from the room. The Blondie smiled to himself, flexing his fingers and not even minding the pain. It was worth it, to finally put Raoul in his place.

He headed home, deciding to stop by the pavilion, having several matters to attend to at the Bondage & Discipline Shop. As soon as he entered the store, several attendants rushed to assist him.

“Lord Mink, what an honor. How may we help you?”

“Where’s Yousi?” he demanded.

The attendants exchanged nervous glances. “Sir Yousi might be...away at the moment.”

“He’s conveniently away every time I come here,” Iason observed wryly, “and I’m tired of wasting my time chasing down that pathetic coward. Yousi! Show yourself! You can’t hide forever!”

With obvious reluctance, Sir Yousi appeared from behind a curtain, bowing with exaggerated deference.

“I’m sure you know why I’m here. Because of your foolish mistake, I nearly beat my pet to death.”

“Yes, Lord Mink. A terrible, tragic error. I’m so tremendously, truly,” the Blondie seemed to be searching desperately, though ineffectively, for the right words, “disrespectfully sorry.”

Iason tried to suppress an instinctive smile at Yousi’s botched word choice. He leaned close to him, towering over him as the Blondie instinctively cowered, looking as though he was sinking into his shoes.

“Are you...*sure*...you’re disrespectfully sorry?”

“Yes, Sir,” he stammered, then seemed to consider the matter. “I mean, no! Certainly not! What I meant was *inexplicably* sorry.”

Unable to help himself, Iason began laughing, softly. He was so rarely amused by anything other than his mongrel pet, that he decided to forgive the Blondie his error.

“Yousi, your imbecility...may have just saved you.”

“Oh! I’m glad we ordered those, then.”

Iason shook his head. “I suppose I can’t fault you for being a complete idiot,” he added, softly. “And, I do remember...you were not always thus.”

Yousi blinked, shifting his weight nervously. “Lord Mink, I meant to tell you this a long time ago, after, that is, after the *thing*. The thing that...happened, um, that you are welcome to anything you need here, free of charge, of course.”

“As it happens, I do need a new kasey-whip.”

Iason had decided that Daryl would have to be punished for withholding critical information, and though he had no immediate plans to use the whip on Riki, he knew its mere presence would be useful in encouraging obedience. Although he had an older model that he could have used, he preferred the newer line with its superior buffering technology and so had decided to acquire a new whip.

“Ah yes. Kasey-whips. We have the entire line. What class number would you like?”

Iason leaned close to him. “I’ll tell you which class number I’m *not* interested in. Or perhaps you can guess.”

“C-20?” Yousi stuttered, backing away instinctively.

The Blondie smiled. “That’s correct.”

“Yes, Lord Mink. We keep all those in the back...now.”

“I’m glad to hear it. I’ll see a C-18. No...C-16.”

“Yes, Sir,” Yousi answered, noting Iason’s downgrade with curiosity. “Although you realize the C-16 doesn’t have a retractable buffering system. That is, it has *some* buffering, but nothing like the C-18. I feel I would be remiss not to mention it.”

Iason was silent, considering. He wanted something that he could wield without restraint, so not too thick, but he preferred a protective mechanism of some type, in case he *did* use the whip on his pet. He didn’t want to leave scars on the mongrel’s beautiful body.

“Might I suggest the new G-strap? You should be able to use it without breaking the skin, and it’s quite effective.” Yousi lowered his voice. “It’s made especially for male pets. The strapping releases a potent stimulator that causes sexual arousal, but only in the males.”

Iason felt his heartbeat increase a bit, immediately realizing the possibilities. “Let’s see it.”

Yousi showed him a long, inch-wide strap with a large handle. “You turn it on like this,” he instructed, snapping his wrist firmly. With a loud crack and then a low hum, a golden light was emitted from the strap, almost like a halo.

“What does that do?” Iason asked.

“It has a slight buffering protective effect, but mostly it’s to scare the pets. It makes a loud crack with each strike.”

Iason laughed, a low, rich sound that betrayed his developing penchant for domination.

“Suppose it’s used on a eunuch?”

Yousi shrugged. “Shouldn’t have any effect...other than pain. Although you can override the stimulator release here,” he added, pointing to a small button. He shut off the G-strap, holding it out to him. “Like to give it a try?”

With a slow smile, the Blondie took the device, delighting in the intimidating crack it made as he flipped his wrist to turn it on. Testing it out with a few small snaps, he moved over to the target pole, then unleashed his full fury with a deafening strike. Whipping his arm back, he took a step forward and struck again, his hair swinging and robe swirling as he moved.

He was completely oblivious to the audience that viewed his performance in hushed awe, attendants and pets looking on in sheer terror while their Elite Masters watched with admiration and respect.

All the Elites acknowledged Iason Mink as the most powerful Blondie of Tanagura—indeed, of all Amoi. But the Head of the Syndicate was at times reclusive, so his appearance now offered a rare view of the Blondie as a private citizen, stimulating speculation as to why he was purchasing a new punishment device—especially one with G-wave stimulation.

Iason was completely enamored with the G-strap. He already longed for Riki to make a transgression so he could have an excuse to use it. “You mentioned the stimulator—suppose it’s used in conjunction with a D-type pet ring?”

“Ah,” Yousi answered, with a slight smile. “Of course. Well, it uses the same class of G-wave technology, so the effect is cumulative and complementary. It will make the pet quite...eager to perform.”

Iason could barely contain himself, feeling a surge of arousal just considering the possibility. “Your vocabulary seems to improve when you’re talking business, Yousi,” he commented, though he could not help but remember how brilliant the Blondie had been before Jupiter had tampered with his mind.

Yousi had been foolish enough to incite Jupiter’s wrath, and he had lost almost everything—position, property, and what Yousi valued most: his intellect. For a brief moment, this gave Iason pause. He wondered if Jupiter would ever turn against him, but he quickly dismissed the thought.

Yousi shifted his weight, uncertain of how to reply. “Will the G-strap be satisfactory, then?”

“It’ll do,” he answered, feigning indifference.

“Very good. Is there anything else, Lord Mink?”

“Yes. A molecular detector.”

“Certainly. This one’s top of the line,” the Blondie asserted, pointing out a model that had been shipped in from the outer rim. “It can detect every known substance within this system as far as Alpha Zen.”

“Perfect,” Iason replied. “I’ll take both.”



RIKI’S DAY HAD BEEN PARTICULARLY FRUSTRATING, beginning early in the morning when he found he had no longer had access privileges. He pounded on the door that led to the balcony, furious.

“Why won’t it open?” he screamed.

“I think it’s because Master Iason has banned you from the balcony,” Daryl answered, nervously. “He is afraid you’ll try to jump off again.”

“Fuck.” Riki put his back to the door, then slid down to the floor. “I’ll go crazy without fresh air. Maybe I’ll go for a walk, then.”

"I'm sorry, Sir Riki, but you aren't allowed to go out. Master Iason said I am to watch you to be sure you don't harm yourself."

"Fucking Iason," he muttered. "I'm not going to do anything!"

"But...you *did* try to jump off the ledge, Riki-sama. He is only concerned about your safety."

Riki sulked for a bit, then contemplated a way to get even with his Master. He would insist on redeeming his offer that very night, just one day after it had been put to him. The Blondie had promised that he could do what he would with his body, and Riki was going take him up on it. He spent the rest of the day fantasizing about it as he paced restlessly.

The door finally hummed open and Master Iason entered the penthouse. Riki immediately appeared to confront him, angry and frustrated. The implement carried by his Blondie Master stayed him, and he felt his heart skip a beat when Iason gave him a pointed look, placing the device firmly on the bar counter.

The mongrel's thoughts raced. What had he done now?

Daryl rushed to greet him, bowing with exaggerated deference. "Good evening, Iason-sama. Are you ready for dinner?"

"No dinner tonight; I haven't an appetite. Bring me some wine. White Moon." Iason went to his favorite chair by the fireplace, sitting down with a sigh.

"Right away, Master."

As Daryl went to the bar, his eyes fell on the G-strap, and he froze for a moment.

"Yes, Daryl," Iason remarked softly. "I assume you are ready for your punishment. I've decided we need to take care of that tonight."

"Yes, Master, I am ready to be punished." Daryl brought him his wine, hanging his head in shame. The Blondie took the glass and then scanned its contents with his new molecular detector, pleased with the device.

"What's he being punished for?" Riki demanded.

"That's not your concern, Riki."

"This is bullshit," he muttered, pouting.

"Careful, pet. I'm quite anxious to try the G-strap out on *you*, so you'll be next tonight if you keep it up."

Iason watched him with gleaming eyes, secretly hoping his pet would misbehave. But Riki fell silent, decidedly unenthusiastic about a second night of discipline.

"Perhaps I'll tell you, but only because it suits me to. He's being disciplined because he kept important information from me concerning you and Raoul."

"What!" Riki cried, looking as though he intended to say more, and then biting his lip.

Iason smiled, enjoying his reaction. "And that's why *you* will be administering the punishment, pet."

Riki's horrified expression was priceless, and Iason watched, fully expecting him to lose his composure.

"I refuse," he announced, defiantly, eyes gleaming darkly.

"Come here, pet."

The Blondie's voice was sharp and uncompromising.

His pet's reluctance to obey this mandate was obvious as he approached with deliberate lethargy, dragging his feet. When he was within reach, Iason seized his wrist and gave him a hard spank.

"Ow! That hurt!"

"Still a little sore, I think? Are you sure you're up for more discipline? Not that I wouldn't absolutely enjoy administering it. However, for your sake, I suggest you mind me, pet."

Riki seemed to consider this for a moment, his eyes gravitating to the G-strap, which was still lying on the bar counter. The mongrel *was* sore. And he didn't particularly like the looks of the new implement of discipline, especially since he had no idea what it could do. "Yes, Master," he answered, finally, almost inaudibly, not even realizing—at first—that he'd called Iason "Master."

Iason's heart beat faster. "What did you say?" His pet had never addressed him formally before, without prompting, and he found it gave him more than a slight thrill to hear it.

But Riki immediately caught himself. "Yeah, whatever."

The Blondie chuckled softly, taking a sip of wine, then rising to his feet to retrieve the G-strap. He flipped his wrist smartly, the strap activating with an impressive crack, as he looked directly at Riki.

The mongrel's eyes widened, his mouth opening slightly. The golden aura surrounded the strap, emitting a low, menacing hum.

Iason smiled, holding the implement out to his pet, who remained motionless. "Take it, pet."

"Iason. Don't make me do this."

"Take it. *Now*."

"Please, Sir Riki," Daryl pleaded, his eyes wide with fear, "I'd much rather have *you* do it."

"You see, Riki? Think of this as a favor to Daryl."

With a sigh, Riki took the G-strap, frowning as his Master returned to his chair and made himself comfortable, crossing his legs gracefully and retrieving his wine.

"Daryl. Take off your shirt and face the bar, palms on the counter."

The boy did so, and Riki was startled to see long whipping scars on his back. Only a full-sized whip could have produced such scars—not a kasey-whip or any of the other more domestic implements of discipline most Elites kept on hand. *Iason's handiwork, no doubt*, he thought, feeling even more incensed at the sight of the scars. No wonder Daryl was so submissive.

"Pet, take off your shirt, too."

"Why?" he demanded, hand on hip; then, seeing his Master's obvious irritation, he obeyed with transparent impatience, tossing his shirt off angrily to the side.

The Blondie took in the mongrel's beautiful upper body, the taut musculature and dark, copper-golden skin, his loins tightening as he anticipated the flexing and rippling of Riki's muscles.

He was looking forward Daryl's punishment, not because he particularly wanted to see the docile, grey-eyed youth suffer, but simply for the enjoyment of forcing his pet to do something he clearly did not want to do. It was a form of submission, and, as such, Iason would relish every strike.

"Daryl."

The Blondie's voice was so sharp that the poor boy startled, looking toward him with wide, terrified eyes. He paused for a moment before continuing.

"You know why you're being punished. I'm sorry to say, I am quite disappointed in you. Let this be a warning to you. Next time your punishment will be more severe."

"Yes, Sir. I am sorry, Master."

Daryl's voice wavered with indisputable fear. The boy was almost as frightened of being reprimanded by the Blondie as he was to be physically punished.

"Riki. Do not try to hold back; I will be able to discern it, if you do. And don't stop until I tell you to stop."

His pet shot him another dark look, furious.

"Proceed."

He nodded to Riki, who turned away with a scowl, then brought his arm back and struck Daryl hard on the back, the formidable crack merging with Daryl's anguished cry.

Satisfied that his pet was putting his strength behind the G-strap, the Blondie then concentrated his attention on the beauty of the boy in motion, the flexing of his muscles and the sweat that began sliding down his glistening skin. He became quite aroused, wishing he could gratify his need on the spot, but feeling that the occasion was not appropriate. His attention finally drifted back to Daryl's cries, which were by then quite compelling.

"That's enough."

Riki spun around, enraged. "What were you trying to do, kill him?"

Although tempted to punish this remark with a turn under the G-strap, Iason decided he had other more pressing needs. He reached out to retrieve the punishing implement and his pet slammed it into his gloved hand, glaring at him, the sweat dripping off his face.

"Go take a shower," he ordered, rising.

Ignoring him, Riki turned to Daryl, who was still sobbing.

"Daryl. Can I get you anything?"

"Pet! Do not ignore me when I explicitly tell you to do something! Obey me, *now!*" Iason bellowed.

His eyes dark with rage, Riki turned and made for the shower, kicking his shirt when he encountered it on the floor.

"Daryl," Iason said, his voice now softer. "I feel certain we won't need to repeat that again. Isn't that right?"

He moved closer to the boy, then reached out, stroking his hair for a moment. This was something the Blondie had never done before, and Daryl hardly knew how to react.

"You may retire to your quarters tonight, to do as you please. I won't be needing you."

Calmed by his unusually gentle manner, Daryl braved a look at Iason, who now showed no trace of anger.

"Yes, Master. Thank you, Sir," he whispered.

As Daryl made for his private quarters, Iason went to the bath hall, where he could hear Riki muttering under his breath in the shower. He undressed quietly and slid the door open, stepping inside.

"What are you doing in here?" the mongrel demanded.

"That should be quite obvious."

Iason smiled, taking in his pet's completely naked form, which he found especially appealing in its wet state.

"I'm really pissed at you right now." Riki had even contemplated playing his trump card and taking Iason, but the mood somehow wasn't right, as he was far too upset to truly enjoy it.

The Blondie made no reply but moved closer, reaching down to touch his pet ring, which like magic triggered an arousal process far too pleasurable to ignore. With a gasp, his pet took a step backwards until his backside met the shower wall.

Iason moved in close, pressing his body against him, and forcing his mouth open with an exceptionally erotic, urgent kiss.

"I need you, pet," he whispered. "I can't wait."

He inserted a finger into his pet's sanctum to make his intention clear, then flipped Riki around to face the wall. He lifted him up, sliding him onto his aching erection, and then positioned him on the wall where he found the most pleasurable penetration.

He pinned him there, the small mongrel's feet not even reaching the floor as he thrust into him. He was so stimulated that he climaxed in a matter of seconds.

Afterwards, he knelt down and attended his pet's arousal, finding him quite engorged and anxious for release. As he loved him with his mouth, Riki placed his hands lightly on his head, gasping and twitching, and then grunting as his ascent overtook him.

"I'm still pissed off," he whispered through clenched teeth. He spread his legs apart a little more, thrusting into his Master's mouth.

You just wait, he thought. I'm going to take you, and I'll take you hard. Relishing the thought, the dark-haired mongrel threw back his head and released his pent-up lust onto the warm, inviting tongue of his Master.



RIKI PACED RESTLESSLY, beside himself with aggravation. He was desperate to get out of the penthouse, or at least gain access to the balcony, his private haven.

To exacerbate matters, Iason had been working extraordinarily long hours, which frustrated his ability to confront him about the issue. The previous day had not proved convenient for such a discussion, given Daryl's punishment. Riki was still angry about that—particularly about being the one forced to administer it.

Finally exhausted, he sat slumped in the Blondie's favorite chair by the low-burning fire, watching Daryl, who moved through the penthouse as though nothing had happened the day before.

"Daryl," he began, finally. "I'm sorry...I know I hurt you."

The good-natured youth smiled, not in the least angry with him.

"You were only following Master's orders, Sir Riki, as you should. I've done the same to you."

"That's true," the mongrel conceded. "You have quite an arm, too."

"As do you. But—I hope you'll forgive my saying—it's nothing compared to Master Iason. That's why I was so glad it came from you."

"Are you insulting my disciplining capabilities?" he teased, grinning.

"No, you were most unpleasant." Daryl leaned against the bar, his arms crossed on his chest.

"You're right, though. Iason is a wicked bastard when it comes to punishment. I assume he gave you those scars on your back?"

Daryl blinked. "Those? Oh, no. Not at all. In fact, Master Iason rescued me from the Blondie who did that—my first Master, Sir Elusius Puck."

Surprised at this revelation, Riki sat up straight.

“He...rescued you?”

“Yes. I was being punished—I had tried to sneak out of his villa to visit my sister, Sharma, but Master Elusius caught me. By chance Sir Iason had come to see him on business and, finding him so occupied, offered to buy me on the spot. Thank Jupiter my old Master agreed; I’ve been with Master Iason ever since.”

“Has he ever disciplined you before yesterday?”

“Oh yes. That is, in the beginning, when I was more rebellious. More like you,” he answered with a smile. “But nothing like the whippings I endured under Master Elusius.”

Daryl shuddered, remembering the horrors of serving Elusius Puck, a Blondie with absurdly strict ideas about proper household maintenance, who seemed to take abnormal pleasure in watching Daryl suffer. The Blondie especially enjoyed torturing his pets in strange ways—piercing their nipples without analgesics, holding them out over the balcony and threatening to drop them, or frightening them with the blade of a knife pressed along their naked flesh.

Riki pondered this for a moment. “So...you have a sister, Daryl?”

The brown-haired, grey-eyed youth hung his head, silent.

Riki, sensing his discomfort on the subject, found his pack of smokes and lit one up.

“Sir Riki, I told you, the Master does not allow you to smoke inside.”

“The Master can go fuck himself. I can’t go outside to smoke and I can’t wait any more.”

He took a deeply satisfying drag, and as chance would have it, the door hummed open and Master Iason entered the penthouse. Upon perceiving Riki engaging in the impermissible activity, he sighed.

“Pet. I have told you. Smoking is forbidden in the penthouse.”

“Then give me back my access privileges,” he snapped, and then, under his breath, added, “asshole.”

“Good evening, Lord Mink!” Daryl said this rather too loudly, almost yelling the words, unconsciously slipping into the ultra-formal mode of address that he always used when feeling particularly stressed.

“Riki. Put it out. *Now.*”

“Fuck you, Iason. Have you any idea what it’s been like, being locked up in here all day? And now you’re telling me I can’t smoke?” Riki took another deliberately long drag.

“Sir Riki,” Daryl urged, anxiously, “you’d better do what he says. He’s not in a good mood.”

“I don’t fucking care *what* his mood is. I’m finishing this smoke whether he likes it or not.”

The Blondie made no reply to this, but simply stood, hand on one hip, staring at his pet’s rebellion in disbelief.

“Would you like some wine, Lord Master, Sir?” Daryl stammered, confusing and combining the Blondie’s titles in his anxiety over the unfolding situation.

Ignoring him, Iason began slowly walking toward Riki, who continued to smoke with deliberate nonchalance.

“I told you to *put that out*,” he warned, his voice low and menacing.

“And I told *you* to go fuck yourself,” Riki retorted, boldly. “Give me my access privileges back!”

Now Iason reached down, grabbing his wrist so tightly that he dropped the smoke with an anguished yelp. Stepping on it to put it out, the Blondie then bent down and picked up the extinguished butt, holding it up between his middle two fingers.

“Was this really worth it, Riki? Don’t you know what it will cost you?”

Now Riki leapt to his feet, giving him a furious push.

“Bastard!” he yelled, pounding his fists onto Iason’s chest. “I’m sick of all your bullshit! Caging me up like this!”

In an effortless motion, Iason took hold of his wrists, pinning them behind the mongrel’s back. He leaned close to his face. “This is only going to make it worse for you.”

“Ow! That’s...you’re hurting me!”

Iason ignored this, sitting down in his chair, positioning his pet firmly on his lap, still pinning his arms behind him.

“How *dare* you disobey me and speak to me in such a fashion, Riki. Surely you didn’t think such behavior would go unpunished?”

“Iason,” Riki pleaded, wincing when the Blondie tightened his grip, “just let me go onto the balcony. I can’t stand it.”

"It's too late to discuss your access privileges now, pet. The topic at hand is how you'll be punished for disobeying me."

"Dammit! Ow! Let me go!"

"Daryl. Bring me that wine now."

"Yes, Master," Daryl answered, rushing off to the bar.

Iason pulled his pet close, nuzzling against his cheek to whisper in his ear. "It's been awhile since you've been quite this *deliberately* naughty. Actually daring to strike me. Oh, pet. I'm so looking forward to punishing you tonight. I can't wait to hear you beg for mercy."

"You...twisted fuck." Despite his sharp words, Riki's voice betrayed his rising fear and uncertainty.

"Yes. You *should* be afraid. After last night, you certainly know what the G-strap can do. I'm quite anxious to try it out on you. My guess is you'll be quite responsive—you're still bruised, I think? I confess, I'm rather surprised you're so eager for punishment tonight."

"Iason. You can't keep me caged up like an animal. I'll fucking go out of my mind! Please."

"You're not going to talk your way out of being punished, pet. And, for the record, your little rebellion was not the best way to introduce the issue."

"Why do you always have to be such a prick?"

Iason smiled at this.

"I admire the way you're not afraid to dig yourself in deeper. Are there any more insults you want to try out? You seem anxious for tonight's punishment to be especially severe."

Angry and frustrated, Riki now spat out the first thing that came to mind. "You can punish me, but you'll never get me to submit to you, no matter what you do. I yield to no one. And *for the record*," he added, imitating one of Iason's favorite phrases, "I enjoyed sucking off Raoul. More than you."

This was a complete lie, but he knew it would enrage Iason.

And on that point, the mongrel was right.

After a stunned silence, Iason laughed in a low, menacing way that turned Riki's stomach.

"Oh, pet. You're really in for it tonight." Now he pulled him even closer, his voice quivering slightly as he whispered his threats into his

ear. "And I assure you, you *will* yield to me. You'll submit completely to me, even if I have to punish you all night."

"Your wine, Master Iason, Sir," Daryl stammered, his hands shaking as he offered him the glass. He had watched this exchange nervously, nearly dropping the wine glass when he heard Riki's remark about Raoul.

"Daryl. Bring me the G-strap."

"Yes, Master."

The boy glanced at Riki, and his worried look made the mongrel uneasy. He frowned as he watched him retrieve the wanted device, already regretting his hasty words but too proud to say as much.

"What did you expect me to do, Iason? Damn it. I went the whole fucking day without smoking. You have to know that's torture."

The Blondie made no reply, sipping his wine with a slight smile, though in fact he was now truly angry, fuming over his pet's comment about Raoul. It didn't matter that Riki was deliberately provoking him; the possibility that there *might* be some truth to his words ate away at him, jealousy fueling his rage.

"What are you smiling about? Fuck," the mongrel fell silent for a moment, now realizing his imminent peril and wondering if he could salvage the situation. "Iason, how about we settle this another way? Let me suck you...just how you like it."

With uncharacteristic aggression, Riki turned and nuzzled Iason's neck, kissing and then biting him gently. Though his pet's advances elicited a tempting surge of carnal agitation in the easily aroused Blondie, he wasn't about to abandon his opportunity to put Riki under the G-strap.

"Yes, you *will* pleasure me in all the ways I like best. *After* you've been thoroughly punished, my naughty little pet."

Daryl had now returned with the implement, and held it out to him, hands still trembling. Putting down his wine glass, the Blondie took the G-strap, then set Riki on his feet, releasing him. He stood up, walked toward the bar, and then turned.

With an assertive, almost violent flip of his wrist, he activated the G-strap, its intimidating hum and golden aura mesmerizing his now visibly apprehensive pet. Iason continued to stand, one hand on his

hip, the G-strap slowly undulating like a snake in his other hand, his eyes dark with anger.

“Get undressed.”

“Bloody bastard!”

“Your impudence is not helping you, pet. Undress. *Now*.”

Riki complied, though rather rebelliously, throwing his clothes across the room with obvious frustration.

“Face the dining table, palms on the table.”

As the mongrel reluctantly obeyed, Iason was somewhat surprised at the dark bruises along his buttocks and thighs, not realizing his most recent punishment had been all that severe, though, in truth, he *had* put his arm into it.

He remembered now the warning he had heard many times at the Elite Academy, that most Blondies underestimated their own strength. More punishment was the last thing Riki needed, and Iason marveled at the mongrel’s little rebellion, in view of his compromised state.

“Spread your legs more,” he commanded, snapping the G-strap for effect. The sight of his pet positioned so invitingly against the table, his flesh bearing the marks of his recent punishment, proved almost overwhelming; Iason couldn’t wait to possess him and was now so engorged that he felt he might burst. But he was angry, too, unyielding in his resolve to give Riki a thorough strapping first.

“Not that it will make any difference, but is there anything you’d like to say, Riki? Retract one of your comments, perhaps?”

His pet turned and shot him a black look, tossing his head back defiantly, his mongrel pride fueling his new defiance. “Fuck you. I meant what I said.”

Iason felt a new infusion of anger threatening to disrupt his composure, though he tried to smile, feigning indifference.

“It seems you want an especially severe strapping, if you would dare address me in such a manner *now*,” he remarked. He flipped the G-strap threateningly a few times, observing Riki’s flinching with some satisfaction. “And you shall have it, pet. You’re going to be punished now; don’t move from that table.”

“Oh, bloody get on with it! Why the big announcement every fucking time! I know I’m being punished, so bloody do it already!”

“Very well, Riki, if you’re so anxious for it.”

With that, Iason took a step back, and then, whipping his arm back with formidable accuracy, sent the G-strap flying, striking Riki’s buttocks with a deafening crack.

The mongrel cried out, a bit surprised by the intensity of the sting. And this was only the first strike.

Snap! Iason struck him again, this time just a bit harder.

“Shit!”

“Are you feeling that?” Iason taunted.

Crack!

“Yow!!!”

Snnnaapppp! Riki howled, this time his cry ending in a small sob. “Holy shit,” he whispered, the cumulative effect of the first three strikes already dreadfully intense. He realized now what sort of implement the G-strap was, a nasty device that made each strike seem far worse than the previous one, quickly becoming almost unbearable.

Iason paused for a moment, enjoying his dismay.

“You have such a short memory when it comes to discipline, Riki.”

He snapped the strap and then struck him again, and then again, relishing his anguished cries. He gave him a good strapping, enjoying the snap of the G-strap and Riki’s predictable yelp, and the marks on the mongrel’s backside as his skin flushed redder with each strike.

Now he began pacing behind him, flicking the strap with fearsome cracks designed solely to terrorize him as he waited for his cries to subside just a bit before continuing.

“We’re not finished,” he warned.

“Iason...it’s unbearable,” Riki gasped.

“I gave you ample opportunity to obey me, pet, but you chose, instead, to deliberately challenge my authority. Now you must accept the consequences and bear your punishment.”

“Please...please stop, Iason,” he pleaded. “I’m begging you.”

“No, Riki. I must teach you to submit completely to me. You behaved disobediently, and now you must be punished accordingly.”

“It’s enough punishment! Please, Iason! I can’t take any more!”

“I’ll decide when it’s punishment enough. And you’ll take it, pet, for as long as I give it.”

“Don’t you care at all about me?” Riki wailed, desperately.

There was a slight pause as the Blondie considered this.

“It is precisely *because* I care about you that I must punish you,” he replied, his voice a little softer. “You must learn what it means to be a pet, Riki. Not only in my presence but in the company of others, because I cannot protect you from more severe consequences if you misbehave in public.”

“I don’t even know what the fuck you’re talking about! You never explained anything to me about being a pet. You just expect me to know all this shit! I don’t even know how I *should* act in public.”

“Riki,” Iason scolded, “don’t expect me to believe that. You may not have been trained at the Academy, but certainly you know that you must conform completely to my will, at all times. Use your common sense. You are to obey me. It is because you were deliberately disobedient that I must punish you now.”

“Please,” Riki whimpered, turning to look back at him. “No more. It *burns*—I feel like my ass is on fire! I won’t do it again, I promise!”

“I’ll hold you to that, Riki. But it still won’t save you from the rest of your punishment.”

“Fuck! You prick! I hate you!”

Iason, more than a little hurt by his pet’s words, fell silent for a moment before replying. “You can cut this punishment short if you submit to me, Riki. Tell me you yield to me.”

“I said I wouldn’t do it again!”

“Then call me Master. *Yes, Master, I belong to you. I submit to you completely.* Say it.”

Riki took a deep breath, then closed his eyes.

“I’m waiting. Are you ready to end this? Tell me you submit to my authority, and I’ll put the strap away.”

Now the mongrel opened his eyes again, turning to meet Iason’s unwavering gaze. “Never. I’ll never submit to you! I submit to no one. And I belong to no one!”

His voice was thick with anger and tears, and though he had been tempted to give in to his Master’s demand, something from deep within—a remnant of his mongrel pride, perhaps—prevented him from giving Iason what he wanted.

Although he was not altogether sure how much longer he would be able to hold out under the Blondie's arm, for the moment he remained defiant, steeling himself for another torturous round of punishment. He knew it was coming and that it would be far worse than what he had already endured; he could see it from the look of disappointment in Iason's eyes as he held his gaze, and from the change in the decibel of the G-strap hum, its intensity setting pushed up a notch.

"Very well. Then it appears we're not finished."

With that, Iason delivered a thorough strapping to his miserable pet, who voiced his torment in increasingly ragged cries, finally bringing the punishment to an end when it became clear that the intractable mongrel was not going to yield to him, despite his obvious anguish. Riki's misery had managed to turn the heart of the Blondie, who, no longer angry, at last began to take pity on him. With a flick of his wrist, he switched off the G-strap, tossing it aside.

"Riki," he sighed. "Why do you make it so hard on yourself? Why must you be so obstinate?"

But Riki made no answer, gasping and sniffing as he tried to bring his emotions back under control, tears streaming down his cheeks. He was now lying completely on the table.

"All you had to do was acknowledge my authority. Why is that so hard for you? You are, after all, my pet. Refusing to own to it does not make it any less true."

Now Riki had quieted, though he remained on the table. But he was not really listening to Iason, who continued to lecture him for some moments about his duty to submit and how a pet ought to behave. Though he had suffered under the Blondie's arm, he felt as though he had won a victory by refusing to yield to him; at least he still had his self-respect to cling to, though he wondered how long it would take before Iason insisted on his complete submission. In truth, Riki had almost given in, but just as he had been about to, his Master inexplicably brought the punishment to an end.

Relieved that Iason seemed to have either forgotten or abandoned his threat to "punish him all night," his attention was now focused on a perplexing new phenomenon. He was becoming sexually aroused,

rather extraordinarily so, quickly developing an erection that felt ready to burst.

The Blondie watched his burgeoning arousal with delight. Though he couldn't see his erection, he could tell the mongrel was stimulated by the way he pushed his hips back from the table, and from the way his breathing had changed. Iason had found this particular session of discipline particularly exciting as well, and now he found himself frequently adjusting himself, anxious to move on to his acquisition.

"Turn around," he commanded, softly.

Slowly, his pet complied, his face now contorted with lust. "What did you do to me?"

Iason smiled, arching a brow, his eyes now betraying his own arousal. "The G-strap has a special feature. Perhaps you can guess what it is."

"Iason...fuck. I really need...um...*something*." Riki reached down and began stroking himself.

The Blondie walked toward him, slowly removing his gloves and tossing them to the floor as his pet leaned back against the table, watching him approach with a half-smile.

"Oh, yeah. Please...release the ring thingy, fuck! Unh! Touch me," he begged, spreading his legs further and presenting himself with a thrust of his pelvis.

Iason complied, taking hold of his engorged organ and offering a few tantalizing strokes with his warm hand.

"Let me come," Riki gasped.

"You'll pleasure me first, pet. On your knees." Iason unfastened his trousers, revealing his own matured erection.

The mongrel dropped to his knees and began exploring him hungrily, passionately, as though he couldn't get enough of him. Suddenly everything that had gone on before, the long punishment he had endured at his Master's arm, didn't matter. The only thing on his mind now was doing whatever was necessary to accomplish his own release. He was so aroused he felt light-headed, and he was trembling, like a boy being loved for the first time.

"Call me Master," Iason urged, but now in a soft voice, not the angry command of a disciplinarian.

Riki paused for a moment, looking up at him, his eyes shining provocatively. “Master,” he whispered, now finding it easy to say the very word he had resisted uttering but moments before.

“Good boy,” Iason praised, running a hand through his hair. “Do you submit to me, Riki?”

“Yeah,” the mongrel replied, hardly paying attention to what Iason was saying.

“Do you, Riki?” Iason asked again, excited by his sudden submission.

Riki groaned, his cock throbbing almost painfully. Realizing it was in his best interests to achieve Iason’s release sooner rather than later, he stuck a finger in his mouth to wet it, then gazed up at him as he inserted it enticingly past his sphincter, thrusting in a decidedly seductive manner.

“I submit to you, Master. I wanna hear you come.”

This was something his pet had never done before. Iason closed his eyes as Riki began loving him again, overcome with the intensity of the sensations that swept over him. His pet’s tongue and mouth were mercilessly pleasuring him, his finger offering a new erotic dimension to the experience.

And he had said it. Riki had called him *Master*, and proclaimed his submission. The Blondie was so worked up over this he lost control of himself and began his ascent.

“Oh pet,” he breathed, and then, before he had meant to, he climaxed in the mongrel’s mouth, eyes rolling back as he vocalized his utter pleasure.

Riki stood up, his eyes smoldering with need. “The ring,” he pleaded, holding his erection in one hand.

Iason nodded, flipping open his sapphire ring, a D-class device that used G-wave remote technology to prevent Riki’s ejaculation via his pet ring. With a flick of a button he released the restriction, much to his pet’s obvious gratification.

“Yes,” Riki sighed, shivering as his cock twitched in his hand, already feeling the difference without the ring restriction. He knew he wouldn’t last long and was almost tempted to pump himself on the spot, so great was his need. But he was exceptionally horny and in the mood for something a bit more erotic.

“Iason. How about you suck me?”

Smiling at his mongrel-style request, the Blondie knelt down gracefully, sitting back on his heels.

Eagerly, Riki pushed his organ up to his lips. “Lick me...ahhh...yes. Like that,” he urged, letting his hands rest lightly on either side of his head. “Open your mouth now.”

With a moan, he thrust gently into the warm wetness of his mouth, each thrust moving a little deeper into his throat. Iason gazed up at him, sliding his tongue provocatively along the shaft as Riki withdrew.

He moaned, biting his lip. “Ohhh...you’re total fucking heaven.” Suddenly he felt his need rising with precipitous velocity; he grabbed handfuls of the Blondie’s hair as he sunk into him again, his eyes rolling back with pleasure.

“I need...ah! I can’t wait,” he gasped. “I’m coming! Oh, Iason.” The mongrel ejaculated, releasing his unusually potent lust with a cry of ecstasy, the shudders of his unleashed rapture rocking through his body. He fell to his knees, and his Master wrapped his arms around him, pulling him close. They remained thus for a few moments.

“You really...hurt me,” Riki whispered, finally.

“You deserved it,” Iason replied firmly, though softly.

“But I really liked....”

“Yes? What did you like, pet?”

“I liked...oh...bloody hell,” he sighed.

The Blondie realized then that Riki was developing another erection, much to his delight and the mongrel’s complete bewilderment.

Riki moaned, looking down at his throbbing organ, and then shook his head. “I need...I need to come again.”

“So it appears.” Iason smiled.

There was a short pause. “This time...I want to fuck you.”

Momentarily surprised, the Blondie then remembered his promise. “Yes, pet. If you are ready, tell me what you want.”

Excited, Riki leaned forward to whisper in his ear. “Take off all your clothes and lie facedown down on the bed. And where’s that new vial you bought?”

“It’s by the bed, on the table.” Iason smiled, obeying his pet’s request to disrobe. Then he moved to the Master bedroom as Riki

followed eagerly, almost skipping like a child in his excitement over what was coming.

The Blondie positioned himself prostrate on the bed. "Like this?"

"Open your legs more—spread them."

Iason did so, closing his eyes when he felt his pet touching his fingertips lightly across his body.

Riki eyed his naked form with escalating lust. Iason truly was physically stunning, his skin a flawless ivory, his physique the perfect mix of taut muscle and long, lean lines, his silky blond hair sprawled irresistibly across his back and on the bed. The slightest movement created a rippling and flexing of his muscles that sent his heart racing. His ass was perfect, with just the right combination of curves and firm fleshiness to especially appeal to him.

He crawled onto the bed and spread him further apart for a more intimate view. The seashell-pink hint of the Blondie's alluring ingress was more than he could bear; he bent down and tasted him, flicking his tongue into his portal.

Iason gasped, thrilled. Riki teased him for awhile like this, and then moved to the side of the bed to retrieve the vial. He held his Master's hand and poured the oil into it, just as Iason had done to him, many times. The Blondie smiled, and then, with intentional skill, applied the lubricant to his organ with merciless sensuality.

Riki began thrusting into his hand, moaning, fully tempted to expel his lust then and there. With some difficulty he withdrew, then climbed onto the Blondie. He lay there for a moment, trying to regain control, kissing his neck and nibbling on his ear, a project that sent chills through his Master.

"This may hurt you," he warned, secretly hoping that it would.

Iason suppressed a smile at his confidence, knowing full well the mongrel would give him nothing but pleasure. Though Riki was certainly well-endowed for a pet, he was no match for a Blondie like Raoul, who had taken him countless times. And there was something unique about Blondie physiology that Riki didn't yet know, but was about to discover.

The excited pet moved into position, spreading him a bit more and pressing himself up against his entrance, savoring the moment.

Gripping his hips firmly, he thrust with all his strength, his engorged phallus sinking into the hot inner sanctum of Iason Mink. The Blondie's exquisite grip nearly took his breath away. For a moment he remained motionless, relishing his depths and an incomparable feeling of power.

It had been a long while since he had given anyone a good fucking, and for it to be Iason, after all this time, was almost beyond bearing. He moved against him slowly, thrilled and awed by his tight embrace. Though he might have been disappointed, even dismayed, had he perceived the fact that Iason had shown no sign of discomfort on his violent entry, he was so overcome with his own pleasure that he was quite distracted from this discovery.

"Holy Jupiter," he breathed.

Iason was similarly transported with pleasure, enjoying the feeling of his pet fully inside him and his intoxicating moans.

"Ahh....Iason," Riki groaned, when he felt what seemed to be contractions, a seductive twitching against him. "What are you doing? Oh! That's bloody...amazing!"

The mongrel was enthralled by the Blondie, who continued to squeeze him erotically, relentlessly, stimulating him in a manner he could not have even imagined was possible. He grabbed hold of his shoulders, sinking his fingers into his flesh as he thrust with abandon, delighting in his constricting depths and seductively responsive embrace. He had never experienced anything like it, not even in his best session with Guy. Nothing came close.

It was simply the best fuck he'd ever had in his entire life.

"Iason," he whispered, biting his lip.

"Yes, my love?"

"Unh! I wish I could make this last forever. Ah...yes. That's so good. Oh, bloody hell. You feel so *hot* and *tight*. I'm all the way inside you, it just slides right in! Oooo...yeah. Yes! The way you squeeze me, mmm, it's so perfect, I wish I could fuck you all night. Do you like it? Can I fuck you harder? I mean, can I ram it?"

"Yes, Riki. You can take me however it pleases you most."

Thrilled, Riki then put his whole body into his coital art, forcing Iason's thighs a bit wider apart and fucking him with more force than

he'd ever dared take anyone, so consumed with his own pleasure he failed to notice that Iason did not protest at his violent possession, or try to squirm away as Guy would have done.

He'd never had the opportunity to copulate with abandon, without feeling restrained or compelled to hold back. The Blondie's muscles caressed his organ like a hot hand, continuing to milk him no matter how hard he thrust. As he moved toward his peak, he began grunting, feeling almost feral in his acquisition, stimulated beyond bearing.

"Holy fuck," he groaned.

Waves of excruciatingly sweet pleasure pushed him into oblivion, where he rode the lingering swells of his ecstasy. As he drifted back into awareness, he rolled off Iason with a long sigh, wincing as the bed met up with his punished backside.

His Master watched him with shining eyes.

"Did you enjoy that, my pet?"

Riki replied with a moan, running his hand through his hair. He was at a loss for words, and he gazed back at him in amazement. "You...are all Blondies...like that?"

With a laugh, Iason pulled him close. "You'll never find out," he answered, with mock sternness.

"Will you ever let me do that again?"

"That depends entirely on how obedient you are," he replied, kissing him gently.

They lay together thus for some time, Master and pet, both reflecting on the events of the day. Iason was pondering how much he had enjoyed hearing Riki call him *Master*, reliving the look on his pet's face as he gazed up at him from his knees, wishing he would say it again, this time without his having to ask or punish him first.

Riki closed his eyes and expelled an anguished sigh, suddenly feeling a bit ashamed at how much he had begun to truly enjoy his life with Iason. His rebellions now were almost contrived; he defied his Master, more than anything, to retain some semblance of his former self, the last vestiges of his mongrel pride.

But what disturbed him most was that even Iason's domination and punishment found reception in his heart; he had come to almost enjoy the intimacy they shared when the Blondie disciplined him, had

come to respect his punishing arm and his formidable fury. Even if he could not bring himself to fully submit to him, the boy in the mongrel admired his Master's insistence that he yield to his authority; he found comfort in Iason's power and firm resolve. The Blondie was immovable, and in this had garnered his respect. He was a rock, or a pillar, offering a sense of stability and security that he could not help but respond to, having spent his entire life fending for himself in a world that did not care what happened to him, or what he did or said.

His face flushed hot and suddenly, like a torrent sprung loose, tears began streaming down his cheeks, pooling onto his Master's chest.

"There now, pet," Iason soothed. He assumed the mongrel was merely weeping from the pain of his punishment, and he smiled, stroking his soft, dark hair.

But Riki was grieving for the loss of his identity and the awakening of a part of him that he was still too afraid to face. Both Master and pet had moved into more clearly defined roles, neither fully understanding the power of the relationship that was emerging.

12

Freedom

“PLEASE. IASON. GIVE ME ACCESS.” Riki followed his Master through the penthouse, using all his mongrel charms to plead with him. “Don’t leave me locked up in here another day.”

Iason turned and, after studying his pet’s unusually fervent expression, reached out to stroke his cheek. “I’m sorry, pet,” he answered softly. “But it’s for your own protection. Or have you forgotten that you tried to jump off the balcony?”

“I won’t...try that again. I *swear*, Iason. Please, I can’t stand it. I’m going out of my mind.”

“No, Riki.”

“Please!” the mongrel reached up and grabbed hold of his hand. “At least...let me smoke, then.”

The Blondie leaned close to him with a slight smile. “You know my answer to that.”

Riki released his hand, frustrated. “How can you be so cruel?”

“I’m only watching out for you until I’m sure I can trust you not to do anything foolish.”

Iason donned his outer robe, then turned back to his sulking pet.

“Why don’t you look in the Library and see if you can find a good book? I have quite a collection—the best in Tanagura, it’s said.”

The mongrel scowled, completely unimpressed with Iason’s boast. Unless he could smoke the books, he wasn’t interested.

The beautiful Blondie lifted his chin with a gloved hand, leaning down to kiss him gently on the lips. “When I come home, I’ll make it up to you, pet.”

Not in the least mollified by this promise, Riki spent the next hour restlessly pacing the penthouse in a black mood. He was desperate to get out and breathe the fresh air. He longed for a smoke. And he was

sore—so sore every step made him wince. All of this tangled together to make him royally pissed off at his Master.

“Go look in the Library,” he muttered sarcastically under his breath, and then found himself heading there out of sheer boredom. It was a room he had never really explored, mostly because he cared little for books. He could read—though not especially well. He never read for pleasure. Reading reminded him too much of his horrid schooldays at the Orphanage, before he and Guy and some of the others from Bison had dropped out and formed their own gang.

The walls of the Library were lined with books from the ceiling to the floor. Had Iason read all of them? Riki shook his head. There were some things about the Blondie that almost—no, that *certainly*—intimidated him. He selected a book and thumbed through it. The language was so elevated he couldn’t make any sense of it. He put it back and tried another—this one was in a foreign language of some kind. A third choice proved to be a philosophical treatise, the text so convoluted and inscrutable he had to laugh. His Master expected him to find something interesting to read here?

Feeling intellectually inadequate and a little depressed, the mongrel tried a fourth book. A primer on the anomalies of quantum temporal-spatial relocation? Like he could really get his head around that.

All right. One more try, he thought. With trembling fingers, he opened a fifth book. It was a novel...he guessed, but again, written far above his comprehension.

Then, it was as though something within him just snapped. What was he doing here...in Eos, the pinnacle of Tanagura? How was it possible that he, the leader of Bison, was a *pet*—and the pet of Iason Mink no less?

He didn’t belong here among the Blondie Elite. He was a mongrel from the slums, born and bred in Ceres, accustomed to a crude and vulgar lifestyle, but one that at least gave him a modicum of self-respect. The luxuries of the penthouse—its high-end decor and extravagant furnishings, the fine cuisine, these sophisticated books—none of it was right for him, none of it meant anything.

His life was worthless; his entire existence now was only to serve the sexual perversions of his Blondie Master. Even more humiliating,

he had come to enjoy these perversions, even to solicit them. And now, he realized a part of him even took pleasure in the intimacy of his Master's domination and punishment, a revelation so disturbing he felt as though he no longer even understood himself.

In truth, it was the softening of his heart toward the Blondie who had enslaved him that bothered him the most. When he thought of how he had called Iason his Master the night before, how he had eagerly pleased him and begged for his sexual attentions after being so brutally punished, he felt such shame and disgust that he wanted to be sick. If Guy only knew the darkness of his heart....

He hated himself. One and a half years. He'd lost one and a half years of his life, and now he didn't even have a life. He felt lost...and completely alone.

He dropped the book, and then, as if possessed by an inner demon, began pulling books from the shelves, hurling them to the floor, and then just striking out at everything within his reach. A vase fell from the shelf and shattered. Riki tripped over the books, cutting his arm on the glass fragments and not even caring.

He continued his wild rampage, completely oblivious to Daryl, who had rushed into the room and, taking in the scene with horror, desperately tried to calm him down, without success.

Daryl had seen Riki upset many times, but never like this. It was as though a tempest had been unleashed, a fury from the torment of the mongrel's soul. Frightened, he rushed to the communications center to buzz Katze.

"It's Riki—he's gone completely insane. I don't know what to do. He's destroying everything!"

"Fuck." Katze sighed, considering. "I think you'd better go ahead and call Iason. I'll come over there, too, if you'd like. But he's going to find out anyway, and he'll probably get there faster. I'd call him for you, but then he would demand to know why you called me first."

"Please come. Hurry! I think he's hurt!"

"On my way."

Daryl sent an outgoing beacon to his Master with trembling fingers.

"Yes?" The Blondie was surprised to hear from him, as Daryl had never contacted him at work before.

“It’s Riki. He’s...something’s wrong. He’s gone out of his mind.”

A short pause, then, “I’ll be right there.”

Daryl raced back to find that Riki had now moved into Iason’s bedroom and was proceeding to tear the room apart, yanking pictures off walls, knocking over furniture, ripping the sheets from the bed. From various broken objects he had now sustained a number of cuts, blood dripping down his arms.

“Please, Sir Riki,” Daryl pleaded. “Calm down. You have to stop this. Master Iason is coming.”

But Riki passed by the frantic boy as though he wasn’t even there, now making for the living quarters where he overturned tables and chairs, smashing fine art objects against the wall. Next he went to the bar, hurling wine glasses to the floor, shards of glass flying everywhere.

“Sir Riki! You’re bleeding! Please stop! You’re hurt!”

The door hummed open and Iason appeared, having driven home at breakneck speed after Daryl’s worrisome call. He assessed the situation in a stunned silence, gasping at the sight of his priceless art in pieces, broken and strewn around the room. Furious, he strode toward his pet, his anger making his voice loud and harsh.

“Riki! Stop this at once!”

But it was as though the mongrel didn’t even hear him as he continued frantically hurling everything in sight. Now Iason focused on the blood on his pet’s arms, his anger evaporating when he realized his pet was injured.

“Oh, love. You’re hurt.” The Blondie leapt over the bar and grabbed hold of him from behind. Riki began to scream and kick, flailing his arms wildly.

Iason managed to pin his arms down and then began whispering in his ear. “Hush. Stop fighting me, love. It’s all right. Riki. Calm down now. Mind me, pet.”

The door hummed open again and Katze rushed in, looking around at the damage in disbelief.

“Holy shit,” he muttered. He held up an injection, nodding to Iason. “I brought a sedative.”

“Give it to him,” Iason ordered.

Katze rushed over and administered the injection to Riki’s deltoid.

Gradually, the mongrel's rage subsided, and his struggling started to diminish. "That's it," Iason whispered. "There's a good boy."

"He really fucked up his arms," Katze commented.

"I'll get the medical kit," Daryl announced, rushing off, glad to be able to do something useful.

The Blondie carried his pet over to his chair—one of the few pieces of furniture still upright—and sat down in it, continuing to hold him firmly in his arms. He nuzzled against his face and kissed his cheek.

"Oh pet," he sighed.

Daryl returned with the medical kit and began tending to the mongrel's wounds.

"What set him off?" Katze asked.

The gentle, grey-eyed youth shook his head, a wayward strand of hair catching in the boy's long lashes, making him blink. Katze resisted an urge to reach out and move the hair aside, struck by Daryl's sweetness and innocence when he shook his head to release the tangled strand.

It was not the first time he had found himself noticing the boy, and though he knew the moment wasn't right, Katze once again wondered if Daryl would be receptive to his advances. He'd been considering making a move for some time, but had always been too busy with the Black Market to pursue his attraction to him. At least, that was what he told himself.

In truth, he hadn't been with anyone since his own modification years before. He longed for intimacy, for the warmth of a lover's arms and the gentle comfort of a long, unhurried kiss, but he was apprehensive about taking the first step, especially with a boy like Daryl, who seemed a bit emotionally fragile. He knew full well that most eunuchs shied away from intimacy, ashamed of their altered bodies—even with other eunuchs. For this reason he had delayed making his desires known.

Daryl shook his head. "I found him in the Library, hurling books. It was like he didn't even see me."

"Riki? What's wrong, my pet? Why did you do this?" Iason asked, his brow knotted with concern.

The mongrel didn't respond, staring ahead blankly.

Katze crouched down, looking into his eyes. “Hey.” He waved a hand before him, snapping his fingers. “Are you there? Riki?” He looked at the Blondie, perplexed. “It’s almost as if he’s in a trance. Maybe it’s just the sedative.”

But it was not merely the effect of the tranquilizer that had quieted the mongrel. Riki had retreated to a place deep within where he no longer had to face the reality of an existence he could not accept. He didn’t care what happened to him. He didn’t care if he was punished, or even killed. He had decided, at least for that day, that it was better to be dead than not to be free. Now he had simply tuned out, shutting everything out of his awareness.

Daryl sat back on his heels. “I’ve finished with his arms. There was a lot of blood, but I think most of the cuts weren’t all that deep.”

“All right, pet,” Iason whispered, rising and then carrying him out onto the balcony. When the fresh air hit his face, Riki blinked a few times, looking toward the sun.

“Isn’t this what you wanted?” the Blondie asked, softly. “We’re outside now. You see? It’s a lovely day. Can you smell the autumn lilac on the balcony, here? Isn’t that a pleasant scent?”

Like a child, the mongrel reached up and clutched Iason’s tunic, pressing his face against his chest and closing his eyes. His Master cradled him there for some time, puzzling over his behavior—his botched attempt at suicide, but a few days before, and now this complete breakdown.

It was obvious his pet was not completely happy in Eos. And yet, there were times he felt *sure* Riki enjoyed his company—even solicited his attention.

He sighed, feeling at a loss.

Riki was now asleep, the strong sedative having pulled him into a dreamless inner space. Iason carried him back inside to the Master bedroom, setting him down on the bed, and then undressed him. He wanted to examine his body to be sure there were no other injuries. As he turned Riki onto his stomach, he was startled by the severity of his bruising, which now extended from his buttocks down to his thighs, dark vestiges of the Blondie’s fury. He stroked the punished flesh gently with a gloved hand, frowning.

This was too much. He had been far too hard on him, he realized now, though he had been admittedly furious when Riki had claimed to have enjoyed pleasuring Raoul, his jealousy on that point still eating away at his uncertain heart. The thought of his pet taking *any* pleasure in servicing the great Blondie—whose charms Iason knew all too well from his own experience—filled him with a dark rage that even now threatened to unbalance him.

He sighed again, closing his eyes to fight off his inclination to brood on the matter, focusing instead on Riki's pain.

Though he felt justified in punishing him, he had to concede that perhaps he had taken matters too far. It was no wonder his pet was miserable. He marveled that he could even bear such punishment; why, then, had he deliberately provoked him when he *knew* what the consequences of his misconduct would be?

Iason shook his head, mystified. Even though Riki had suffered under his arm, afterwards he *had* submitted to him, very sweetly, as he well recalled. In fact, it had been something he had been gloating over all day, a pleasant memory to sweeten the bitter remembrance of his less convivial remarks. Not only that, he was convinced his pet had particularly enjoyed their sexual exploits the evening before, having replayed his sex mantra over and over in his thoughts, relishing every moan and praise the mongrel so passionately tendered.

I wish I could make this last forever. Ah...yes. That's so good. You feel so good, so hot and tight. I'm all the way inside you, it just slides right in...the way you squeeze me, it's so perfect, I wish I could fuck you all night.

Had his cries and adulations not been sincere? Perhaps Riki had only pretended to enjoy their pairing. Yet, Iason found he could not believe this. By now, he knew his pet well, understood the signals of his body, the subtle shifts in the tone of his voice that told him when he was aroused, when he was enjoying Iason's pleasuring arts. His rapture had been genuine, he was sure of it.

He frowned, remembering now how his pet had wept in his arms afterward. At the time he had assumed he was only feeling the predictable aftereffects of being disciplined so thoroughly. But perhaps he had misinterpreted his pet's tears. Had he regretted what

he'd said during their lovemaking? Or was the proud mongrel ashamed that he had, in the end, acknowledged him as *Master*?

Staring down at Riki's now peaceful face, the angry lines of rebellion finally smoothed away, Iason, for the first time, began to harbor serious doubts about his ability to tame the dark-haired mongrel from the slums. He was starting to suspect his pet would rather die than submit fully to his will.

So. Suppose he gave him some of the freedom he so desperately desired? Perhaps freedom would prove a better motivator than punishment. Besides, he acknowledged with a discouraged sigh, the discipline seemed to have no long-term effect whatsoever on his behavior. So much for Jupiter's theory that deviance could be whipped into submission; at least, in Riki's case, no matter *what* Iason did or threatened, he continued to resist him.

Then again, it was possible that mongrels were simply of a different persuasion altogether; they were, after all, descendents of the only Amoians who had dared challenge Jupiter's authority. As non-citizens, mongrels were social outcasts, living in a world separate from the Elites and the other classes that enjoyed Jupiter's favor.

They were a tough breed, these mongrels, reproducing in the slums of Ceres as animals might—through sex and blood, born of live females without medical intervention, inbred controls, or genetic manipulation whatsoever. Though Jupiter was vigilant in identifying and removing most known females from the slums before they reached puberty, she had not completely stalled population growth among them, for there were always those beyond the allowed percentage that managed to escape her notice. Katze had told him, once, that the desirability of a female mongrel, in Black Market terms, was almost as great as that of an A-class pet, a fact Iason had dismissed at the time as absurd.

But he now understood that Katze had not been speaking to the price of a female mongrel, but to her value among those who had limited funds for her procurement; to them, 10,000 credits was as dear as 100,000, but even so, they apparently garnered the means to honor the winning bid. According to Katze, the bidding wars for these females were of a violent sort, often involving a physical challenge

such as a duel in addition to the sum to secure the purchase, and that the females at maturity were held in high esteem among the mongrels, treated almost like queens. They were kept hidden, transported via underground tunnels, though rarely permitted to appear in public. Those who did were promptly identified by Jupiter and...removed.

Although Iason knew he should have reported Katze's intelligence to Jupiter, he found that he was disinclined to involve himself in this particular aspect of the Black Market. He had never been comfortable with the way Jupiter dealt with the problem of population control; he knew what truly happened to the young girls that Jupiter apprehended, and none of his Blondie training had helped him stomach it. It was a point on which he and Raoul were in strong disagreement, for Iason had openly stated, much to Raoul's dismay, that Jupiter's policy was unconscionable. Of course, such views were only expressed in private, but were, nevertheless, a source of many long, contentious arguments between the two Blondies.

At any rate, neither male nor female mongrels had ever really been studied by the medical Elite or the behavioral specialists of the Pet Academy. No one knew how the mind of a mongrel worked because no one cared. And no one had ever even tried to tame a mongrel, until Iason had brought Riki home, in defiance of all societal expectations. The Blondie had now come to the conclusion that it was possible—in fact, probable—that the usual techniques used to tame a disobedient pet simply would not work with a mongrel like Riki.

Failing to find any other cuts in need of medical attention, Iason now took in the mongrel's naked body sprawled out so vulnerably on the bed. He marveled over his muscular chest and sleek abdomen, the tiny hollows and ripples appealing most sensitively to his own carnal desires. As he admired him, he became conscious of his quickly developing arousal, though his pet was in no state to offer much assistance. At first, he attempted to ignore his needs, but when this failed to check his growing desire, he removed his glove with his teeth and then, with shaking fingers, unfastened his trouser flap to free his now fully matured erection.

With quick, experienced strokes, the Blondie then pleased himself, watching his pet with shining eyes. As he neared his peak, he repositioned his body, shooting his essence onto his beautiful abdomen and then rubbing it into his soft skin. Sighing, he lay down next to him, savoring his release.

Riki opened his eyes, looking around him in confusion. He felt extraordinarily disoriented, though the memory of his breakdown slowly pushed into his consciousness.

“So. You’re awake now.”

Riki startled at his Master’s voice. He turned to the Blondie, who was lying on his side, up on one elbow, gazing at him.

The mongrel paled. “What are you going to do to me?”

“I’m not going to punish you,” he answered with a deep sigh. “Although I probably should. Riki. Sometimes I just don’t know what to do with you.”

The mongrel shook his head. “That makes two of us. I don’t know what to do with myself. I don’t even *know* myself, anymore.”

“Perhaps I’ve been too hard on you. I suppose it must be tedious for you to be locked in the penthouse all day. I hate seeing you...so unhappy here. So. I’ve decided to loosen your chain a bit. I’ll reinstate your access privileges. And I’ll extend them to anywhere in Tanagura—provided you get my permission before venturing out into the city. In return, however, I expect *complete* obedience, or I won’t hesitate to revoke those privileges. Is that understood?”

“Yes,” Riki murmured, unable to believe what he was hearing, his eyes wide like those of a child.

The Blondie sighed. “Some would say this is rewarding your bad behavior. But, pet, I don’t want you to be miserable with me.”

For the first time that day, Riki smiled. “You mean it? You’ll let me go out into the city?”

“Yes, love. Would that please you?”

“Hell yes! Then, I can go out to the balcony, too? I can smoke now?”

Iason nodded. “But, Riki, I wish you’d consider giving up smoking. It’s a nasty habit, and it’s not good for you.”

The mongrel shrugged. “Yeah, I know. I can’t help it though. I’ve been smoking since I was a kid. Anyway, it calms me.”

"Then, at least try to smoke a little *less*. You needn't consume an entire pack each day, love."

"Sure. I'll try," Riki nodded, though he had no intention of cutting back on his intake any time soon. He was looking forward to spending the rest of the day on the balcony, enjoying the fresh air and his cigarettes. "So, can I go out into the city today?"

"Not today, pet. I want you to rest today. Understood?"

The mongrel sighed at this but knew better than to push his luck. "All right." Then, touching his stomach tentatively with his fingers, he frowned. "Did you just jerk off on me?"

The Blondie laughed, pulling him close. "You're such a mongrel."

Riki was silent; Iason's embrace invariably aroused him, and, being naked, there was no way to hide his quickly developing erection. Immediately perceiving his response, his Master began kissing and nuzzling his neck, teasing and biting him in the manner he knew he adored, and then reached down to encourage his lust, stroking him with gentle firmness.

Iason's sensual touch sent shudders through him; Riki felt paralyzed with pleasure, passively accepting his ministrations. The Blondie's long, soft hair was everywhere, tantalizing his bare skin and exciting him with its exotic, intoxicatingly virile scent—so distinctively Iason. He began playing with it, letting it slide between his fingers. He loved that hair so much; sometimes he could hardly stand how beautiful his Blondie Master was.

He was now fully aroused and his eyes, shining with desire, met Iason's gaze with a look of longing. Riki felt he wasn't in a position to request anything and so could only hope the Blondie would continue his attentions.

Then Iason kissed him, exploring his mouth slowly and sensually as though for the first time. "Riki," he whispered, "there are some things you enjoy as my pet, isn't that so?" He kissed him again, harder, running his hands up and down his bare flesh.

"Isn't that so?" he repeated, more urgently.

A small moan escaped the mongrel's lips as the Blondie began kissing his chest, stopping to suck on a nipple before moving down his torso with indisputable objective. His tongue flicked seductively

along his abdomen, and then Iason stopped, his piercing, blue eyes locked on his pet's face. "Tell me, pet."

"I enjoy...many things with you, Iason."

"Such as?"

"Such as...what we're doing now. Please don't stop."

The Blondie smiled, then continued down, sliding his hand around his shaft and then swirling his tongue over the head, delighting in the taste of salty lust that betrayed his pet's pre-ejaculatory emissions. He explored him thoroughly with his tongue, encouraged by his moans and anxious thrusting, and then took him into his mouth.

Riki could barely contain himself once he felt Iason's mouth embrace his cock in a warm, wet suction, his tongue continuing to work him with deadly accuracy. Gasping, he reached down to rest his hands on his head. "That's so good," he whispered, his voice thick with arousal. "Iason...I love how you do that."

The Blondie opened his eyes and gazed up at him as he pleased him, a look so seductive that Riki suddenly felt the irreversible stirrings of his ascent. It felt so perfect and he wanted it to last, but something about Iason was just too stimulating. He was too beautiful, too erotic, too intense, too skilled. He tried to hold back, but the desire to ejaculate was simply too overwhelming.

Taking hold of his head, he began thrusting, grunting in a manner that betrayed his urgency. Iason relaxed his throat so that he could admit him fully, a technique that his pet could not completely reciprocate, for Iason's organ was simply too big. At most, Riki could manage about half his Master's length, while Iason could take his pet entirely into his mouth.

He clenched his teeth, offering up a string of vulgarities and groans as his essence shot down his throat. Iason savored his sex song, reaching up to place his hands over Riki's as he climaxed.

The dark-haired, dark-eyed youth fell back onto the bed, panting. As Iason moved beside him, he felt a sudden longing to gather him in his arms, and he did so, holding him close.

"Iason," his pet whispered, sighing.

Smiling, Iason nuzzled against him for a few moments. Then he kissed him on the cheek and sat up.

"I must return to work. Please help Daryl and Katze clean up the mess you made."

"I'm sorry. I know I broke a lot of things."

"Yes, you did." The Blondie touched his pet's nose with mock sternness. "I really should turn you over my knee right now. And don't think I won't punish you severely if you do it again."

With that, Iason turned and left, leaving Riki to marvel over his behavior and amazing leniency. He wasn't being punished for trashing the penthouse. In fact, his Master was reinstating his privileges—even giving him *additional* freedoms. It seemed too good to be true.

Daryl and Katze were equally astonished at his clemency. They had been whispering together, worried about what would happen to Riki. Iason's decision to grant his pet new privileges rather than punish him for his remarkable infraction seemed incomprehensible, each of them having endured his punishing wrath for far less grievous transgressions. And then, there was no mistaking what had been going on in the Master bedroom, the timing a source of great mystification to them both.



IASON RETURNED TO WORK WITH A PROFOUND sense of relief. He felt convinced that things would be different with Riki now. Perhaps it was just a gut feeling, but he believed he had found the answer to gaining his pet's obedience.

He sighed when he saw Raoul immediately approaching him on his arrival, the Blondie's cheek still bruised from the punch Iason had gifted him.

"Iason. Where have you been?"

"I had an urgent matter to attend to, Raoul."

"Jupiter's been calling for you."

Iason felt his stomach clench at these words. What did Jupiter want now? He sighed, pushing back the familiar sense of dread on learning that Jupiter had called for him.

He composed himself, putting on his best game face, one that hid his true feelings—how much he had begun to truly despise Jupiter. Though it had not always been so, her interference in his private life was becoming an annoyance that was trying his patience, it seemed, on an all too frequent basis.

“Iason,” Raoul exclaimed, touching his sleeve suddenly, “are these bloodstains?”

The Blondie looked down, realizing then that his struggles with Riki had stained his cloak.

“You’d better not go in there like that. Take mine.” Raoul slipped off his outer robe, offering it to Iason with a look of concern.

Iason nodded. “My thanks, Raoul.” There were times when his old lover could be a good friend.

Now he made his way into Jupiter’s sanctum, stopping to pour himself a glass of wine to calm his nerves. As he approached Jupiter, he bowed slightly, sitting down in the only chair in the room, and crossing his legs with deliberately crafted ease.

In fact, he felt anything but tranquil, having already been called in to see Jupiter twice that week, once regarding the upcoming Trade Convention and another time concerning the reprogramming of the security grid. He hated the feeling that Jupiter watched his every move. But of course—Jupiter couldn’t see everything, and for that he was grateful.

“You altered Z-107M’s access,” Jupiter began. “You’ve given him independent access to Tanagura.”

“Ah yes,” Iason answered, feigning nonchalance. “I have some errands I may have him attend to.”

“You have an attending servant for such matters. It is not typical for a pet to have independent clearance. You intend to let him wander freely, without a chaperone?”

The Blondie took a sip of his wine, considering. “Z-107M is not a typical pet. He requires more freedom than most.”

“I do not recall giving you authority to alter the rules of pet administration, Iason.”

“My pet is a mongrel. So, the normal rules of pet administration aren’t really applicable.”

“That is precisely my point. I have told you before; a mongrel is not suitable as a pet. As Head of the Syndicate, you should be an example to others. Your persistence in keeping this mongrel as a pet is puzzling, especially as I have made my views known to you.”

Iason bowed his head, averting his eyes. “Certainly, it was not my intent to displease you. But as Head of the Syndicate, I think it’s also appropriate my pet should be unique. He’s a rare animal, wouldn’t you agree?”

“Does it mean so much to you?”

“To be honest, I’ve grown rather attached to him. I find him quite amusing. It’s foolish, I know,” Iason gave a little chuckle. “Of course, I could replace him easily enough. But I was hoping you’d indulge my harmless predilection.”

Opening his mouth slightly in a seductive manner, Iason gazed sensually over his wine glass at Jupiter, who immediately altered form to approach him, reaching out to touch his face with the arousing heat of holographic energy.

Iason felt his loins stirring and shifted his position, trying not to betray his discomfort. He hated when Jupiter attempted to arouse him. “So...will you tolerate my little penchant?” he asked softly.

“Be careful, Iason,” Jupiter warned.

The sentient being studied him closely for a long moment before shifting back into her statuesque form.

With a slight bow, the Blondie took leave, smiling to cover his anger. It galled him to no end that Jupiter could have a say in his private life, that he had to practice his obsequious arts to placate her and distract her from his growing attachment to Riki. He knew that when it came to his mongrel, he would always be at odds with Jupiter, and lately he had begun to worry about it, certain that eventually she would force him to send Riki away. But Iason had already decided that he would refuse to do so, no matter what the cost.

But if he refused, what would Jupiter do to him? Would he lose his position as Head of the Syndicate? Would she strip him of his estate? Or worse... tamper with his mind, as she had done with Yousi?

Raoul immediately intercepted him on his exit from Jupiter’s chambers, having waited anxiously for him just outside.

“What did Jupiter say?”

Feeling rather disinclined for a conversation on the subject, Iason simply shook his head, moving away.

“Was it about your mongrel? Iason.”

Raoul moved in front of him as he attempted to return to his computer terminal.

“I don’t want to discuss it,” he answered softly, sidestepping him.

The Blondie stood gazing after him, his brow knotted with concern.



BACK AT THE PENTHOUSE, DARYL, KATZE, AND RIKI had managed to restore the interior to its former state of order, although the walls were conspicuously bare, now stripped of much of the fine art and artifacts that had been so carefully chosen by Iason to adorn his home. Without the tasteful décor that had warmed the rooms with color and form, the penthouse seemed cold and less welcoming.

Riki frowned at the transformation, feeling a bit guilty over the fruits of his rebellion.

“It doesn’t even look like the same place,” Katze remarked.

“I need a smoke,” the mongrel replied.

“I could use one myself,” Katze confessed, following him out onto the balcony. He shook his head. “What the hell were you thinking, Riki? You lucky son-of-a-bitch. Iason might have killed you...or at least sold you off. I don’t know of any other Blondie who would put up with that.”

The mongrel lit up his cigarette. “I know. I wasn’t really thinking.”

“You know, you really have it made here. I don’t know why you can’t see that.”

Riki took a deep drag from his smoke, silent.

“Look. Forget about Bison and Midas. Your life is in Eos now. You’ll never adjust if you don’t let the past go.”

Nodding, Riki let out a deep sigh. “I know you’re right. But I can’t forget. The taste of freedom just stays in your mouth, even when it becomes bitter.”

The bitter taste of freedom. Rather poetic for a mongrel, Katze thought, smiling.

Now Daryl joined them on the balcony.

“How are your arms, Riki?”

“Huh?” Riki looked down at his arms, as if realizing for the first time he was bandaged. “What happened?”

“You cut yourself up something awful. Don’t you remember?”

“Not really.” Riki looked out at Tanagura, feeling a sense of excitement. “I want to go out into the city tomorrow.”

Daryl and Katze exchanged looks. Neither of them could quite believe Iason was going to allow his pet to wander the streets of Tanagura without protection.

Katze put out his smoke on the ledge, then tossed the butt over the side. “Well. I’ve gotta get back. This has put me behind schedule by half a day.”

“I’m...sorry about that. Thanks for coming, Katze, and helping me out,” Daryl answered, quietly. “You’ve always been...a good friend.”

With a slight laugh, Katze rested his hand on the boy’s shoulder. “No problem. You can call me...whenever.”

A look was exchanged between them that was not lost on Riki, who wondered about the friendship between the two eunuchs. It wasn’t so surprising that there should be a bond between them. But the connection there spoke of something more, almost a shared sadness. With a slight shudder, Riki wondered what it would be like to lose his manhood, to be completely incapable of sexual response. Would he still think about sex? He finished his smoke, grateful that, even if he had lost everything else, at least he was still a man.

The rest of the afternoon passed uneventfully, in stark contrast to the earlier events of the day. Riki enjoyed his new freedoms, smoking and sitting out on the balcony nearly the entire time. When Iason finally came home, he actually got up and went inside to greet him, anxious to tell him how much he appreciated having his access privileges back.

But he could immediately tell from the look on the Blondie’s face that something was wrong.

“Good evening, Iason-sama,” Daryl murmured, bowing. “What can I get you?”

Iason looked around at the penthouse, noting its orderly, though barren state, without comment. “Wine, Daryl. And an Opiate-6.”

An Opiate-6? Riki noted the request with some concern. “Are you in pain? What do you need an Opiate-6 for?”

“Just a little headache.”

Iason removed his cloak, closing his eyes with a sigh.

“Hmmm. It must be one mother of a headache,” the mongrel replied. “Hey. I know something for that.”

For the first time since his arrival in Eos, Riki felt useful. Guy had been prone to bad headaches, and he had learned a technique that seemed to really help.

“Come and sit down, and I’ll show you.”

The Blondie looked at Riki, smiling slightly at his pet’s obvious desire to help what could only be described as the worst headache of his life.

He sat down, then sighed as he felt Riki’s warm, strong hands kneading out the muscles in his neck and shoulders. His pet seemed to find every knot, every source of tension, rubbing away the pain with undeniable skill.

“Your wine, Master,” Daryl murmured, holding out the wine and the requested pharmaceutical.

“Did you scan it?”

“Of course, Sir. It is safe.”

Iason took a sip of the wine, then downed the painkiller.

Riki shook his head. Only a Blondie could take an Opiate-6 with alcohol and still be alive.

“Iason. If you like this, I could do a better job if you...took off your clothes and got on the bed.”

The Blondie reached back and took hold of his hand, sighing. “Could do. Your hands feel perfect.”

Taking another sip of the wine, he retired to the bedroom, disrobing in his usual disconcertingly graceful way.

Riki followed, taking in the Blondie’s firm physique with a surge of lust as he recollected the events of the previous night with a slight

shiver. Taking Iason had been nothing short of paradise, and he wondered if he'd ever be given the opportunity to do so again.

"Lie face down," he ordered, then proceeded to undress as well.

He lit the recessed oil lamps in the wall and turned off the generated lighting. The room was now dark, bathed in a flickering candlelight. With surprising accuracy, the mongrel entered the codes for Iason's favorite music into the wall panel—a soothing, dreamlike sonata of Aristian strings.

The sight of Iason's body prostrate again triggered the memory of the previous evening's intimacy, and Riki eyed him hungrily, longing to repeat the experience. He rubbed some oil on his hands, then began massaging the Blondie's tired muscles, relishing his sighs and almost imperceptible moans. It was unusual for Iason to vocalize his pleasure, and when he did so, it invariably aroused him.

He was straddling his back, and as he moved down to work his lower back and buttocks, his cock went rigid at the sight of the tantalizing curves leading to his portal.

As he administered a deep-muscle massage to his glutes and hips, he was unable to resist spreading him a bit for a better view. Clenching his teeth, he moved himself up close to the inviting portal, but not quite touching, longing to sink his aching erection into the Blondie positioned so vulnerably beneath him. With great difficulty, he pulled away, working next on his hamstrings, which were extremely tight.

Iason was in a state of blissful transcendence. Riki's massage was simply one of the most pleasurable experiences he'd ever had in his life. No one, not even Raoul, had ever thought to relieve his aching muscles in such an exquisite way. Surprisingly enough, he had never been given a full-body massage before. The strong, firm pressure of his pet's fingers, the unmistakably soothing, even caring, quality of his caresses had transported him to another realm.

And, once he was completely relaxed, he became aware of a change in Riki's touch, a shift from soothing to seductive, from therapeutic to tantalizing. He could feel his pet's erection against his back when he straddled him, rubbing up against him in a decidedly erotic manner. He smiled.

“How is your headache?” Riki asked, his voice a little husky.

“Completely gone. You were lovely, my pet.”

Riki rolled off his back and Iason turned onto his side, noting his pet’s arousal with delight.

The mongrel grinned, spreading his legs with a little thrust to emphasize his rigid erection.

“What’s this? Ready again, pet?”

“I can’t help it. Rubbing all that oil on your body...you’re really sexy, Iason, you know that?”

Pleased with this flattery, the Blondie reached down to encourage his own developing lust, his cock hardening almost instantly. He pulled Riki closer with his other arm, prodding his mouth open with his own, and then tasting him with slow flicks of his tongue.

The mongrel returned his kiss eagerly, running his hands down Iason’s warm body, now glistening with oil, his trembling hands betraying his anxious desire.

Their kisses became more urgent, passionate. Iason broke away to explore the sensitive curves of his neck, eliciting moans as he nibbled and kissed one of his favorite erogenous zones. Riki ran his hands through Iason’s soft hair, whispering his name.

“Get on your knees, facing away.” Iason commanded quietly.

Riki obeyed, and the Blondie was once again startled by the dark bruises on his buttocks and thighs. He slid his fingers gently down his darkened backside. “You really don’t know how to take punishment, do you? Sometimes I think you must enjoy being punished.”

His pet made no reply, feeling decidedly confused about the issue.

Iason eased into the mongrel, determined to be gentle with him.

Suddenly, Riki bucked back, taking him in completely with a series of gasps. Surprised, Iason expelled a held breath, then grabbed hold of his hips, embarking on an acquisition that bordered on barbaric. His pet was thrusting back as though inviting deeper penetration, moving down onto his elbows and positioning himself for total possession.

“Riki,” Iason whispered, through clenched teeth. “Do you know...what you do to me?”

At this, Riki began stroking himself, eager for release. Iason reached out, touching his wrist. “Wait, pet. I want to pleasure you.”

Then, with a few final thrusts, the Blondie reached completion, whipping his head back to savor the ecstasy of his sexual release. Withdrawing, he smiled at Riki's obvious discomfort—his erection twitching erratically, his breathing painfully increased.

“Lie on your back, my pet.”

The mongrel happily obeyed, spreading his legs and presenting himself with an anxious little thrust.

Iason straddled his pet, reaching down to position himself for entry. The look of surprise and sheer delight on Riki's face was priceless. With practiced ease, he slid onto him, drinking up his pet's transparent pleasure.

Riki reached out and took hold of his hips, unable to believe his Master had climbed onto him, relishing the tight fit and his incredibly erotic undulations as he moved sensually against him. It was almost too much to bear. And then the contractions began, the Blondie's mysterious coital art that gripped his phallus like a hot hand, squeezing him.

“Fuck yes,” he breathed.

Through half-closed eyes, he gazed up at the beautiful Blondie impaled on his shaft, feeling overcome with the myriad sensations that coursed through his body. Without even meaning to, he climaxed almost immediately, tiny gasps punctuating his spasms of rapture.

Afterwards, he lay in his Master's arms for a long time. Iason nuzzled up against his temple, kissing his cheek every so often, filled with an incredible influx of affection for his elusive mongrel pet.

Riki closed his eyes, allowing himself to enjoy Iason's warm embrace and his gently tendered kisses. He found that, at the moment, there was nowhere else in the world he wanted to be.

Jealousy and Betrayal

One week later.

“KEEP AN EYE ON HIM. BUT DON’T LET HIM SEE YOU. I don’t want to spoil his sense of freedom.”

Katze smiled, lighting up a smoke. “Understood. I had a feeling I’d be hearing from you.”

“Katze. Be sure nothing happens to him.” Iason’s voice had lowered, filled with an urgency atypical for the usually rather detached, unaffected Blondie.

“I’m on it. Don’t worry.”

“I’ll leave it in your hands, then.” Iason hung up abruptly, having arrived at the Emporium where he was to meet Raoul for a game of billiards. He was a bit worried about Riki, who was going out into the streets of Tanagura for the first time, alone. A week of relentless rain had prevented him from exercising his new freedom, but with the fair weather, there was no stopping the mongrel from making good his Master’s promise. At least with Katze watching out for him, Iason could have some peace of mind.

Raoul was waiting for him in the private East Room, and smiled as soon as he saw him. “How was traffic?”

“Typical,” Iason answered. “Completely barbaric. I’m surprised Jupiter tolerates it.”

“At least it’s not a workday. I’ve set up, you want to break?”

“Fine.”

“It’s been awhile since we’ve done this. I’m glad you agreed to come. And I wanted to apologize—”

“Please, Raoul. Let’s just leave it.”

With a sharp crack, Iason broke the billiards, sending several balls smartly into their pockets.

The two played together for a good part of the afternoon, breaking down much of the tension that had been building up between them over the previous year and restoring the friendship that had kept them close for so long.

For his part, Raoul refrained from bringing up the subject that divided them most—Riki. Iason couldn't help but smile at his witty banter and friendly teasing; it was a side of him that he rarely showed now but that Iason especially liked. It was easy to remember, when Raoul was like this, why they had once been intimate. The Blondie was clever, flirtatious, and charming; more than once, Iason laughed out loud at his remarks, finding him irresistibly droll.

Whether it was the wine or the pleasant afternoon, or Raoul's easy manner, things began to heat up between the old lovers. Sensing his reception, Raoul came up behind him as Iason leaned over the table with his cue, pulling him close and kissing his neck, his hands running firmly down his chest to his waist.

"Iason. I want you...so badly," he whispered.

Encouraged by his failure to refuse his overtures definitively, Raoul turned him around and kissed him, careful to restrain his passion, and thrilled when Iason returned his kiss.

Iason was not entirely sure why he allowed it to happen, but once it began, he found Raoul's lips familiar, reassuring; though they had not paired in many years, it was as though no time had passed whatsoever, their intimacy reestablished with the very first touch.

"I've missed you so." Raoul's voice was husky with deep-felt emotion, his body trembling from mounting need. He fumbled with Iason's buckle, removing the belt and letting it drop to the floor.

His tongue continued to work deep inside Iason's mouth as he slipped the Blondie's cloak from his shoulders, the flimsy material floating to the ground and leaving him in only his black, skintight bodysuit. He slid his hands over the thin fabric, caressing the taut muscles and sensitive hollows he knew so well; Iason was every bit the Blondie he had been twenty years before, as though time hadn't changed him at all.

"Iason," he groaned, breaking away from his kiss and pulling off a glove that was hastily tossed aside. He unfastened Iason's front access

flap with experienced ease, apprehending his unmistakable arousal with a delighted grin.

“Mmmm.” Iason closed his eyes, arching his neck as Raoul explored the terrain of his throat with a merciless trail of kisses. The Blondie knew what he liked, knew how to transport him. Suddenly, before he even realized what had happened, he felt Raoul touching him intimately, pleasuring him with slow, deliberate strokes.

His own excitement spiraling, Raoul fondled him with the masterful ease of an old lover, knowing full well exactly how his partner liked to be pleased best.

“That’s it,” he encouraged. “Give yourself up to me.”

Iason shuddered, inhaling the intoxicating scent of Raoul’s body and his fragrant, golden hair, years of former intimacy now triggering old paths of arousal as his body responded instinctively to the Blondie’s familiar touch.

“Yes,” Raoul whispered, beside himself with lust and triumph over finally gaining reception in his former lover’s arms. He groped and caressed the Blondie’s hot erection with eager fingers, hardly able to believe that finally, after all this time, Iason was submitting to his advances. “I’ve waited for this...for so long. Oh, Iason. You’re so engorged you’re about to burst.”

“So it seems,” Iason conceded. His lips parted slightly as the Blondie began slowly swirling his wet sex over the head of his organ with his thumb.

“I know what you want. And you’ll have it, my love.”

Arching a brow with unmistakable intent, Raoul crouched down on one knee, his own cock throbbing anxiously as he prepared to service him.

Iason couldn’t deny that he had welcomed Raoul’s sexual advances, perhaps because he was, for some reason, rather erotically charged that day. Or perhaps he had simply had too much wine, for he had been drinking Icarian Amber, known throughout the Quadrant for its mild aphrodisiac qualities. Yet as the Blondie moved to pleasure him, Iason suddenly changed his mind, realizing at the twelfth hour the imprudence of reestablishing a sexual relationship with his former lover.

“No, Raoul.”

He moved away abruptly and attempted to fasten his trousers, immediately regretting his exceptionally poor judgment in leading Raoul on and then backing out at the last moment.

Staring back at him in disbelief, Raoul rose to his feet. “Don’t toy with me,” he snarled, his voice betraying his fury.

“It was...a mistake. I don’t want it.”

“You know that’s a lie!”

“There’s no need to yell, Raoul. Kindly lower your voice.”

Iason leaned down to pick up his cloak, feigning a calm he was far from feeling.

“I’ll speak as loud as it suits me,” Raoul shot back, snatching the garment from him and tossing it aside. “You’ve played me the fool for the last time, Iason.”

“I assure you, I was not trying—”

“Do you feel nothing for me?” he demanded. “How can you treat me this way?”

“Raoul—”

Wild with anger, Raoul seized him, his fingers digging into his arms. “You can’t take it that far, and then back out!”

“Let go!”

Raoul’s answer was to flip him over, unzipping his bodysuit and yanking it down to expose his bare flesh. He slammed him onto the billiard table, sending balls flying and cracking. Iason’s forehead hit the table, stunning him for a moment.

Before he could respond, Raoul was already inside him, taking him with brutal force. He held him down with the weight of his body, both hands firmly pinning Iason’s wrists to the table.

“Why do you torment me?” he hissed. “You know me! You know I *can’t* stop, not when we’ve gone this far!”

True, he knew well Raoul’s difficulty shutting down his coital agenda once they’d begun a sexual encounter, but there was no reason for him to be so violent. Even if he had insisted on taking him, as he had done many times before, he’d never shown this sort of disregard for him. His head was throbbing, and Raoul was taking him so hard that he actually cried out, once or twice.

Iason felt suddenly relieved of Raoul's considerable weight when he released him to reposition himself for deeper penetration; he immediately attempted to buck back off the table, but the enraged Blondie pushed him down again, hard.

"Don't move," he commanded. "You'll stay there until I'm finished with you."

"You needn't be so rough, Raoul!"

"I'll take you as hard as I like!" he hissed, frustrated from years of rejection from the only Blondie he had ever truly loved. He had reverted back to his role of dominating Iason, ignoring the fact that they were no longer lovers and that this was not behavior that would be tolerated now as it once had been.

He was raping Iason. But somehow, in his mind, he did not see it that way. To him, he was simply taking control again. Iason had shown him he was still interested; he had returned his kiss and responded to his touch. For him to back away once the passion had already been unleashed demanded a fitting punishment, and in their sexual relationship, Raoul had always been the disciplinarian.

His initial anger had evaporated and now he was simply enjoying a good fuck, feeling his violent conquest was the perfect way to reassert his authority.

Iason now lay passively, his head still spinning, reflecting that an entire day's efforts toward restoring their friendship had just been swept away. He wasn't even that angry with him, just disappointed, and...hurt. Realizing the futility of any further resistance, he no longer struggled. He knew, from past experience, he was no match for his old lover's strength.

"You've teased me long enough. I've had it with your games, Iason. You'll do as I say, from here on out."

Iason listened to Raoul's words in disbelief. It was as though twenty years had vanished and his old pairing partner had returned to take him to task over his transgressions. But Raoul was severely delusional if he thought he was the same partner he once dominated so easily.

"The moment you get off me, Raoul, you'll be doing what *I* say, from here on out. Or I suppose you've forgotten that I'm the Head of

the Syndicate, and that rape of *any* Blondie is punishable by, at minimum, a public whipping, and a direct summons from Jupiter?”

Ironically, Raoul reached his peak just as these words penetrated his consciousness, the realization of his grave error coinciding with his rapture as he shuddered his semen into Iason’s twitching sanctum. He fell forward and lay on him for a moment. “Iason,” he whispered, finally. “I don’t know what to say.”

“That makes two of us. Would you mind getting off me now?”

Raoul immediately released him. A strained silence followed as Iason dressed, his sharp movements leaving no doubt as to his mood.

“I’ll zip you,” Raoul offered, and then, “what are you going to do?”

“Don’t know,” he answered, curtly. “I should have you transferred out of Eos. Or worse.”

“Iason—”

The Blondie held up a hand to stop further conversation. “I don’t want to hear anything you have to say, Raoul.”

With that, he left the Emporium.



RIKI WAS SO THRILLED TO BE FINALLY WALKING the streets of Tanagura, he could hardly contain himself. It had been months since he had been anywhere outside other than the balcony of the penthouse, and all the sights and sounds made him feel alive again. Iason had put the extraordinary sum of 250,000 credits under his name, so that he could make whatever purchases he desired.

Heading immediately for a corner shop, he instinctively reached for his old brand of smokes before realizing that he could afford the most expensive, sought-after cigarette available—Dark Baccalias, imported from Alpha Zen. He considered purchasing a few more pet magazines but decided against it, guessing that Iason would not be pleased when he reviewed his purchase logs. He knew his Master well enough to realize that his license to “purchase whatever he desired” had a few restrictions on it, even if they were not explicitly stated.

He tossed the pack onto the counter, and the clerk eyed him suspiciously upon apprehending his rather pricey choice. Riki was a mongrel; he was sure of it—so what was he doing in Tanagura? And buying Dark Baccalias? He checked his identification with the retina scan, fully expecting his scanner to fail and the alarm to sound, and was surprised when he pulled up Z-107M. He'd never even seen a Z classification before, but the boy was definitely registered—as a *pet*. He raised an eyebrow when he saw his portfolio and 250,000 credit deposit, having never encountered a pet with a quarter of a million credit line already approved. And then he read his Master's name.

“Iason Mink's pet, huh?”

He looked Riki over, curious. So. This was Iason's infamous mongrel pet. Of course he'd heard about him—but no one really knew what he looked like, because the Blondie had yet to show him at a Pairing Party. He'd have to call Zanbar Su and tell him about his encounter; it was just the sort of thing Zanbar would love for his gossip channel.

“Is that all, then, little pet?”

Riki nodded slightly; a movement in his periphery had not escaped his notice, and when he heard someone whisper Iason's name, he glanced over his shoulder to apprehend a group of young men, studying him with dark interest.

He took the smokes and quickly walked away, aware almost immediately that he was being followed. He hadn't gone two blocks when the youths suddenly moved up behind him.

Riki spun around. “What do you want?”

Before the hooligans could make their demands known, a vehicle pulled up next to them and from an open window came a familiar voice. “Leave him be or you'll all be dead in ten seconds.”

The gun protruding from the window left no mistake as to the veracity of the threat, and the boys took off, disappearing into one of the countless open clubs that spilled music and drunken Elite out onto the streets. Riki peered into the vehicle, suddenly recognizing its occupant.

“Katze?”

“Get in.”

Riki obeyed, and then, seeing his tracer displayed on the vehicle's computer screen, sighed. "I get it. Iason had you follow me."

"He was only concerned that something like this might happen."

"That dickhead! He deliberately deceived me! *Loosening my chain*, ha! What a joke." Riki punched the dashboard, furious.

"Calm down. Want a smoke?"

Remembering then his purchase, the mongrel took out his own pack, offering one to Katze.

"Dark Baccalias? My. Aren't we refined," Katze teased, accepting the smoke with a smile.

Riki sighed, lighting up, and then took a deep drag. "Very smooth," he conceded, closing his eyes.

"I concur," Katze replied, in a mock sophisticated tone. "It has just the right combination of poisonous gases and addictive substances to appeal to my discerning palate."

Riki opened his eyes, smiling. "You're a total prick."

"At least I got you to smile."

Riki shook his head. "Fucking Iason," he muttered.

"Come on. Are you really going to fault him for caring about you? There aren't many Elite that worry about their pets the way Iason fusses over you. But no Blondie allows a pet to wander through the streets of Tanagura alone."

"Whatever. I'm still pissed."

"Try not to take it out on the apartment. Although I'm not sure there's anything left to break. Speaking of which—why the hell are you complaining about Iason having you followed when you got increased privileges rather than punishment after that fiasco?"

He shrugged, grinning. "Cuz I'm a spoiled brat, I guess."

"You're an asshole."

"Bastard."

"Mongrel."

"*Eunuch*."

"Pet!"

Riki laughed, punching him in the arm.

"Ow, dammit!" Katze suppressed a smile, holding his arm as though in incredible pain.

Riki rolled his eyes. “Wimp.”

“And here we are. I’m letting you off at your building.”

“What? I hardly went out at all!”

“Iason gave me strict orders that if anything happened, you had to come back.”

“Fuck! Wait until he hears what I have to say about *that*,” the mongrel muttered, scowling.

“That’s between you two lovebirds. Although if you want some friendly advice, I wouldn’t piss him off too often.” Katze offered him a slight smile, winking.

Riki got out of the car, slamming the door. “I don’t fucking care if he gets pissed off or not.”

“Have a lovely evening, then, you twisted fuck,” the eunuch answered with a grin, driving off.

The mongrel shook his head, trying to stave off his rising anger. A wayward insert from an Academy pet auction posting blew by on the sidewalk and he kicked it in frustration.

He felt as though Iason had betrayed him by promising him freedom he never really intended to give. He knew one thing: he was going to let Iason know exactly how he felt about it.



IASON WAS IN A FOUL MOOD as he walked back to his vehicle. He was angry at himself for failing to unequivocally repel Raoul’s advances—he had even responded, despite his countless protestations that nothing remained between them.

Now that his position had wavered, Raoul would be even more aggressive. It didn’t matter that he had, in the end, taken him by force; he knew that for Raoul, a taste of intimacy, however acquired, would only fuel his desire for more. How could he have been so careless? And what was he going to do about it now?

The tall Blondie slid into his vehicle and saw that a message had come in from Katze.

He immediately buzzed him back. “What is it?”

“Nothing to worry about. Just a little potential trouble with the locals, but I took care of it,” Katze replied.

“Was he hurt?”

“No. But I thought you should know he’s a bit upset about your sending me out to watch over him.”

“Is that all?”

“Yes,” Katze answered, after a pause, noting Iason’s unusually clipped tone of voice with curiosity.

“Very good.”

Iason flipped off the intercom abruptly, feeling disinclined to discuss the matter further. The last thing he wanted was to deal with was one of his pet’s childish tantrums. Just thinking about it made him feel annoyed. If Riki *dared* to complain about Katze after he had given him independent clearance—after he had been so lenient about the penthouse debacle, he would be in for some *serious* punishment.



RIKI SPENT THE REST OF THE DAY on the balcony, fuming. When the hum of the door and the penthouse chime announced Master Iason’s arrival, he made his way to the foyer. There he leaned against the wall, arms crossed on his chest, glaring.

The Blondie shot him a warning look. “Don’t start with me, Riki.”

“So, that was your idea of loosening my chain? Spying on me?”

“Good evening, Iason-sama,” Daryl bowed. “Can I—”

“Wine, Daryl,” the Blondie ordered abruptly, walking toward his pet and then bending down to look him in the eye. “Warning number two. Careful, Riki. You don’t want me to punish you tonight. I’m in a very bad mood.”

Riki stared after him as he walked off, bristling. “Let me guess. You probably secretly film me here in the penthouse, too.”

Iason made no answer, choosing not to confirm that he had hidden cameras throughout the dwelling if he ever had need to monitor his pet’s activities.

Daryl desperately tried to signal to Riki, hoping to defuse the situation before it spun out of control.

“What are you waving at?” the mongrel demanded.

“Riki,” he hissed, as he passed by him on the way to the bar. “What are you doing? Master Iason just reinstated your privileges. He’ll take them away, if you’re not careful.”

Riki fell silent at this, brooding. Although he was angry with Iason, Daryl was right—it would be foolish to provoke his Master’s wrath and risk losing his access to the balcony. And even if Katze would be following him around the city, it was better than no privileges at all. He sighed.

“Pet. Come here.”

Riki made his way over to the Blondie, hands sunk deep in his pockets. He scowled when his Master offered up his cheek to be kissed.

“Where’s my kiss?” Iason scolded.

Riki bent down to give him the wanted peck, and then stopped, frowning. “Hey. What happened to your forehead? You’ve got a bump.”

“It’s of no consequence. Give me my kiss, Riki.”

The mongrel did so, and Iason pulled him onto his lap.

“Now. Riki. I know you’re upset about my having Katze follow you. But I did it for your own safety.”

“I can take care of myself,” Riki protested. “I don’t need anyone watching out for me. I was raised on the streets, you know. It’s not like I’m some scrawny Academy pet with no brains, to boot.”

“That may be. But I’m talking about a different sort of danger. As *my* pet, you’re a natural target. There are those who could go after you, in order to get to me. You’d be outnumbered. Like today. What would have happened, if Katze hadn’t been there?”

“I’d have kicked all their asses,” the mongrel replied confidently.

Iason chuckled softly at this. “I have no doubt you would have *tried*. But pet, you’re not even armed. You’d be defenseless against a band of hoodlums determined to take you.” He refrained from mentioning the obvious, which was that this was precisely how he had met Riki in the first place. If he had not intervened that fateful day in Midas, the mongrel would have at the very least been seriously injured, if not killed.

Riki fell silent at this, considering. It was true, he was alone in Tanagura. Without his gang, or any type of weapons, he had only his strength and fighting skills to protect him. "Give me a weapon, then. A knife, at least."

"I can't do that."

"Why not?"

"Because," Iason answered, after a moment, "I cannot trust you."

"What, you think I'd use it on you?"

"Are you saying you wouldn't?"

Riki opened his mouth to argue, and found himself at a loss for words. What *would* he do, if given the opportunity? Would he hurt Iason to gain his freedom?

He stared at the Blondie, suddenly struck by how beautiful his Master really was, his hair shining in the firelight, his eyes a demure azure-blue, his gentle, graceful movements so disarmingly sensual. In that moment, he felt overcome with an urge to kiss him. With uncharacteristic initiative, he found himself forcing open Iason's mouth with his own, kissing him with raw, unfettered passion.

Iason was so surprised that at first he kept his eyes open, feeling almost paralyzed by the abruptness of his pet's enthusiasm. Then, responding with equal ardor, he wrapped his arms around his pet and returned the kiss.

Eager to take advantage of his pet's mood, Iason stood up, carrying him into the Master bedroom, Riki's legs wrapped around his waist.

In the next moment they were on the bed, undressing one another wildly, neither of them caring about torn clothes.

Iason was so aroused he was trembling.

"Get on your knees," he whispered, and as Riki obeyed, he approached him from behind. "Spread your legs more—let your head rest on the bed. Yes. Like that."

His pet's portal so vulnerably positioned, the Blondie was unable to resist pleasuring him a bit with his tongue, relishing Riki's moans and the seductive way he instinctively pushed back against his exploring tongue, as though anxious for more stimulation.

He began stroking the mongrel's engorged organ as he pleased his portal with his mouth, knowing full well that this was his favorite

position, and that he would reach orgasm within a matter of minutes. Riki's cries increased in volume and frequency, promising his imminent release. Iason pressed himself up to him and, gently but firmly, entered, his shaft sinking deep inside.

Riki had never felt so good. He was hot and unyieldingly tight, and something about the position allowed deep penetration. The Blondie closed his eyes, drinking in the pleasurable sensations that shot through his body.

Then, it was all happening, his release was coming, everything was building—he whipped his head back with an almost imperceptible groan, the incredibly sweet realization of his completion almost too much to bear; it was so perfect, so deliciously lovely, so wickedly deep and powerful. Tiny shudders raced up and down his back as he struggled to regain his composure. Slowly he pulled out, then moved on the bed next to Riki, gathering him in his arms.

They were both still breathing hard, and for a few minutes neither of them spoke. Iason felt an incredible sense of relief, as though all his worries and tensions from the day had faded away. He nuzzled against his pet's cheek, kissing him.

Riki sighed. "Iason, I love," he started, then suddenly stopped, catching himself.

"What?" Iason breathed. "What did you say?"

"I love...when we fuck," he replied, a little defensively.

Iason laughed softly.

"I see. As do I, Riki." He nuzzled closer to whisper in his ear. "You came very close to being punished tonight. One more word and I would have had you over my knee."

Riki scowled at this. "I *hate* it when you spank me. I'm not a boy, you know. I'll take the strap any day—the whip even."

"That's unfortunate for you, because I like spanking you too much to give it up."

"Maybe I'll just be obedient and spoil all your fun."

Iason smiled. "As your Master, I don't need a reason to punish you. I can spank you any time I choose, simply for my own pleasure."

"What! That's fucked up!"

“Master Iason,” Daryl interrupted, from just outside the door. “Sir Raoul is here to see you.”

Riki scowled. “What the fuck does he want?”

Iason sighed, agreeing with the essence of his remark, but giving his pet a stern look. “You stay out of this.”

He slipped on a robe, and went out to find the Blondie helping himself to a drink at the bar.

Raoul took in Iason’s state, his tousled hair and sweaty chest beneath his robe, and choked back his jealousy.

“Raoul,” Iason sighed. “Go home.”

“Not until you let me apologize properly.”

“I’ve told you before. I don’t believe in apologies. They’re designed to make guilty parties feel better about their transgressions rather than benefit those who’ve been wronged.”

“Fair enough. At least let me acknowledge that I know you’ve been wronged, Iason.”

“Duly noted. Good night.”

“Iason—”

“If you want to know whether I intend to bring charges against you, the answer is no. We’ll keep this issue between us. I know I was partly...at fault.”

“Then I still...arouse you?”

“We’re finished discussing this, Raoul.”

“You *were* responding to me. You were practically ready to burst.”

“Do I need to call security? Get out.”

“But...I didn’t have a chance to pleasure you.” He took a step toward him. “Let me make it up to you, Iason.”

“I’ve already been pleased.” Iason gazed back at him steadily, taunting him with a small smile.

“You mean by that filthy mongrel,” Raoul spat.

“He’s already told you to get out, ya crazy bastard. So get the fuck out already.” Riki was leaning against the door of the bedroom, shirtless, an unlit cigarette hanging from his mouth, his hair unkempt in way that advertised his recent romp with Iason.

Raoul glared at him for a moment, then turned back to Iason. “Are you going to let him talk to me like that?”

“Actually, I rather agree with him. I already told you to leave.”

Raoul shot Riki a withering look. With a little laugh, Riki walked nonchalantly out to the balcony and lit up, leaning against the ledge where he could still have a good view of the Blondie in case he did something stupid again.

He found himself brooding over the conversation he'd overheard between the two Blondies. There were several things that bothered him. One was that it sounded as though Raoul had somehow managed to have his way with Iason. The other—and this was what disturbed him even more—was that Iason apparently had not totally resisted. From somewhere deep within, a dark jealousy began to take form, spreading insidiously, and the more he thought about it, the angrier he felt.

He hated feeling jealous; it went totally against his nature. With Guy, he had experienced it occasionally, but his old pairing partner had never really given him much cause to worry. With Iason...he felt strangely possessive of the Blondie, as absurd as he knew that was. As Master and pet, they weren't even on equal footing. Yet he felt more strongly about Iason than he ever had about Guy, and his jealousy was far more dark and potent when it came to his beautiful Master. He brooded, watching the two Blondies argue by the bar, becoming increasingly agitated.

“You're just encouraging his disobedience,” Raoul accused, hotly. “I can't believe you'd take his side against me.”

“I'm only agreeing that I've asked you to leave. What part of that don't you understand?” Iason stared back icily, one hand on his hip.

Raoul sighed. “All right. I'll leave. But I didn't come here to upset you. Iason. I know I hurt you. Can you forgive me?”

Iason averted his eyes, unsure of how he wanted to answer.

“It's just...you mean so much to me, and when I thought you were responding, I simply lost my mind,” Raoul whispered. “I wanted you so badly, I wasn't thinking. I've waited so long, Iason.” He closed his eyes, biting his lip. “And your kiss, it was exquisite....”

Iason turned away, silent. Raoul moved in close from behind, pulling his hair back from his face. “And you...felt so good, Iason; I've missed you so much.” Unable to resist the temptation, Raoul began

kissing his neck in just the way he knew the Blondie liked it. Iason opened his mouth with a little gasp, closing his eyes instinctively in response to the stimulation.

"That's it," Raoul encouraged. "Let me make you shake all over. You can take *me*, this time. Punish me, if you like."

From the balcony, Riki watched the interaction between the two Blondies with growing displeasure.

When he saw Raoul moving close to Iason, then touching his hair and kissing his neck, he shook his head in disbelief. Why wasn't Iason pulling away? What sort of game was he playing? Fuming, he watched Raoul slide his hands down his Master's body, and then, unable to bear it any longer, he tossed his smoke aside and walked back inside.

"Get your fucking hands off him," he ordered, darkly.

"Iason, restrain your pet," Raoul answered, annoyed.

"I said, let him go!" Riki leapt forward, charging toward the Blondie. "No one touches him but me!"

Scowling, Raoul easily repelled the mongrel's attack, giving him a mighty push that slammed him against a wall. Riki gasped and slid to the floor, the wind knocked from him.

"You're dead," Raoul hissed, starting after him.

Iason took all this in, alarmed. "Raoul!" He seized the Blondie's arm, but Raoul threw him off angrily.

"Daryl! Call security!" Iason commanded, as Raoul lunged for Riki again. This time Iason seized him from behind, pinning his arms behind his back and then pushing him up against the wall with a strength he did not know he even possessed. Raoul was equally surprised; wasn't this the same Blondie he had overpowered only hours before?

"You'll not touch him, Raoul," he whispered, his voice shaking with anger.

"What are you doing? Let me go!" Raoul struggled and cursed, but was unable to break Iason's hold.

Security had arrived, admitted inside by Daryl, who had watched the escalating scene with alarm.

"Please escort Raoul back to his level," Iason ordered.

"Iason," Raoul pleaded, as he was surrounded by armed guards, "Don't treat me like some outlaw."

"Then I suggest you stop acting like one."

As he was escorted out of the penthouse, Raoul turned to look at Riki. "You'll regret this," he warned.

Riki glared at him, but held his tongue, wise enough to realize the presence of the security guards required his silence as Iason's pet.

Now Iason turned his attention to Riki, who was still lying on the floor. "Are you all right, love?" he asked, crouching down next to him.

Riki nodded. "Yeah. Just knocked the wind from me."

Iason smiled, relieved. Riki's actions had surprised him. In truth, he was rather flattered over the mongrel's possessiveness, especially his uncharacteristic remark, "*No one touches him but me.*"

But his attack on Raoul could not go unmentioned, even if it amounted to little more than a verbal reprimand. Repressing a smile, he shook his finger at the mongrel. "I'll have to punish you, pet. That was very naughty of you, assaulting Raoul like that."

"Then punish me," Riki snapped. "Why did you let him touch you?"

"Riki. What I do with Raoul or anyone else is my own affair. I am not under any obligation to give an accounting to you. Go to your room until I call you."

Riki sulked at this. "Why?"

"I told you. You're being punished."

The mongrel rose to his feet, scowling. "This is bullshit."

"Riki. You heard me."

"Fine. I don't care." The mongrel turned and made for his room, muttering under his breath the whole way.

Iason could not help but smile as he watched his pet reluctantly leave the great hall. He sat down in his favorite chair by the fire with a great sigh, finding a glass of wine waiting for him on the small table there. He sipped it slowly, replaying the evening over and over again in his mind—the way Riki had kissed him, there on the chair, earlier, and their mutual passion in the bedroom, and then, the way he had come charging into the hall to challenge Raoul.

All in all, Iason was rather pleased with his pet, despite being forced to punish him in the end. Still, in the grand scale of possible

punishments, this particular sentence was remarkably light. Riki had only been sent to his room, which hardly even counted as disciplinary intervention. And yet his pet took it hard, feeling particularly ill-used after the passion they had shared earlier in the evening. He fumed over what he'd seen between Iason and Raoul, his jealousy making his blood run cold.

The Blondie waited a sufficient amount of time to qualify as punishment before summoning his pet back into the hall.

Riki emerged from his room, still sulking, dragging his feet when Iason demanded he sit on his lap.

"Stop pouting," he scolded, as Riki climbed onto his lap.

"I'm *not* pouting," the mongrel retorted darkly. "I'm brooding."

Iason laughed at this, putting his arms around him.

"It's not funny. Quit treating me like a child."

"Then quit behaving like one."

"How am I behaving like a child?" he demanded.

"You're pouting."

"I already told you. I'm *not* pouting!"

"Don't raise your voice with me, Riki."

The mongrel sighed, exasperated. "See? That's what I'm talking about. You treat me...you don't give me the respect I deserve."

"If I didn't respect you, Riki, I would have sold you to the pet brothels long ago."

Riki frowned. "Maybe you *should* sell me. Instead you just...toy with my heart."

Iason smiled at this, tilting up his pet's chin with his fingertips. "And how do I toy with your heart, love?"

"You know perfectly well! I'm not blind, you know. I can see what's going on between you and Raoul!"

"I told you, Riki. Lower your voice. Stop shouting—I mean it."

Riki paused for a moment. "Did he fuck you?"

"That's not your concern, Riki."

The mongrel's expression changed, softened, becoming almost pleading. He reached up, touching the bump on Iason's forehead.

"Did he...hurt you, Iason?"

Iason sighed. "A little," he conceded.

"I'll fucking kill him!"

"No, you won't, Riki," Iason answered sternly. "If you did that, even I couldn't intervene. Jupiter would have you put to death, make no mistake."

Riki studied him for a moment. "Do you love him?"

Iason sighed. "At one time. Not now."

"Then why?" He reached out and took hold of Iason's hair, caressing it between his fingers. "Please tell me why you let him touch you like that. He was kissing your neck."

Iason smiled. "Don't tell me you're jealous?"

"Yes, I'm fucking jealous. Okay? You win. I'm jealous."

The Blondie laughed quietly, then leaned down and kissed him on the forehead. "You have nothing to be jealous about. Raoul and I...are old lovers. Surely you know how that is, when your bodies respond to one another out of habit, even if the emotions are no longer there. From my end it is entirely physical."

Riki fell silent, thinking of Guy. He did understand exactly what Iason was talking about, how a kiss from a pairing partner triggered familiar patterns of sexual response. But it didn't make it any easier for him to know that Iason still responded sexually to Raoul. His hatred for Raoul went deep, into his very marrow, and the thought of his hands on Iason's body infuriated him.

He turned around and pushed aside Iason's hair to reveal his neck, then began kissing it the same way Raoul had. The Blondie gasped, turning his head to offer more of his throat, which had always been one of his favorite erogenous zones.

Riki pulled away. "Why didn't you tell me you liked that?" he demanded, feeling almost hurt.

"I enjoy all the things we do together, Riki."

"But...I want to pleasure you...*exactly* how you like it best...so that you'll never want to be with Raoul again. I want you to tell me how to love your body."

Iason felt his heart pounding a little faster. "Is that so?"

"Yes. It's so," Riki whispered, smiling.

"Then...I'll show you. Right now."

"Show me. Please."

Iason opened his robe to reveal his naked body and his obvious state of arousal. Riki slid his hands down his torso, kissing his neck in the newfound manner that Iason found so exquisitely erotic.

"That's good," Iason breathed. "Just like that."

Then, with shaking fingers, he took hold of Riki's hand, showing where he liked to be touched just beneath his pelvic bone.

"Keep kissing my neck," he whispered, now breathing hard, thrilled with the myriad sensations flooding through his body.

"Like this?"

"Yes, pet. Now kiss me. On the mouth."

Riki obeyed, enjoying the seductive flicking of his Master's tongue against his own and the sound of Iason's breathing, which had become quite heavy. He had never seen the Blondie quite this aroused, this fast, and it thrilled him.

In the next instant they were both on the floor. Iason showed him his most sensitive place between his legs, where his perineum joined with his manhood, instructing exactly how he liked to be stroked there and along his shaft and head. Riki moved down to explore him as if for the first time, thrilled with Iason's explicit commands.

"Flick your tongue along the head...ah...yes, like that."

Iason breathed deeply, almost gasping.

"Take me in your mouth—just the head, and slide your tongue around. Ah, yes. Exactly so." After a few minutes of that, the Blondie took hold of his hand, wetting his fingers, then guided him to his portal. "I want to feel you inside me," he instructed. "Like this, and then...I want to be inside you."

Riki felt his loins stir responsively as his fingers slid inside the hot, tight grip of his Master.

"Move your fingers—thrust them—just like that! Oh, pet."

Stimulating him as directed, Riki watched the Blondie's growing excitement with glowing eyes. His lips parted, Iason began panting, his accelerating lust sending chills through the mongrel.

"Get undressed," he commanded.

Riki did so, waiting for further instruction. The intensely erotic urgency in the Blondie's eyes set his heart pounding, and he wondered what position Iason would pick.

“Lie on your stomach,” he ordered, pushing Riki’s legs together when he instinctively tried to spread them.

Iason then straddled him, hands sliding to his waist and then pressing on his back as he entered him from behind. He took hold of the mongrel’s wrists with one hand and held them firmly against his back, and then began thrusting, at first slowly, and then deeply and much faster. “Ah yes,” he moaned. “So tight.”

Riki was a little surprised at his choice of position, since it was one they had never tried before. The way Iason held his arms behind his back and then straddled him facedown made him feel vulnerable and exposed, but was unquestionably arousing. His Master’s grip on his wrists was almost painful, as though he were holding him down and taking him against his will, which the mongrel found exciting. With some difficulty, he raised his hips against the Blondie’s weight a bit to allow just the right amount of pressure on his own erection, gasping as he realized a second orgasm was imminent.

Iason was beside himself with pleasure; having been prepared so deliciously by his pet in all his favorite ways, he was now enjoying a position he had been saving for just the right occasion. Riki was hot and unyielding, and the sight of his own engorged phallus sinking past his pet’s firm buttocks into the depths within was immensely stimulating to the Blondie.

Riki’s jealousy was another source of arousal; he was thrilled that he had showed such unequivocal possessiveness and now wanted to learn how to please him. Pinning his wrists above his pet’s backside—still bruised from a recent punishment—gave him a sense of control, made him feel very much the Master taking his pet, forcing him to submit to his will.

He threw back his head and closed his eyes; then, Iason felt his completion wash over him like a tidal wave, his ejaculation so forceful that he cried out his pleasure, something he rarely did. He could hear Riki climaxing beneath him with his characteristic moans, which only served to enhance his own rapture.

Releasing his pet’s wrists and balancing himself on his now shaking arms for a moment, Iason withdrew, then moved next to him and pulled him close.

“Riki,” he whispered, running his hand through the mongrel’s dark hair, “that was so perfect.”

Smiling, his pet buried his face in Iason’s hair, breathing in its wonderfully sensual fragrance.

Daryl, having watched the entire scene from the shadows, shook his head in amazement. He didn’t pretend to understand the complex relationship between Master and pet, but he knew one thing: when Iason and Riki chose to love each another, that love transcended anything he had ever witnessed before. Whether it was truly love, or simply intense physical attraction, Daryl knew they shared a bond few ever come close to finding.

He closed his eyes, choking back the tears that welled up with the realization that he could never have an experience like the one he had just observed—never have a lover that whispered such sweet praises into his ear.

Perhaps he would never...have a love at all.

“Lucky boy,” he whispered, wiping the tears from his eyes with a jealous smile.

The Spaces Between

RIKI STUDIED DARYL, PUZZLING over his transparently low spirits. He had been moping around all morning in a manner that wasn't typical for the usually nervous, anxious-to-please youth.

"Daryl," he probed, finally. "Is something wrong?"

"No, Sir Riki."

He sighed. "You're not going to start calling me Sir Riki again, are you? Like I'm some kind of prince. I was so glad when you finally stopped doing that."

"Sorry. Riki. It's just—to show you the proper respect. That's my job, to serve you, and Master Iason."

"You can start out by telling me what's bugging you. Did I do something to piss you off?"

Daryl looked directly at Riki for the first time that day. "Oh, no! It's not you. Not exactly. That is, it's just—well, you and Master Iason have a special relationship. And sometimes I just feel a little...lonely."

"I get you," Riki nodded, after a pause.

So, poor Daryl was hungry for intimacy.

"What about Katze? He's," now he hesitated, trying to think of the best way to phrase it, "like you."

The sudden hopefulness in Daryl's grey eyes was unmistakable. "Katze? Why did you mention him?"

"Because it's clear the guy has a thing for you, idiot." Riki grinned, giving him a little wink.

"Do you think so?"

"I wouldn't give you false hopes. Nah, I could see it when he was here the other day. He told you to call him—*whenever*," he answered, emphasizing the last word to trigger Daryl's memory.

Daryl smiled. "I guess he did say that."

"So call him up already. I have no patience with people who don't take action."

Encouraged by Riki's prodding, Daryl made his way over to the communications center and placed an outgoing, opting for full visual. When Katze's face flickered onto the screen, he froze for a moment.

Katze sighed. "What's he done now?"

"What? Oh! Nothing. Actually I just called...to talk to you."

"To me?" Katze felt his heart beat a little faster as he lit a smoke to hide his surprise.

"Yes. I was wondering if maybe you'd like to come over sometime. Like tonight even."

Katze took a deep drag, then exhaled with a smile. "That'd be nice, Daryl," he said softly.

"It would?"

Riki motioned at him to keep the conversation going when Daryl froze again in disbelief over Katze's acceptance.

"Of course, I'd have to ask Master Iason's permission first."

Katze nodded, seeming almost to dismiss this possible hitch. "What time should I come over?"

"If you don't hear from me, you can assume it's okay. So then come over at...seven?"

"See you then. I wish I could chat, Daryl, but I've gotta go, there's more work coming in."

With a slight wink, Katze cut the transmission, leaving Daryl to stare in amazement at the screen.

"He said yes. He *winked* at me."

"What did I tell you?"

Riki smiled, happy for Daryl's conquest. He couldn't help but wonder what the two of them would do together—whether either of them had sexual thoughts—or if they just missed the closeness that comes with intimacy.

A part of him wished he could watch them together, out of curiosity, and because he had always found Katze particularly attractive. He was exactly the sort of man he might have pursued, if things had been different for them both.

The rest of the day passed peacefully enough; Riki enjoyed a walk near the pavilion, then returned to find Daryl restlessly pacing the penthouse, whispering to himself.

“Relax. It’ll work out,” he asserted, slapping Daryl so hard on his back he jumped, startled.

Riki laughed. “You need a drink.”

Daryl nodded. “Perhaps that would be nice...later.”

Iason arrived home not long after, and his sigh told Riki that he’d had a tough day. He suspected it was because of Raoul, but he didn’t want to ask, not really wanting to know the details.

“Want me to rub out your shoulders for you?” he asked, as Daryl rushed to pour his wine.

Iason gave a little nod, smiling at his pet’s new habit of helping him relax when he came home.

“That would be heavenly, pet.”

He sat down in his chair with another sigh, and Riki moved behind him. Iason reached out and grabbed his wrist, leaning his head back.

“Come here, love,” he demanded; Riki smiled and bent down to kiss him, and Iason smiled. “That’s better.”

Then the dark-haired mongrel began rubbing out the tight muscles of his Master, secretly relishing his use of the word “love” when summoning him. He had now, on a few occasions, used this word, typically with a casualness that betrayed their intimacy, much to his initial confusion, and now to his utter delight—though he would never admit it to the Blondie.

Daryl brought Iason his wine, then stood before him, hesitating.

“What is it, Daryl?”

“Master Iason, may I have your permission to have a guest—that is, Katze—here this evening?”

Iason seemed a little perplexed at this request, sipping his wine slowly. Katze? Since when was Katze a *guest* at the penthouse? Katze was welcome anytime—and frequently came over to assist Daryl in his duties, especially since Riki had become his pet.

“That would be fine, Daryl,” he answered after a pause.

“Thank you, Sir.” Daryl shot a glance at Riki, raising his eyebrows in a way that betrayed his excitement.

“Those two,” Riki whispered, as Daryl moved out of earshot, “are perfect for each other.”

“Hmmm?” Iason closed his eyes, enjoying his massage too much to care about what was going on between the two eunuchs.

“Does this feel good?”

“Oh yes.”

“I’ve found a bad knot. Hold on—this might hurt a little but then it should feel much better.”

Iason winced, and then moaned as the knot was worked out, releasing tension held in his muscles the entire day. “It’s amazing what you do...with your hands,” he breathed.

Riki bent down to whisper seductively in his ear. “Later I’ll show you what else I can do with my hands.”

Iason shuddered, partly from the thrill of the mongrel’s whisper and partly from the content of his message. Between Riki’s unhurried, long massage and his wine, he was starting to relax, feeling more like himself, the cares of the day starting to fade away.

“Come sit on my lap, now.”

“Want me to get you some more wine, first?”

“Yes, pet. That would be lovely.”

Riki approached the bar just as Katze arrived. Daryl greeted him, his delight so transparent that Riki had to suppress a laugh. Katze wore a sleeveless mesh shirt that showed off his beautifully muscular arms and drew attention to his broad chest, his nipples visible through the mesh.

The man was absolutely gorgeous. Even the long, jagged scar on his face didn’t detract from his raw physical beauty. Having never seen him attired in such a revealing manner, Riki found that he was staring, much to his embarrassment when he realized Katze had caught him leering.

“See something you like?” Katze asked, grinning.

“I used to have a shirt...like that,” he replied, rather lamely, feeling his face grow hot.

“I like it,” Daryl announced, pushing his finger through the mesh. “It’s very...stretchy.”

Riki and Katze exchanged looks that communicated their mutual fondness for Daryl's innocence and simplicity.

"Would you two like a drink? Bar's open."

"Got any cognac back there?"

"Only the best." Riki held up a bottle of Ambrosia.

Katze whistled. "Wow. That stuff costs a fortune."

Riki shrugged. "You know Iason. Everything's top of the line."

"Can't pass that up. Hit me. What about you, Daryl?"

"Sure. Hit me, too."

Riki smiled at the way Daryl copied Katze's conversational style, pouring them both some of the caramel-colored potion, then offering Katze one of his smokes.

"Dark Baccalias again? How can I possibly resist? It's just one pleasure after another," Katze remarked, accepting the smoke with a smile. He turned to Daryl, twirling the faggot between his fingers. "Where should we go?"

"Out onto the balcony, if you want to smoke."

Katze gave Riki a little wink and then followed Daryl outside.

Shivering a little from the puzzling realization that a eunuch could still exude so much sexuality, Riki filled Iason's wine glass and then returned to the chair, finding him thumbing through his newly arrived periodical, the *Tanagura Art Quarterly*.

"There's an Arts Exhibit coming to the Emporium, Riki. It's a good opportunity to make some purchases now that most of my collection has been *destroyed*." He looked pointedly at Riki, who cringed a little under his stern gaze.

Iason pointed to his lap. "Sit."

Riki crawled onto his lap, feeling like a puppy about to be scolded.

"I'm going to the Exhibit, and I want you to go with me. Of course, as a pet you'll have to wear a collar and chains."

"What!" Riki cried.

The Blondie took hold of his chin. "Have you any idea as to the fortune you ruined with your tantrum? How many credits do you think that cost me?"

"I...don't know."

"I'll tell you, pet. Over 1,000,000."

Riki thought he would pass out. A sum that large...one million credits...surely it was impossible. Was Iason really that wealthy, that he could lose a million credits and seem only a little annoyed about it?

"Perhaps if you developed an appreciation for finer things, you would hesitate before you destroyed priceless works of art."

"I appreciate finer things," Riki protested. "Like Dark Baccalias."

The Blondie stared back at him, puzzled; then, realizing what he was referring to, broke out in a loud laugh.

"How is that funny?" Riki pouted.

"By finer things, I meant more than just good cigarettes, Riki. I mean art, music, culture. The things that make a society truly great, that elevate the Amoian spirit."

Riki stared back at him for a moment, tempted to blurt out his true thoughts. Elevate the Amoian spirit? What the fuck did that mean? "Whatever. Do I really have to go?"

"Yes. I want to show you off a bit. It's common practice to bring pets along."

"But—a collar?"

Iason laughed softly. "I'll have a special gold-plated collar and chain set made for you, so everyone will know you're no ordinary pet," he leaned closer, whispering in his ear, "so everyone will know you're the pet of Iason Mink."

The Blondie secretly couldn't wait to take Riki out in chains, the thought of his pet's submission to his authority so publicly displayed giving him a carnal thrill.

"So I guess, flaunting how you keep half of society in chains helps elevate the Amoian spirit of the other half," Riki remarked, coolly.

"Don't take that tone with me," Iason scolded, with an ambiguous smile that made his pet unsure if he was teasing. "Or do you want another spanking?"

"No."

"No what?"

"No thanks."

"Try again."

Riki looked away.

Iason held his chin, turning his face firmly back to him. "Say it. No...?"

"No...*Master*." Riki spoke the word through clenched teeth, his tone betraying his resentment at having to acknowledge his submission to the great Blondie.

With a smile of triumph, Iason released him. Riki sighed, then leaned against him, burying his face in his soft hair. The scent of his hair always triggered a sexual response, and after a few moments he began nuzzling against him. Then he moved up, pushing his hair out of the way so he could access his sensitive throat, and then began kissing and nibbling him in the way he now knew his Master adored.

Iason's lips parted and he closed his eyes, moaning softly as his pet tantalized him with his tongue and lips, biting him gently every now and then with just the right amount of force.

Now indisputably aroused, Riki straddled him, undulating sensually against him as he moved to the other side of his throat. He could feel the Blondie's hands moving firmly down his body, reaching between his legs and spreading him suggestively. His heart racing, he moved up to Iason's ear.

"Fuck me," he whispered.

With a sharp intake of his breath, Iason opened his eyes and stood up, still holding his pet, who instinctively wrapped his legs around him. In a few quick steps they were in the Master bedroom, undressing, both themselves and each other, kissing fiercely all the while.

Riki pushed Iason up against the wall and then dropped to his knees, feeling powerful with the knowledge of exactly how to pleasure him best.

The Blondie let his head fall back against the wall as his pet began stroking and licking him in all the right places, in exactly the right way. "That's it," he whispered, between labored breaths, as Riki began sucking and licking the tip of his engorged organ.

When Riki inserted his fingers with a little wiggle and thrust, Iason grabbed hold of his hand, pulling him out urgently, almost violently.

"Get on the bed."

Riki smiled, thrilled with Iason's obvious arousal, then climbed onto the bed.

“Facedown!”

A little surprised at his tone of voice, which sounded almost angry, the mongrel shivered as he obeyed, turning onto his stomach.

Iason went to a set of drawers and opened one, removing some silk ties. Without a word, he grabbed Riki’s wrist, tying it to the bedpost.

“What...are you doing?”

“Hush.”

Iason moved to the other side of the bed, tying his right wrist to the bedpost. Then he moved out of sight, and the mongrel waited, feeling excited and a little nervous, wondering what he would do next.

“This is kinky,” he announced.

“Spread your legs,” Iason commanded.

Riki did so, shivering. Then suddenly the Blondie was on top of him, kissing and biting his neck. He gasped, the weight and warmth of his body unbearably erotic as Iason pressed himself teasingly against his portal without actually penetrating.

“You want me to fuck you?” he whispered.

The mongrel had never heard him use such words before, and a tremendous shudder swept through his body.

“Yes, please,” he replied, swallowing hard.

Then, inexplicably, Iason moved away. Riki tried to look behind him, perplexed.

The Blondie sat back on his heels, taking in his pet’s vulnerable position with delight. Unable to resist, he brought his hand down, hard, on Riki’s bare ass with a loud spank.

The mongrel cried out, mostly from surprise, but also from pain, as his backside was still tender from his recent punishment. Iason smacked him again, this time harder.

“Hey! Why are you doing that?” he demanded.

“Because I choose to.” Another spank.

Riki felt helpless, pulling against his wrist ties futilely. “That hurts,” he complained.

“How about this?” Iason gave him another especially hard spank, eliciting a cry of pain mixed with anger.

“Dammit, Iason, fucking cut it out! Prick!”

“Oh,” Iason laughed, “now you’re really going to get it.”

“No! Hey! I don’t like this game!”

The Blondie proceeded to give his pet a spanking that hurt so much on his already sore bottom that it quickly elicited tears. “Please stop,” Riki begged. “Please.”

Once his pet actually began weeping, Iason did stop. Then he lay on top of him again, licking his tears seductively. “Hush, pet. I’m sorry. I couldn’t resist. Now I’ll make it up to you.”

Then he sat back on his heels again, lifting Riki’s hips.

“On your knees,” he instructed.

His pet obeyed, and Iason then pleased him in the way he knew Riki liked it best, exploring his portal with his tongue.

The mongrel gasped and moaned, overcome with the pleasurable sensations that flooded over him. He instinctively tried to reach for himself and then realized his hands were tied.

Frustrated, he yanked on the ties. “Touch me,” he begged.

Iason complied, stroking him gently but firmly, as he continued to pleasure him with his mouth. Then he began stroking faster, taking him mercilessly toward his peak.

“Holy fucking Jupiter,” Riki breathed, his eyes rolling back in ecstasy. “Fuck yes. Yes!”

He moaned, and then gave a spine-tingling cry and ejaculated, his essence spraying across his abdomen and chest, and dripping onto the bed below.

Repositioning his pet down on the bed, Iason lay on top of him for a few moments, allowing him time to fully enjoy his completion. Then, with shaking fingers, he found his entry, sinking into him, and then taking him, hard.

Riki was intoxicatingly tight, as usual, so small compared to Iason’s massive size. No one else in the world felt this good, or so it seemed to the Blondie.

Grabbing onto his shoulders, Iason thrust as hard as he could, trying to get a little deeper, a bit further inside his beloved pet. He closed his eyes, overcome with pleasure. Riki felt so good...he was hot, and wet, and tight, and...

Iason was climaxing, his moans almost startling his pet, who had never heard his Master make such loud vocalizations before.

“Oh, Riki,” he whispered, collapsing onto him, then nuzzling against his cheek. “My pet.”

After a few moments Riki began laughing softly. “You were in a kinky mood tonight. Tying me up and all. And,” Riki smiled, “asking me if I wanted to be fucked.”

Smiling, Iason got up and untied his pet.

“You were bloody awesome. I love it when you lick me like that.”

“I know you do, pet.”

“The spanking was a little mean. I didn’t even *do* anything.”

“I already told you, I don’t need a reason to spank you.” Iason held out one of the ties, snapping in taut. “And I’ll tie you up and spank you any time I like.”

“You sadistic fuck.”

Iason leaned close to Riki, smiling. “You like it. It’s too late to pretend otherwise.”

Riki gazed up at the beautiful Blondie, whose hair fell in pale golden trails across his body, his face so perfect, his eyes a stunning, sensual blue, and he realized at that moment, that despite all his efforts to resist such an outcome, he had fallen in love with Iason, this Blondie who was Master of his body, and now, his heart.

“Kiss me,” he whispered.

Iason complied, leaning down to impart a gentle kiss, one that spoke volumes as to the intimacy they had just shared, and the spaces that were closing between them. Riki pulled him down to him and they lay together, holding and caressing one another, and drinking one another in long, passionate kisses, the kind that are shared only by lovers.

Katze and Daryl were still on the balcony when the sounds of their lovemaking first interrupted their conversation.

“Are they always like that?” Katze asked, raising an eyebrow.

Daryl nodded. “You wouldn’t believe it sometimes.”

“I guess they’re sexually compatible.”

“It’s more than that. I think,” Daryl lowered his voice a little, “they love each other.”

“Then the rumors are true.” Katze turned his head, as though listening. “Was that Riki?”

"I think so."

"What the hell is Iason doing to him?"

Daryl giggled. "You should have seen them last night."

"Oh yeah?" Katze leaned closer. "Details, Daryl."

"Well first, Raoul and Riki got into a fight. And then—"

"Whoa! Back up! Raoul was over here?"

"Yes. I think he and Iason were having some sort of lover's spat."

"What? Are they *on* again?"

"I'm not exactly sure. I got the impression Raoul might have taken him by force."

Katze nodded, lighting up another smoke.

"I'd believe that. Wouldn't be the first time. Raoul was a mean bastard when it came to Iason."

"So Raoul came over, I guess to apologize, and I think he was upset because it was obvious Iason and Riki were in bed together. Anyway, he comes onto Iason, and all of a sudden Riki comes in, lunging for him, and then Raoul throws him into a wall. Then Iason calls security, but he has to restrain him until they arrive."

"Holy shit!"

"Raoul gets escorted out. And then Iason finds out Riki is jealous because of Raoul. So after that, Riki asked Iason to show him, um," Daryl hesitated.

"Show him...what?"

"Exactly how best to pleasure him," he finished.

Katze took a deep drag. "And did he?"

"Yes."

He leaned closer to Daryl. "And did you watch?"

"Maybe," Daryl said, smiling.

"Pervert," Katze grinned. "So tell me, what does Iason like?"

"He likes...he likes to be kissed along his throat."

"Show me."

"Huh?" Daryl blinked, uncertain of his meaning.

Katze pointed to his throat. "Do it to me."

Daryl fell silent, staring at him blankly.

"What. Are you afraid?" Katze smiled in a comforting way. "I don't bite...at least not *hard*. I mean, unless you *want* me to."

Tentatively, Daryl moved forward, reaching up to kiss his exposed throat, letting his tongue flick gently over the skin. He felt Katze's arms around him as he continued to explore, encouraged when Katze let his head fall back.

"Mmmm. I can see why Iason likes this," Katze whispered. Still with his arms around Daryl, he pulled him a little closer. "Want me to show you?"

"Yes, please." Daryl closed his eyes as Katze bent down and began kissing and gently biting his neck, then dragging his tongue in little swirls up to his ear, and sucking on his earlobe.

Shivering, Daryl opened his eyes, looking at Katze with wonder. "That felt really good."

"I know something else that feels good." Katze tossed his smoke aside, took hold of Daryl's chin, then bent down and kissed him, exploring him gently with his tongue. They kissed for a long time, both of them marveling over the pleasure it gave them.

"I've really missed that," Katze said, finally. "Haven't you?"

"That...was my first kiss." A little hesitantly, Daryl looked up into his eyes.

Katze was startled. "Your first? Then—"

"Yes. I was still a virgin when I was modified."

Katze shook his head. "That should be a fucking crime. I'm sorry, Daryl." Then he leaned down, cradling the boy's face between his hands and kissing him again, this time even more gently.

"The only sexual experience I've really had...is with Riki," Daryl confessed.

"With...Riki?"

He nodded. "Sometimes Iason makes me...do things to him."

"That pervert," Katze remarked, with a laugh.

"Katze? Have you ever...since—"

The eunuch shook his head, his eyes shining. "No."

"If you want to...maybe we could just...lie together. We don't have to do anything."

Katze smiled. "If I want to? I definitely want to." He hooked a finger into Daryl's front pants pocket. "So...lead the way."

They went back into the penthouse, and as they passed the Master bedroom, Katze put his arms around Daryl from behind.

"Wait," he whispered.

They could hear Riki's moans, their intensity betraying his imminent release, and then Katze squeezed Daryl tightly when the mongrel finally climaxed, his cries sending shudders through them both. They continued on to Daryl's room, but as soon as they were inside, Katze saw that he was crying.

"Hey," he whispered. "What's this?"

"You know what it is."

Katze gathered him in his arms.

"Come on now. You can't torment yourself like this. The things in life you can't do anything about, you just gotta let them go. And you can still feel pleasure. I'll show you."

"You will?"

"Yes. Right now."

Katze bent down and kissed him again, running his hands slowly down his back, then moving under his shirt to touch his bare skin.

Daryl gasped at the warm touch of his hands on his back, wanting more, and wanting to touch Katze. He slid his hands up his chest, infatuated by his firm muscles.

"Take off your shirt," Katze whispered.

Hesitating, the boy looked down, ashamed. "I have...scars."

Katze smiled, pointing to his face.

"So do I. Now take off your shirt."

Daryl obeyed, and then Katze did likewise, and for a long time they just stood together thus, kissing and exploring one another. Daryl felt like he couldn't get enough of him, running his hands up and down his beautifully sculpted upper body.

"You're like a god," he said softly.

Katze laughed. "Yeah, that's me. I'm a total god." He moved his hands down Daryl's chest, sliding them across his abdomen to his waist. "You're beautiful, too." He tugged suggestively on his pants. "I want to see all of you."

"No!" Daryl pushed him away. "I'm not ready. I can't!"

Katze gathered him up in his arms again. “Hey. It’s okay. We don’t have to, if you don’t want to. But you don’t have anything to be ashamed of around me, right? You’re going to look normal to me.”

The eunuch nodded, eyes averted.

“Let’s just lie down.” Katze got on the bed, holding out his hand to Daryl, who lay down next to him, trembling. “Don’t be scared, love.” He pulled him close, stroking his hair.

Having never been addressed as “love” by anyone, Daryl felt, at that moment, the happiest he had ever felt in his life. And that night he learned, from Katze’s loving caresses and kisses and gentle embrace, that intimacy, and love, are free for anyone who dares to claim them, that true intimacy comes not just from sexual prowess or the possession of a functioning organ, but from bridging the spaces between two individuals—all the torments, fears, and secret shame that keep people apart—and that, because he could love in this way, he was still a man after all.



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Art by Tata

15

Submission

One week later.

RIKI STARED AT THE GOLD-PLATED COLLAR and chain set in disbelief. On front of the collar and on both handcuffs, engraved prominently in bold relief, were the initials **IM**.

Iason Mink.

“I’m not wearing them,” he announced.

“Riki, Master Iason says you are to be ready by 1:00. You really don’t have a choice—you have to wear them.”

“I said I’m not fucking wearing them!” Riki shouted. There was no way. No bloody way under heaven or hell he would be carted around like a piece of property, branded as the toy of Iason Mink.

Daryl was beside himself with anxiety. “If you don’t put them on, you know what’s going to happen. This Exhibit—this is a *big* deal. All the Elite go, and if you’re not ready, if you make Master Iason miss the opening ceremony—”

“Master Iason can go fuck himself, and all the bleeding Elite, too! This is bullshit! I’ll not be put in chains like some stinking animal!”

“You should be proud to be Sir Iason’s pet,” Daryl scolded. “He’s the most respected Blondie in all of Tanagura—no, in the entire sector. Have you any idea how many pets would give anything to be in your place?”

Riki scowled. “That’s because they’re all mindless trash who don’t know what the hell they want.”

“Riki, *please*. It’s getting late. You know how he can be when he’s angry. He’ll force you. You know he will. He’ll beat you until you submit to him.”

Now Riki buried his face in his hands. “I can’t. I just can’t, Daryl. You don’t understand.”

“No, I don’t, because we both know you’re going to the Exhibit whether you want to or not. Master Iason always has his way. You know that! And if he has to put those chains on you while you’re kicking and screaming, he will. So why put yourself through that? Do you really want another beating? I’m warning you—when he’s really angry, I mean truly angry, he has a merciless arm. I don’t know if you’ve ever really seen it—you might *think* you have, but I’ve watched him, and he mostly holds back with you. You don’t want to feel his fury unrestrained. You don’t, Riki.”

Now the dark-haired mongrel fell silent, frowning.

“Hold out your arm,” Daryl encouraged, softly.

Riki looked at the open cuff in his hands and shook his head.

Daryl sighed with exasperation.

“He’ll be here any moment. Please, Riki. *Please!*” Then, when Riki made no reply, he let his arms drop to his sides, the chains clanking loudly on the floor. “He’s going to be furious.”

As if on cue, the door hummed open and in walked Master Iason, who, taking in the scene, stopped in his tracks. “Daryl,” he scolded, sharply. “I told you to have him ready by 1:00.”

“Don’t blame it on him. I’m not going. Not...wearing *those*.” Arms crossed on his chest, Riki stared at Iason defiantly.

An inexplicable look swept across the Blondie’s face and for a moment he was silent. “Pet. You will put those chains on, and you will put them on *now*.” Iason’s voice was harsh, betraying his impatience.

Riki glared back at him, putting his hands on his hips. “There’s no bloody way, Iason, you’re getting me to wear those.”

Striding towards him, Iason reached out and grabbed him by the hair, pulling his head back and whipping off his glove with his teeth. “You *dare* defy me, Riki,” he whispered, then struck him, hard, across the face. The mongrel stared back at him obstinately and Iason struck him again. “Obey me, pet!”

“I’m not your fucking pet.”

This last remark was ill-received by the already enraged Blondie. He released him; the immediate, punishing restriction of his pet ring brought Riki to his knees.



﴿ Riki's Taming ﴾

Art by Tata

“You most certainly *are* my pet,” Iason hissed. “I’ll drive that fact into your very marrow.”

He turned sharply on his heels and went to the bar, where he opened a rarely used cabinet and withdrew what appeared to be a long, somewhat stiff rod, holding it up to show Riki.

“This is a taming stick, pet. You’re about to be tamed.”

In a few short steps, Iason was at Riki’s side, lifting him up and pushing his face up against the wall, pinning his hands over his head with one hand. Yanking down the mongrel’s pants to reveal his bare flesh, the Blondie proceeded to strike him mercilessly, furiously, at the same time tormenting him with the punishing constriction and pain of the pet ring.

The taming stick had no fancy technology, no protective buffering system, no variable settings—it was just old-fashioned, brutal punishment, saved for the most rebellious, disobedient D-class pets—though typically used much earlier in the taming process. But for Riki, nearly twenty months under the management of his Master had failed to curb his recurring recalcitrance, and Iason—who considered the taming stick somewhat barbaric—was completely fed up with his pet’s obstinacy and defiance.

Daryl had backed away, holding his hands up to his ears, unable to listen to the sound of Riki’s utter anguish. He was terrified of Iason, who almost seemed to have an aura around him, so intense was his fury, his arm whipping back and striking relentlessly, his jaw set so angrily, his robe swirling with the rhythmic movement of his body. He knew his Blondie Master would be angry, but that didn’t change the terror he felt when witnessing it, nor lessen his pity for the dark-haired mongrel, who, by now, fully regretted his disobedience.

When at length the punishment stopped, Riki slid to the floor, curling into a ball as he sobbed incessantly.

“Who do you belong to, Riki?” Iason asked quietly.

Through broken sobs, his pet finally answered, “I belong...to you...Master.”

Iason turned to Daryl. “Clean him up. Then get those chains on him. I’ve got to change.”

Punishing Riki had made him break out into a sweat, and now he had to step into the shower to make himself presentable again for the Exhibit. He deeply resented this delay; now it was quite certain they would miss the opening ceremony. His anger with his pet had still not quite abated, although once he was clean and dry again, he began to feel a little cooler.

He returned to the great hall to find Riki finally ready; his arms were chained together with cuffs, and a long chain hung from his collar, attached to a cuff which Iason slipped onto his right wrist, snapping it shut angrily.

“Daryl. Bring me the taming stick and the belt.”

The boy obeyed, retrieving the belt and sheath from the bar cabinet. Iason fastened the belt around his waist and slid the stick into its sheath. Riki eyed it apprehensively but said nothing.

“Listen to me, Riki. If you misbehave in any way, I’ll tame you in the presence of everyone there. Is that understood?”

His pet nodded, his spirit now entirely broken.

“I mean it. There will be many important people there—including Raoul, by the way. We’ll be going to his exhibit.”

Riki’s confusion was evident in his expression. He blinked, shaking his head slightly. “His...exhibit?”

“Yes, pet. Raoul happens to be one of the greatest artists in Tanagura—some even say of our age. I guess there’s no reason why you should have known that. But he’s highly respected—don’t even think of starting a scene with him there. It doesn’t matter what’s happened before. This is his arena. Do you hear me?”

“Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Iason.”

“Try again.”

Riki sighed, defeated. “Yes...Master.”

“In public, you will *only* address me as Master. Is that quite clear?”

Riki nodded, ruminating on this new information and trying to reconcile the puzzling contradiction of Raoul, the monster whom he abhorred, with Raoul, the great artist who everyone respected. He shot a few glances at Iason and could tell he was still annoyed.

Riding with him on the way to the Emporium was torture. He hated when his Master was angry with him, and he had never been quite like this. The Blondie continued to be harsh with him, scolding him the entire way, treating him as though he had just arrived in Eos and none of the nearly twenty months of intimacy between them had even taken place.

“Stop sulking,” Iason said, sharply. “We’re almost there.”

Wanting to snap back a reply but knowing full well the dire consequences of such folly, Riki sunk down in his seat, dreading the next few hours.

“Did you hear me? Wipe that look off your face.”

Riki looked out the window to avoid the Blondie’s scrutiny. Iason brought the vehicle to a stop and put it into park with an angry thrust, reaching out to grab his chin, turning his face back to him.

“You’re not listening to me.”

Then, suddenly, he entered the codes to darken the windows and recline the seat, which moved back and extended until they were on a flat surface. Riki looked at him in alarm, fearing more discipline under the taming stick. But when he saw Iason unfastening his trouser flap, he realized what the Blondie had in mind.

The look in his eyes was unfamiliar—there was lust, certainly, but more than that, there was still anger, and something else Riki couldn’t quite discern. And then he was coming at him, flipping him onto his stomach with his chained hands above his head.

He cringed when Iason lowered his pants with a furious yank. He felt the Blondie press against him briefly and then, before he even had a chance to comprehend that he was taking him completely unprepared, the Blondie covered his mouth with his gloved hand to mask his cries and plunged fully into him. His Master then took him with punishing force, nothing short of complete rape.

“You most certainly *are* my pet,” he whispered in his ear fiercely, “my *fucking* pet, as you so eloquently put it—and I’ll fuck you any time I want, any way I want. You’ll obey me, Riki. I’ll make you obey me. Do you hear me? Don’t you *ever* defy me like that again—ever! When I tell you to do something, you’ll do it. No argument, no tantrums—how does this feel? Would you like me to take you like this

every day? Not what you had in mind, I think? When you're in the Exhibit and you feel my essence still in you, stinging you, gravity pulling the wetness down between your legs, you'll think about how I took you like this, and how I'll do it again in a heartbeat—even harder than this—if you *ever dare defy me again*.”

Riki was shaking with fear. The pain of Iason's forced entry was worsened by the excruciating tenderness of his punished flesh, but more than this, he felt paralyzed by his Master's fury.

“You have no idea what I could do to you, Riki, if you push me. Don't test me; I guarantee you won't like it. You think you won't submit, but I'll *make* you submit, pet, I'll do whatever it takes—spank you, whip you, lock you up, chain you, bind you, rape you with my taming stick—until you bend to my will. I'll break you, Riki. Until you're on your knees, begging for mercy, and even then I won't stop, until you fully regret your disobedience.”

That Iason had worked himself into such an extreme emotional state was unusual; he typically was able to keep his composure, no matter what the circumstance. But he was still furious with Riki, and now he was extremely aroused, thoroughly enjoying taking his pet—so irresistibly submissive in chains—by force, delighting in holding him down and covering his mouth to mask his cries, savoring his pet's trembling beneath him as he whispered his threats into his ear. Riki felt incredibly tight—almost unbearably so—and the stimulation of his unprepared, unloosened embrace was enhanced by the violence of the acquisition, pushing the Blondie to new heights of sexual stimulation within a matter of minutes.

Riki had never felt so afraid of Iason before. Something about him was different; the brutal penetration, and his whispered threats, actually terrified him more than his earlier punishment.

Iason's words were alarming and at the same time, strangely hypnotic, resonating in a place deep within where a part of him was almost enchanted with the dominating force of his Blondie Master. His commands triggered an instinctive reaction to fully submit to whatever Iason desired; he wanted to submit, longed to please him, and he didn't even know why.

He found this side of Iason disconcertingly sexual, although at the moment he was too frightened to physically respond. The thick emotion in his voice, his fury, the way he took him so violently, all these things were puzzlingly erotic and intoxicating in some inexplicable way. But at the same time, he felt distanced from this new side of Iason Mink, as though he was in the presence of a new Master who he didn't really know.

The Blondie's breathing increased and by his physical cues Riki knew he was on the verge of ejaculation, and then he was there—his release announced by a series of gasps and the shaking of his body against his frightened pet.

Iason rolled off him, returning the seat to its upright position. He tossed a cloth to his pet. "Clean up," he ordered.

Riki stared at the cloth where it landed, choking back tears.

"Iason, please. Can't you forgive me now? You're really...scaring me. I'm sorry I disobeyed you. I know that was stupid. But I can't stand for you to be this way. You won't even look at me. It's like last night...and all those nights...didn't even happen. What we shared. I can't fucking stand the thought that you...don't...care for me anymore. What are you going to do, sell me off now?"

With these words, the Blondie turned and looked at his pet, his expression softening as his anger melted away, and in that instant Riki knew that his Master had forgiven him.

"Riki," he sighed. "Come here, pet."

Riki scooted closer to the Blondie, who put his arms around him, then with one hand began stroking his cheek.

"You'll always be my pet—I've told you this, many times. I'll never sell you. Just because I have to punish you, doesn't mean I don't care for you." He kissed him softly on the lips, smiling. "So. Are you going to be obedient now, my pet?"

The mongrel nodded, relieved to see the Master he recognized again.

"Good boy. Let's get going, we're late."



IASON AND RIKI ARRIVED AT THE EMPORIUM nearly an hour after the opening ceremony was scheduled to begin. As they approached the building, Riki suddenly felt a little overwhelmed, having never encountered a building quite like the one that loomed before them.

It was an architectural wonder: a massive, arena-like structure with a double row of arched windows extending its entire circumference. The entrance was guarded by two massive statues—Ios and Erphanes, the legendary warrior brothers who chose to die rather than renounce their love when confronted by the jealous military commander Jun Tahn. The inscription above the entrance read, *“In Art, Nothing Is Forbidden.”*

Riki had never seen a building that approached the Emporium in beauty or sheer magnitude, and now the orphan mongrel from the slums felt very much out of place, intimidated by this first step into the world of the Elite.

He glanced anxiously ahead at Iason, who seemed to sense his uneasiness, though he could not see his face.

“Don’t worry, pet. Nothing is expected of you except obedience. Just watch and listen, and try to enjoy yourself.”

Riki sighed, following his Master a few steps behind. The chain from his collar was still fastened to Iason’s wrist cuff, requiring him to keep pace with the Blondie’s swift stride.

Despite their late arrival, as soon as they made their entrance it became evident that the opening ceremony had been specifically delayed for Iason. Riki then became aware, perhaps for the first time, of exactly what status his Master enjoyed among the Elite and why he didn’t want to miss the opening.

It was, in the mongrel’s view, one big ass-kissing party for Iason Mink. Everyone approached him obsequiously, courting his attention, flattering him openly, and he was greeted ubiquitously with admiration and respect.

For all Iason’s fury over being delayed, it was now quite apparent to Riki that the ceremony would not have taken place—no one would have even dreamed of it—until Jupiter’s beloved golden boy arrived.

Riki had anticipated that, as Iason’s pet, he would be under intense scrutiny, but he could not have imagined how that would feel when

countless eyes explored his body openly, as though trying to determine what he looked like beneath his clothes. This was his first showing in public among the Elites who had heard rumors of the mongrel pet for over one and a half years but had never actually seen him.

The other pets were equally curious and perplexed by his dark hair and eyes, wondering why Iason had chosen a mongrel rather than an A-class pet. Everyone there had by that time heard the rumor that Iason engaged sexually with his pet, something that simply wasn't done, and the Blondie's predilection in this regard was the one thing that threatened to tarnish his otherwise perfect reputation.

Although initially Riki felt uncomfortable and exposed by all the attention he garnered, eventually he became accustomed to it. Some of the initial interest in him was starting to expire, leaving him free to engage in his own voyeuristic enterprises, and he found, in a hall full of hundreds of Blondies and other Elite, that there was plenty to look at.

Each Blondie was gorgeous in his own way, all of them sharing the same gloriously long, silky blond hair, though in many different shades—some dark gold, others nearly white, like Iason's. Yet even as Riki felt an instinctive stirring of his loins among so much incontrovertible virility, he was certain of one thing: his own Master was the most breathtaking of them all.

Iason was like a god among them, moving from one Elite to the next with a grace and poise that Riki had never witnessed in his Master before, his conversation witty and yet unrehearsed, his smile enchanting, his eyes flirtatious, blinking in an irresistible, undeniably seductive way, his soft laugh hypnotic, his voice low and smooth like that of a lover on the first night of conquest.

And Iason surprised him; he seemed to speak a multitude of languages, shifting from one tongue to another with disconcerting ease as he greeted dignitaries from throughout the sector.

In fact, the mongrel was quite overwhelmed by this new face of his Master, suddenly understanding what Daryl had been trying to tell him since he had first arrived in Tanagura. To be the pet of Iason Mink was an exceptional thing—and Riki found that, for the first time, he was a bit proud of his status as his pet.

The chains that he had endured so much punishment to avoid wearing now almost seemed comforting to him, visible proof of his special connection to Tanagura's most highly respected Blondie. All the other pets were in chains, but now Riki realized that only *his* chains were initialed, and gold.

Although Iason had not spoken to him since their arrival, Riki felt that his Master was aware of him; he sometimes seemed to move deliberately close to him, so close that the mongrel was tormented by the intoxicating smell of his hair. Every now and then he would pull gently on the chain between them, as though urging him even closer.

And because he knew Iason so well, he felt the Blondie was communicating with him through these seemingly insignificant actions. At one point he pulled Riki close and let his hand rest for a moment low on his back, sending his heart racing.

And then he finally leaned down, whispering in his ear, "you're being very good, pet."

The "opening ceremony" lasted an absolute eternity, from the mongrel's perspective, the Blondies all seeming to share Iason's penchant for fine wine, flattery, and aristocratic banter.

Just as Riki was beginning to feel unbearably bored, the "opening" was announced in a few brief words, and everyone began moving into the corridors that led to the halls of the exhibits.

This seemed to signal an end to the light-hearted socialization, the Elite now approaching the exhibits as though entering the tomb of an ancient king—solemnly and quietly, but for the eerie clanking and jangling of countless pet chains. The Blondies dispersed throughout the exhibit halls, conversation now in hushed tones.

Iason, now disengaged from his social responsibilities, began talking with Riki in a low voice.

"Remember why we've come here, Riki. Take a look around and tell me what you like."

The mongrel sighed, a little loudly, to suggest his complete disinterest in such a project, yet found that he was actually drawn to the exhibits, not a little flattered that Iason wanted his opinion.

No one had ever asked for his opinion before, had ever wanted to know how he responded intellectually and viscerally to a work of art,



☞ Tanagura's Leading Artist ☞ Raoul at the Emporium ☞
Art by Tata

and the orphan from the slums was, deep within, excited to have his perspective so valued. He passed the first few exhibits with little interest, and then suddenly stopped in front of one that appeared to be an ancient mural of some kind, its edges chipped and eroded, and the paint faded and peeling. It depicted a child reaching down innocently to pet a snarling animal.

“This is...interesting,” he remarked.

“Actually, this is from the archeological dig at Minas Qentu. Technically it’s an artifact, or maybe you could call it buried art,” Iason explained, with a smile. “It should really be in a museum somewhere; it’s quite splendid. Do you like it?”

Riki nodded.

The Blondie entered his code on the panel next to the exhibit, the purchase screen now reading: *Sold: Iason Mink*.

Next Riki pointed out a massive but simple clay pot with a round shape he found appealing, and then several life-size sculptures of ancient warriors, some illuminated manuscripts from the Lost Age, a dragon-headed prow and painted shields from the barbarian culture of Urasia, and an intricately engraved ivory spell box recovered from the tomb of King Chunamenkahn; Iason purchased all of these as well.

“You seem to be drawn to ancient civilizations,” the Blondie commented, rather fascinated with his pet’s choices. “I’m beginning to understand what you like. What do you think of this one, Riki?”

The mongrel stared at the abstract painting before him for a moment, hesitant.

“What is it?” Iason whispered, with a smile.

“Do you want my honest opinion?”

“Most definitely.”

“This isn’t really art,” he answered.

Laughing softly, the Blondie leaned close to him. “I quite agree with you, but let’s keep quiet about it—that’s the artist over there by the window.”

Then, the tone of his voice changed. “I think we’re coming to Raoul’s exhibit next,” he announced, looking at the Exhibit map. “This is just a reminder to be on your *best* behavior, Riki.”

The dark-haired mongrel nodded, steeling himself for an encounter with his nemesis. But nothing could have prepared him for what happened next.

As they entered the exhibit, his eyes were immediately drawn to the huge painting that was prominently displayed on the main wall. He gasped, unable to believe what he was seeing.

The painting was called *Ios and Erphanes*, and it depicted the final moments of the ill-fated lovers, who chose to die together rather than renounce their love. In the legend, the brothers made love on the beach as the tides came in, then Erphanes took poison into his mouth and shared it with Ios in a last kiss. Because of the intensity of their love at the moment of their death, they were transformed into the twin moons that then forever ruled the tides of Amoi.

What was shocking about it, from Riki's perspective, was that it was basically a nude rendering of Iason and Raoul.

Raoul had captured Iason exactly, the hollows of his muscles, his languid sensuality, his perfectly sculpted body and angelically beautiful face. Ios lay on the beach, his body glistening wet as the tide rolled against him, looking as though he had just climaxed—eyes closed, lips slightly parted—a look Riki had seen many times.

Erphanes was on his side, propped up on one arm, looking down intently at his lover, the vial of poison clenched in his hand. It was, perhaps, the most beautiful thing the dark-haired mongrel had ever seen in his life—and impossible that it had been painted by Raoul.

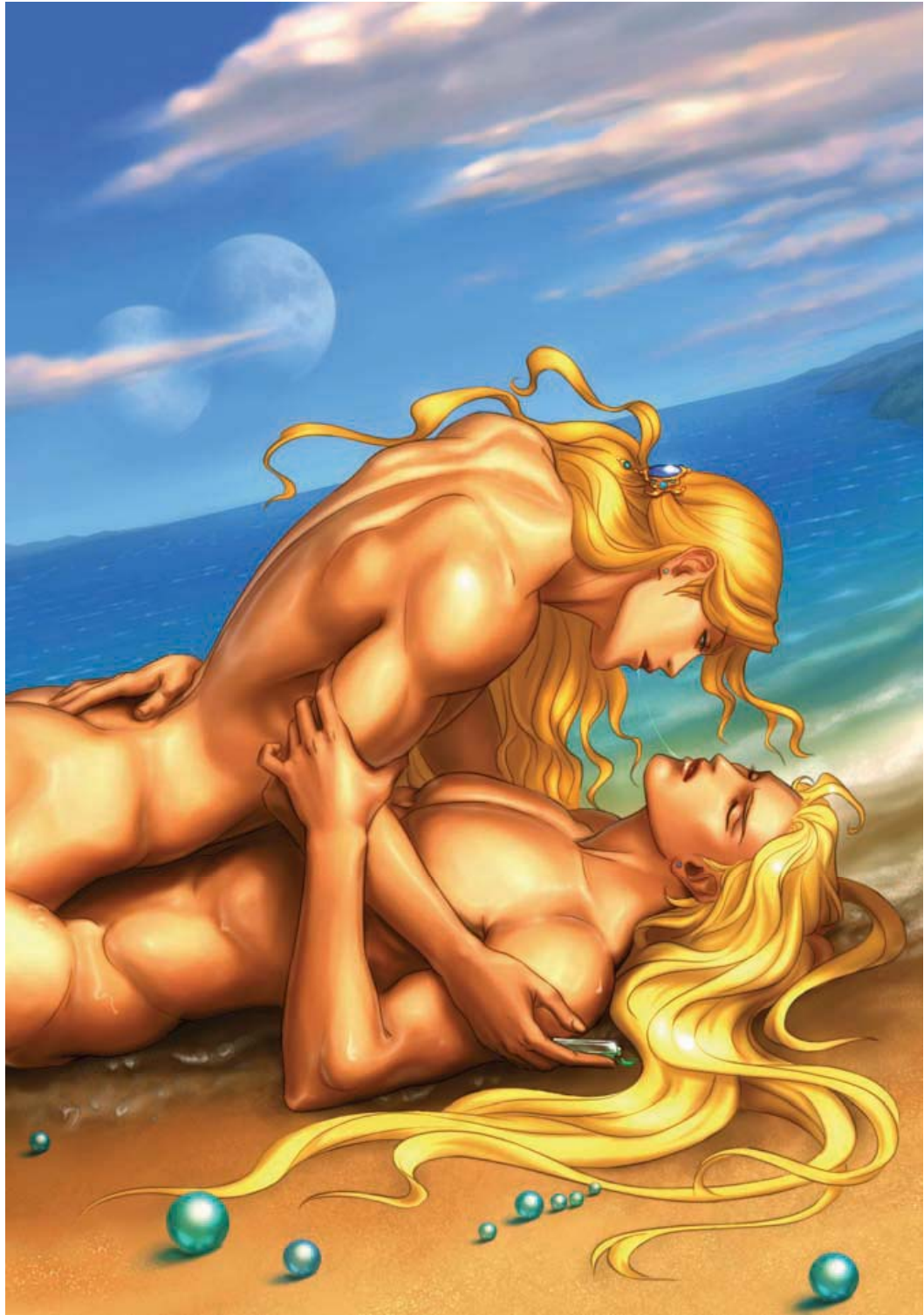
When Iason saw the painting, he stopped in his tracks, then sighed, annoyed. The last thing he wanted was to have his naked body paraded before all of Tanagura. Already the painting had attracted considerable attention, though at the extraordinary price of two million credits, no one had yet purchased it.

Raoul approached him with a slight smile. "So. What do you think?"

"You could have asked my permission, Raoul," Iason whispered, somewhat exasperated.

The Blondie frowned. "You...don't like it?"

"As a piece of art, it's stunning—brilliant—as your work always is, Raoul. You know exactly what my problem with it is. Now I'll have to purchase this, just to keep it out of the wrong hands."



© Ios and Erphanes ❖ Raoul's Painting ❖
Art by Tata

Riki, hearing this, almost smiled. So it was a different story when his Master had *his* sexuality publicly exposed.

Now Raoul leaned close to Iason. “You don’t have to purchase it. I’ll give it to you,” he offered, “in exchange for one night in your bed.”

Iason fell silent, considering. He wanted the painting—mostly because he felt uncomfortable about it, a feeling he was quite unaccustomed to—but also, he had to concede, it was indisputably a masterpiece. Even at the exorbitant price of two million credits, he knew someone would purchase it before the day was over.

One night. It would not be unpleasant...and perhaps, it would even restore something that had broken down between them—not that he intended to become Raoul’s lover again.

Riki heard the proposition with disbelief, yet fully expecting Iason to immediately decline. When the Blondie seemed to be considering the offer, he became increasingly agitated. Surely Iason wasn’t going to accept. A dark, irrepressible jealousy began to rise from deep within, his heart pounding as he waited for Iason’s answer.

“One night,” Iason agreed.

Raoul smiled, thrilled beyond words, already feeling aroused just knowing he would finally have his way with his old pairing partner. He couldn’t resist glancing triumphantly at Riki, who had watched the exchange with horror.

Riki felt as though he’d been physically hit. Despite all of Iason’s warnings and threats and his brutal punishment only hours before, he was unable to contain his raging jealousy.

“No! Iason, no! You can’t!” His voice echoed through the hushed exhibit, drawing everyone’s attention.

Iason whipped around. “Silence, Riki!”

“Not with him. Iason! Not with that fucking perverted bastard!” Riki gestured at Raoul with obvious hatred.

Shocked gasps followed this plea, from Blondies and pets alike. That the mongrel pet addressed his Master so familiarly was inappropriate in and of itself, but his demanding tone was inexcusable, and then, to insult a Blondie—particularly a great artist like Raoul—was completely unthinkable. Everyone watched to see how Iason would handle the situation.

“Your pet needs taming, Iason,” Raoul observed, quietly, hands crossed on his chest.

To those watching, it was perhaps the understatement of the year.

Iason sighed and pulled the taming stick from its sheath, turning to Raoul. “What will satisfy you?”

“Fifteen strikes on exposed flesh.”

Fifteen strikes. And exposed. A bit harsh; and yet Iason knew it was completely within the realm of acceptable punishment given his pet’s transgression in a public place—at the Tanagura Art Exhibit no less. And not to honor an offended party’s decision for punishment wasn’t even an option.

But Iason knew that it would be torture for Riki, given the discipline he had already endured just hours before. His heart went out to his unruly pet, who was about to experience nothing short of true agony and who, Iason knew, would be devastated by the humiliation of being exposed and tamed in public. He had warned Riki so many times...why hadn’t he listened? The Blondie could not save him from his punishment; his reputation was at stake. He had no choice but to correct his pet for his inconceivable disobedience.

“Pet!” Iason admonished, his voice harsh and uncompromising, “for your disobedience in addressing a Blondie so disrespectfully, you’ll take fifteen strikes.”

Grabbing hold of Riki’s arm, he yanked down his pants to his knees, his already punished backside now revealed for all to see, eliciting a few gasps of surprise and—from the watching pets—horror. Angry welts covered the mongrel’s buttocks and thighs, a sight that was extraordinarily pleasing to Raoul, who was taking in the scene with utter delight, unable to suppress an arrogantly satisfied smile.

Riki, now realizing his stupidity, yet still angry and jealous over Iason’s arrangement with Raoul, added mortification to his repertoire of unhappy emotions when he was exposed in front of a gathering crowd of onlookers. His humiliation was short-lived; when the first strike hit his thighs, he was overcome with agonizing pain, crying out in a voice so piercing that many of the pets there looked away, unable to watch his torment.

“One.”

Raoul's voice penetrated through his consciousness, adding to his agony. That Raoul was counting the strikes as Iason administered them was like pouring vinegar on his wounds.

"Two."

"Three."

"Four."

The pets watched Iason wield the taming stick in absolute horror, the Blondies with admiration; his arm whipped back with firm purpose, striking Riki with unfettered force, the mongrel's anguished cries validating the authenticity of his discipline.

"Five."

"Six."

"Seven."

"Eight."

Iason wanted desperately to end the punishment and gather his pet into his arms, when strike after strike elicited heart-wrenching cries from his beloved Riki.

"Nine."

"Ten."

"Eleven."

It seemed as though fifteen strikes was an eternity. Out of pity, Iason began aiming the taming stick lower down on his thighs where his pet was less tender.

"Twelve."

"Thirteen."

"Fourteen."

Riki was beyond agony; he was now transported to a place so terrible, his mind was darkening and he felt ready to pass out.

"Fifteen."

The final strike having been delivered, Iason released his hold on Riki, sliding the taming stick back into his sheath firmly. His punishment of Riki was probably the best thing he could have done to restore—at least temporarily—his reputation when it came to his mongrel pet. He had not hesitated to discipline his unruly charge, thus curbing many of the rumors that had been circulating regarding his special treatment of the mongrel.

At least in the minds of those watching, Iason had responded exactly as he should have, perhaps even more severely than many Masters would. The fact that he carried a taming stick, and had obviously used it earlier that day, appeased the doubts of some regarding the relationship between Iason and his pet. Some Blondies there contemplated resurrecting the practice of carrying taming sticks, following his example—a rather unnecessary measure given docile obedience of most pets.

When at last the punishment ceased and Iason released him, Riki fell to his knees, hands on the floor, shaking. He was unable to even pull up his trousers and did not even notice when Iason crouched down beside him and helped him with this. He became aware of his Master's voice, but could not understand what he said. Slowly, his senses started to return to him and he realized that Iason was whispering in his ear.

"Get up now, pet. It's over."

"Help me," he whispered. "I can't...."

"Open your mouth," he said softly, "try to swallow this." Out of compassion for his pet, Iason was slipping him an Opiate-6, having a supply that he typically carried with him because of his recurring headaches. Riki choked the pill down, vaguely wondering what it was, but feeling too disoriented to ask. Already his own body's opiates were starting to kick in and his pain was starting to dissipate, although as he began to comprehend where he was and what had just occurred, the humiliation of it hit him full force.

"Can we go home?" he pleaded.

"No, pet. No one is watching you now. Soon you'll be feeling much better, I promise."

With his Master's help, the mongrel stood up. Then he suddenly buried his face in his chest, clinging to him, a comfort that the Blondie allowed him, stroking his hair for a few minutes.

Raoul was beside himself with pure joy over what had just transpired—the punishment of Riki in such a deliciously brutal way, on top of Iason's promise to give him one night of pleasure. His heart was racing and he was already fantasizing about what he would do.

Everything had worked out exactly as he had planned and he felt vindicated beyond his wildest dreams. Not only was he desperate to satisfy all his long-harbored sexual longings when it came to Iason, but he now knew that doing so would infuriate the mongrel he hated so much.

He watched Riki's suffering and obvious difficulty in getting back on his feet with dark satisfaction, although he felt a little annoyed when Iason began comforting him. Still, that couldn't spoil his utter triumph. He'd won.

When Iason finally turned to meet his gaze, he managed to wipe the smile off his face. "So...tonight?" he asked, hopefully.

"Not tonight," Iason answered. He fully intended to pleasure Riki in whatever way he could to make up for what had turned out to be an extraordinarily bad day for his beloved pet. "And not tomorrow. Let's make it Midweek."

A little disappointed at having to wait two days, Raoul frowned. Still, he would finally have an entire night with Iason—a night in which he could prove himself to his old lover. He felt sure he would be able to win back the Blondie's heart, once he had him in bed again. Having to wait a little longer—just two days, after all—was nothing in comparison to the twenty years he had already waited.

He attempted to hide his impatience with a small smile. "What time should I come by? 8:00?"

"8:00 is fine. I'll see you then."

Riki, hearing this exchange, gave a little sob, and the Blondie smiled, thrilled with his pet's transparent jealousy, and his now truly submissive way of showing it. But, not wanting Riki to suffer any more, he moved away from Raoul's exhibit.

With a smile of victory, Raoul punched his own codes for the sale of Ios and Erphanes, and then keyed it in as a gift, the purchase screen now reading: *Sold. Raoul Am. For Iason Mink.*

Mercifully, the dark-haired mongrel was starting to feel the effects of the A-class opiate derivative, his pain subsiding, and, in short order, the relief extending further into downright pleasure. He felt extraordinarily grateful for Iason's compassion in giving him what he now realized was a potent, kick-ass painkiller, though the opiate

could not reach the pain in his heart. He looked up at the Blondie with a little smile.

“Feeling better?” Iason asked, then laughed softly at Riki’s expression—his eyes glowing with pleasure and his mouth twisted in a lopsided smile.

“What did you give me?” he whispered.

The Blondie leaned down. “An Opiate-6.”

“I love you forever for that.”

Iason felt his heart race a little faster, though he knew his pet did not mean the words in the way he wished. Still, it was the closest the mongrel had ever come to saying the words he so desperately wanted to hear, and he smiled, delighted.

The rest of the afternoon passed without incident; they made quite a few more purchases and then finally returned home, both of them quiet during the ride back to the Eos tower. Iason looked over and saw that Riki had fallen asleep from the powerful effect of the drug.

He carried him inside, all the way from the parking garage to the penthouse on the top floor, the dark-haired mongrel completely limp in his arms.

Daryl immediately greeted him at the door, apprehending Riki’s lifeless form with alarm.

“He’s only sleeping,” Iason murmured.

He carried him into his own room, laying him down on the bed, and let him sleep until he finally woke up, well into the next day.



RIKI OPENED HIS EYES AND LOOKED AROUND, feeling disoriented, and wondering how he got in his bed. The events of the previous day slowly cleared the fog of his mind, and he began to relive the horrors of his double punishment, the rape, and Iason’s arrangement with Raoul. Mercifully, the opiate his Master had given him was still in effect, and he only felt a little pain. He got up, and went out into the great hall.

Iason was standing before the enormous window in the bar area, staring out at the rain that poured down on the city. Unlike many, the

Blondie loved the rain, finding the sound of it soothing—cleansing, somehow. As a boy, Iason had often deliberately walked in the rain, which had earned him countless reprimands by Headmaster Konami, who claimed the rain would make him ill.

Of course, he rarely suffered from any sort of infirmity, even after spending hours in the rain, and he remembered now that he always secretly looked forward to the Headmaster's gentle scolding, the warm quilt thrown over his shoulders as he shivered, wet and cold, by the fire in his private chambers, and the hot cocoa that he always seemed to have ready for him, as if somehow knowing, any time it rained, that Iason would go out in it, despite his admonitions.

"You're a foolish boy, Iason," Headmaster Konami would say. "How many times must I tell you not to go walking in the rain?"

"It invigorates me," Iason would argue.

"I suppose you are going to do just as you please, even if it means you'll spend the rest of the week in bed. You dripped water all the way down the dormitory hall. Haven't you a care someone might slip and fall? I ought to turn you over my knee, naughty boy."

Smiling, Iason would sip his cocoa, enjoying the Headmaster's attention, knowing full well he would not truly be punished. He remembered one time in particular, when Headmaster Konami had been especially exasperated after sending Yousi after a fresh set of clothes for him.

"Where is that boy? I asked him ten minutes ago to bring you dry clothes, how long can it possibly take?" the Headmaster had sighed, shaking his head. "If he's into mischief again I'll give him a whipping he'll never forget." Then he looked directly at Iason, his expression softening a bit. "Of all my students, *you* should know better, Iason. I expect great things from you. But if you persist in defying common sense you are going to wind up in serious trouble one day."

"You expect great things of *me*, Headmaster?" Iason had been genuinely surprised at this declaration, because it was well-known the Headmaster was quick to reprimand and slow to praise.

"Yes. And I'll tell you something, which you should tell no one else. Jupiter favors you. She has put you on the Syndicate track. Do you know what that means?"

Wide-eyed, the young boy had nodded, hardly able to believe his ears. "That means I could become Head of the Syndicate one day?"

"If you work hard and please her, yes. You are one of only a chosen few and, while nothing is certain now, Iason, I have been given strict orders to watch over you and give you special protection. That is why I am especially concerned for your safety. So, no more walking alone in the rain, getting soaked head to toe. Understood?"

It had been some years since Iason had gone walking in the rain, but always, on days like this, he found himself wondering about Headmaster Konami, and whether the great Blondie still thought of him. For Iason, like most Blondies, the Headmaster had been the closest thing to a father.

Riki's approach broke his reverie, and he turned, smiling.

"So. You're finally awake. Daryl has food ready for you; you must be rather hungry."

The mongrel nodded. He was famished, having eaten nothing since his lunch the day before. But he avoided looking directly at Iason, his feelings when it came to his Master now a confusing mix of fear and anger.

"You already missed breakfast. But I have lunch ready. It's your favorite," Daryl announced, bringing him a bowl of the steaming lamb stew he knew the mongrel loved.

"Thank you, Daryl," Riki replied, in a low voice, almost afraid to speak loudly.

Daryl noted his nervousness and hunched posture with a sharp stab of sorrow. Even though he knew it was inevitable, and he had always urged him to obey Master Iason, it was disappointing to see him finally wearing the face of submission. The poor terrorized mongrel was becoming more and more like him.

Riki ate quickly, his eyes fixed on his plate, then tried to slip out onto the balcony for a smoke.

"Riki," Iason whispered.

The mongrel stopped, afraid to turn around.

"Come here."

Slowly, Riki turned around, approaching his Master with his head bowed, instinctively trembling when Iason reached out to touch him.



☞ Iason Comforts His Pet ☞

Art by Tata

“Don’t be afraid, pet,” Iason soothed, pulling him close. He could feel Riki shaking and his heart ached for his frightened pet. “You’re not being punished now.”

The Blondie held him for a long time, gently stroking his hair until, finally, Riki gave an immense sigh, starting to feel more like himself again. He felt comforted by Iason’s gentleness, his quiet manner a stark contrast to his rather terrifying rage the day before. And there was something about the rain that was especially calming.

Bending down, the Blondie tilted his chin up with his gloved fingers and kissed him tenderly, lovingly, pulling him close against his body until he felt his pet relax and begin responding.

“I know yesterday was a hard day for you, love. But the sun has since set and risen again, and that day is gone; today I want to pleasure you. So I give myself up to you, Riki.”

Hearing this, the mongrel’s dark eyes widened. “You...give yourself up to me? You mean...like before?”

“Yes.”

“I can do...whatever I want? Anything?”

“Anything. I am yours completely.”

Riki’s heart began to race. “You’ll be my pet tonight?”

His Master laughed. “Yes, I’ll be your pet.”

Intrigued, the mongrel began probing Iason further to test the authenticity of his offer. “So, what if I wanted to use the G-strap on you? You wouldn’t get pissed off?”

The Blondie smiled. “I submit fully to your every desire.”

Excited, Riki immediately began fantasizing about what he wanted to do, becoming aroused just thinking about it. He studied him with a mischievous smile, then stepped back, crossing his arms on his chest.

“Pet! In the bedroom, now!” he commanded.

Iason obeyed, delighted with his pet’s roleplaying, and Riki followed him into the bedroom, grinning.

“Undress and lie facedown on the bed,” he ordered sternly.

With a smile, the Blondie removed his clothes and got onto the bed as Riki had instructed, and then lay on his stomach, waiting.

“Daryl!”

“Yes...Riki?” Daryl answered, rushing in and taking in the scene with a look of confusion.

“Bring me the G-strap.”

Daryl hesitated, glancing at Iason.

“Go ahead, Daryl,” the Blondie nodded.

The boy darted off to retrieve the device, shaking his head.

Riki opened a bureau drawer and removed Iason’s silk ties, snapping one taut in front of Iason’s face, and then tying his wrists to the bedposts.

Daryl returned with the G-strap, grinning when he saw Iason tied to the bed. He couldn’t wait to find out from Riki later exactly what was going on.

Riki flipped his wrist almost angrily, activating the G-strap with an intimidating crack. “Pet. You’re going to be punished for no particular reason. Just because I fucking feel like it. And then I’m going to fuck you, or maybe I’ll come on your face. Or maybe both.”

Iason smiled at his pet’s speech, thoroughly enjoying the game thus far. When the punishment began, he felt a little less amused, but was determined to submit fully to whatever Riki wanted as he had promised. The Blondie bore the discipline of the G-strap with typical stoicism, his face betraying no hint of pain, except a slight furrow between his eyebrows and the parting of his lips.

Riki found, once he had the G-strap in his hands and Iason’s prostrate body waiting for punishment, that all his anguish and anger was funneled into the force of his discipline. He really let him have it. He knew the Blondie felt it, even if he made no sound.

He was furious with Iason for his “one night” arrangement with Raoul—which would probably end up being one night of fucking nonstop until daylight. He felt jealous, betrayed, hurt, angry, bewildered, and, most of all, stupid. Stupid for falling in love with the Blondie, with someone who he would never be on the same footing with and who could agree to spend the night with Raoul without even giving a thought to his feelings.

“I’ve punished you so far just because you deserve it generally,” he clarified, “but *this* is for your little fuck-fest plans with Raoul.”

With that, Riki put the whole force of his body behind the G-strap, punishing his Master with all the strength he could muster.

There was no question that Iason was thoroughly strapped. A little surprised with the mongrel's enthusiasm, he quietly endured the pain of the punishment, becoming increasingly aware of the G-strap's supplementary magic. Eventually he became so aroused that he no longer even thought about the pain; all he wanted was sexual release—he craved it, desperately needed it, and in his torment began moaning, thrusting into the bed.

Riki noted his movement and flipped off the G-strap. “Stop doing that. You can't come yet.”

Iason clenched his teeth. “Riki. I need—”

“Hush! You'll come when I say you can come, and not a bloody moment before!”

The Blondie fell silent. He didn't want to spoil Riki's moment but he had an inkling he might spontaneously ejaculate without even trying. He tried to think of something non-arousing—the upcoming Alpha Zen Trade Convention. He needed to contact Xuri Bellicar regarding the menu for the annual meeting, the fish sounded excellent but he wasn't so sure about the side dishes, he didn't care much for heavy sauces, and what he *really* needed was to press himself up against Riki's mouth and watch him lick the head just like that, and then thrust just a little bit into his mouth, yes—exactly like that—his essence spraying onto his hot wet tongue....

Riki had undressed and now was lifting Iason's hips. “Get on your knees...spread your legs a little more.”

Iason obeyed and then gasped when he felt the mongrel's tongue flicking along his most sensitive region, exploring the entire area between his portal to his manhood, then thrusting enticingly into him, the hot wetness inside him unbearably erotic. He longed for Riki to pump him or—better yet—take him into his mouth and let him release his hot lust onto his twitching tongue. He yanked on the ties, now a little irritated.

“Riki,” he gasped. “I need you now. I must insist. I am just on the verge. You've toyed with me long enough—please relieve me now.”

The dark-haired mongrel stopped what he was doing and smiled, realizing that Iason had reached his limit.

“Oh, all right,” he answered, not wanting to jeopardize the rest of their session by annoying his Master.

He flipped onto his back and slid between Iason’s legs to position himself under him. Excited, the Blondie lowered his hips until he felt his rigid member bump up against Riki’s mouth. With devastating skill, the mongrel now pleased him in exactly the way he knew he wanted it, swirling his tongue erotically along the head and sucking gently on the tip as Iason began small thrusts into his wet embrace.

Riki’s hot mouth and quivering tongue provided the fatal stimulation—Iason groaned, giving a final thrust as his seed burst into the mongrel’s mouth, the exquisite release so intense that he cried out loudly, as if in pain.

Thrilled with his impassioned vocalization, so rarely tendered, and now acutely feeling the urgency of his own arousal, Riki moved behind the Blondie, pushing himself up against his portal in tantalizing little thrusts, each time sliding a little further in, until finally he sank into him completely, moaning from the incredible pleasure of his twitching grip and the utter loveliness of the fuck.

He loved taking Iason. More than anyone else in his entire life...even Guy. And he *almost* felt the previous day’s punishment and trials were all worth it for this one moment, this one delicious, wickedly sweet intimate moment with Iason. Gasping from the provocative squeezes of the Blondie’s inner sanctum, he climaxed with an intensity too beautiful for words.

Afterwards, he untied Iason and they both lay together, quiet.

“Did I hurt you?” he asked, finally.

“A little,” Iason conceded.

“Good.” The mongrel smiled.

Iason laughed softly. “I see. So, you wanted to hurt me for punishing you. I suppose you feel vindicated.”

“Not for punishing me. That’s not why. Not completely, anyway.”

“No?”

“Don’t you know?” Riki felt a little annoyed. “Didn’t you hear what I told you? It’s because you’re going to let that bastard fuck you

tomorrow. Or have you forgotten why I got my ass caned in front of a billion gawking Blondies?”

Iason laughed softly, once again getting no small thrill from his pet's jealousy.

“There's nothing fucking funny about it. Dammit, Iason.”

“I've told you. This is just...a business arrangement.”

Now Riki sat up, angry. “A business arrangement? Are you completely out of your mind? He's not coming over here to talk about your bleeding security grid. He's coming over here to fuck you in every perverted way possible. And you knew how I felt about him. You *knew*. Have you even thought about how I'll feel when I have to watch him take you into this room and then know he's fucking you right here on this bed and there's nothing I can do about it? I think you deliberately torment me.”

“Does this mean,” Iason pressed, “that you have feelings for me?”

The mongrel shot him a dark look, refusing to answer.

“Come here.” The Blondie pulled him back down on the bed and then held him tight from behind. “You're the one I want to be with,” he whispered in his ear. “You're the one I care about, pet.”

Riki sighed, somewhat comforted by these words but still angry, and now realizing how much he was dreading the following day. He closed his eyes, trying to wish it away.

Serendipity

THE NEXT DAY, IASON'S ACQUISITIONS from the Tanagura Art Exhibit began arriving at the penthouse. The Blondie appeared to be in especially high spirits as he oversaw the placement of the new works of art throughout the dwelling. Iason had a special fondness for art and had always insisted on having the very best that credits could buy. He had spent over two million at the Emporium and didn't regret a single credit.

Thrilled with his mongrel's surprisingly sophisticated taste, he had purchased every item Riki had pointed out without hesitating, his own preferences completely consonant with his pet's, and his extensive experience in collecting assuring him that all of the objects would only increase in value.

Iason's penchant for art acquisition was such that he had often thought of opening his own museum; for some years he had toyed with approaching Jupiter about it—he would, of course, be forced to name the museum after her to elicit her support and an increase in his credit portfolio.

Riki, in contrast to his Blondie Master, was in a decidedly somber mood that day, spending most of his time out on the balcony, smoking and brooding. Eventually Iason came out of the penthouse, standing just outside the door that led onto the balcony, a glass of wine in hand.

"Riki. Come here."

Sighing, the mongrel tossed his smoke over the edge and jumped down from the ledge, walking rather stiffly toward him with his hands sunk deep in his pockets. As he neared him, Iason bent down and kissed him gently on the lips. "Don't you want to see how the penthouse looks with all our new acquisitions?"

His pet shrugged, feigning disinterest.

Iason laughed softly. "I see. Quite the mongrel with no interest in refined things—Dark Baccalias excluded. You have surprisingly good taste for someone who pretends to abhor art."

The dark-haired mongrel awarded him with a small glance and the slightest hint of a smile.

"Come, love. Let me show you."

Iason put his hand on his back, guiding him into the house, where his pet was pleasantly surprised with the effect of all his choices together in one setting—the painted Urasian shields lining the wall, the warrior statues throughout the great hall, and the immense dragon-headed prow proudly displayed in one corner as though the ship were emerging from the wall.

Along the walls between hanging tapestries, the illuminated manuscripts and the ivory spell box were mounted in glass cases. The mural from Minas Qentu adorned the west wall between two of the ceiling-high arching windows, and pots, urns and other clay vessels were tastefully placed in various locations throughout the penthouse.

In addition to Riki's choices, the paintings Iason had selected now hung along the walls; the Blondie had a weakness for Vendel Dynasty art, with its rich colors, intricate detail and classic themes, and Riki found these selections appealed to him as well.

He was actually quite enamored with the collection as a whole; there was something comforting and welcoming in it, as though, because many were pieces that resonated with him and that he had specifically chosen, the collection now reflected something of the mongrel himself.

Now he began to get a sense of exactly the extent of his transgression when he had destroyed Iason's collection, how much he must have hurt his Master with the loss of irreplaceable objects that he had hand-selected, works of art that appealed so strongly to him he had been willing to spend one million credits to attain them.

"What is it?" Iason pressed, puzzling over his dark expression.

"Iason," Riki began, hesitantly, "I wanted to ask you. Why didn't you punish me when I destroyed your collection?"

The Blondie smiled. "Ah. You understand now."

"I broke all those things...that you must have truly cherished. You punish me without mercy for practically no reason, most of the time, and then I do something like that, and you don't do squat."

Now Iason reached down, tipping the mongrel's chin up to look into his eyes. "Broken objects are nothing when the one you treasure most is broken inside. I knew you did not, in your heart, know what you were doing, so I forgave you." Then he smiled. "Although we could certainly arrange a delayed punishment session."

"I'll pass for now," Riki remarked, dryly. He was so sore he could hardly move.

The Blondie leaned closer.

"And for the record, the infractions you were punished for on other occasions were all perfectly egregious offenses."

"Whatever." The mongrel sighed, unable to suppress a smile.

Then Iason kissed him gently.

"So, are you happy with our collection, my pet?"

Our collection? Riki liked the fact that Iason treated him as an equal partner in the art acquisition project and seemed to actively solicit feelings of ownership from him.

"It's all right," he shrugged apathetically. Then, after a pause, conceded with a smile, "Actually it's bloody amazing."

Iason laughed. "Then please retire your vandalistic propensities; any future destruction of property will not be eligible for clemency. I'll turn you over my knee and spank you every day for the rest of your life as punishment."

"You already do that now," the mongrel replied, saucily.

"Take that tone with me again and I'll spank you here and now."

Riki put his hands together in a mock plea. "Have mercy, Master. I'm so bloody sore I can hardly move. Speaking of which...do you think I could have another one of those pills you gave me?"

"No, pet."

"Why not?" he pouted.

"Enduring the discomfort is part of the punishment."

"Then why did you give me one at the Exhibit?"

"Because," Iason replied, "that was more than you could endure."

“Well, that fucking sucks,” the mongrel muttered.

Having to deal with such discomfort was the last thing he needed. It was enough that he had to endure what he was dreading with every fiber of his being—Raoul’s visit that evening, and the commencement of their “one night” business arrangement. The Blondie was coming over to fuck Iason and there was nothing he could do about it.

Thinking of this reminded him that there was one piece of their collection missing—Raoul’s painting. He looked around.

“Where is...the painting?”

The Blondie smiled slightly, knowing exactly what his pet referred to. “It’s hanging in the Observatory.”

“Where the hell is that?” Riki had never heard of the Observatory.

“I suppose I’ve never shown you. I don’t use it as often as I should...it’s quite a shame, actually, given that it has one of the best telescopes in Tanagura. And there’s something else in there that I haven’t used in awhile,” he added, turning to look at him with a mysterious smile, “that might be interesting to try out.”

He motioned for Riki to follow him, and then walked past the Library, stopping at what the mongrel had always assumed was simply a wall. Iason reached out and pushed a small button that he had never noticed before. Suddenly, as if out of nowhere, a door slid open, revealing a spiral staircase.

Surprised, and not a little amazed, Riki followed him up the small staircase that circled around a few times before arriving at a spacious, spherical room, the ceilings made entirely of observatory glass, offering an unparalleled view of the heavens.

With the press of a button, the entire ceiling structure could be retracted to reveal the open sky. An immense telescope was situated in the middle of the room, and in one corner, sunk in the floor, was a hot tub. Near that was another old-fashioned wood-burning fireplace, like the one in the great hall. The painting hung on one wall, and Riki stared at it for a few moments as if in pain. But for the painting, the room was sparsely decorated and was furnished only with a divan, and a set of chairs near the telescope.

“I can’t believe no one told me this was here,” Riki remarked, a little annoyed. This was exactly the sort of place he would have loved

to retreat to. He immediately gravitated toward the telescope, intensely curious, having never seen one before. "Can I look in this?"

Iason was intrigued with his pet's obvious fascination with the telescope, wishing he'd thought of showing him the room sooner. He knew why he hadn't. It was the room...where it had happened. Where he had caught Raoul with Anori Khosi. The room that had definitively ended his relationship with Raoul. An appropriate place, he had decided, for the painting.

"Look through here," he answered, pointing to the eyepiece.

"Fucking Jupiter! I can see...I don't know what the hell I see but it's amazing."

"That's Alpha Zen."

"So you know all the constellations and planets and everything?" Riki felt envious of the Blondie who seemed to be so knowledgeable about so many different things, especially when it came to subjects he'd always been interested in.

"Many of them."

"Why don't you ever come up here? This is bloody awesome! And why the hell didn't anyone tell me we have a hot tub!" Riki sighed with exasperation, thinking how many times he would have enjoyed soaking in it after one of Iason's brutal spankings.

"It wasn't even filled until today. I haven't used it in years."

"Why did you fill it today?" he asked, and then, suddenly realizing the answer, fell silent, devastated. Iason had filled it because he was planning on bringing Raoul up to the Observatory.

"Riki. I have told you already, today means nothing."

Riki glared back, eyes dark. "It may be nothing to you. But for me...it's not. And don't give me that bullshit—if it means nothing, why are you bringing him up here for a night under the stars? So you can both jerk off together looking at your bloody painting? I suppose you'll have a fire going as you shag each other in the hot tub. Isn't that just the most romantic thing ever. Fuck you, Iason."

Furious, Riki moved to leave the room but his Master grabbed him. "Don't ever walk away from me," he scolded sternly.

"Let go of me! Get your stinking hands off me!"

Aware that his pet's misbehavior and cruel words were driven by jealousy, Iason's response was to pull him closer, holding him tight until he stopped resisting, until he finally broke down and wept.

"Don't do it. Please, Iason," Riki begged.

"Hush, love," he answered, stroking his hair. "It's just one night."

"That bastard...gets to use the hot tub first," Riki lamented, adding this injustice to his list of grievances.

The Blondie laughed softly. "Is that what you're going on about? Then why don't you try it out, right now."

Perking up with this offer, Riki wiped the tears from his face, looking up at him hopefully. "Will you get in with me?" he asked.

"What a question. Do you think I would miss it? Let me undress you."

Iason helped him out of his clothes, feeling an instinctive stirring of his loins at the sight of the mongrel's naked body, but when he saw the dark bruises and welts that covered his buttocks and thighs, he frowned. No wonder Riki had asked for a painkiller. Maybe a soak in the hot tub would do him some good; he would allow him that much relief, anyway.

He undressed as well, smiling as Riki tentatively put a toe in the water, something the mongrel always did before getting into the bath.

"It's really warm!"

"Go ahead and get in."

"Yow," Riki winced, standing up when the water stung his punished flesh. "Maybe this isn't such a good idea."

"It will sting a bit at first, but then it will soothe your muscles. And it will help you heal. In fact, you look as though you could use an antiseptic. Perhaps I'll have Daryl—"

"No!" the mongrel protested, horrified. "Anything but that shit!"

Iason stepped into the hot tub, settling down in the bubbling water. "Then, be a good boy and sit down."

Wincing and groaning, Riki slowly eased into the water, making his discomfort loudly known.

"What a fuss," Iason murmured, smiling, having voiced none of his own discomfort when the water stung his backside, which was still a bit tender from Riki's strapping the day before.

Riki scowled at this, but after a few moments he began to get comfortable, leaning back against him.

“Ahhhh. This feels great.”

“Yes it does,” Iason whispered, now definitively aroused by his pet’s naked, wet body so close to his own.

As if reading his thoughts, Riki turned and offered a series of teasing kisses along his throat, setting the course toward intimacy in definite motion. With long, slow kisses, Master and pet enjoyed one another, savoring the novelty of the setting and the additional stimulation of wet and glistening skin.

“Riki.”

“Hmmm?”

Iason stood up, then sat back on the ledge, legs apart, holding his erection. “Pleasure me.”

“You know,” Riki observed, as he knelt in the water before him, “you have the most enormous cock. How long is it, do you think?”

“I don’t know, pet,” the Blondie answered, pressing it up to his mouth a little impatiently.

“You never measured it?”

“Riki,” Iason scolded. “I’m not in the mood for *conversation*.”

“Sheesh. I was just asking,” Riki protested, pouting. “Hey! Do you think if we—”

The mongrel’s comment would remain forever unuttered, for at that moment Iason forced himself into his mouth, holding his head firmly between his own hands to make his desires clear.

Putting his attention to the task at hand, Riki then gave him the sexual stimulation he wanted, quickly eliciting gasps from his watching Master.

“That’s it...yes...just like that,” Iason whispered urgently, closing his eyes. “Don’t stop...oh!” He spread his legs a little more, thrusting his pelvis to offer himself more intimately to his pet. “Riki,” he breathed, then moaned loudly, throwing his head back and releasing with exquisite perfection, feeling his hot semen shoot deep inside the mongrel’s mouth.

After a few moments, he opened his eyes, smiling down at the dark-eyed mongrel. “Now, my pet. How shall I pleasure you?”

“Suck me off too, please,” Riki replied, with a grin. “Oh! And...this time, can I please come on your face?”

A little surprised at his pet’s request, which reminded him of something Raoul would ask for, Iason laughed softly. “Yes, love.”

Riki stood up, then perched up on the ledge, spreading his legs eagerly for his Master. The Blondie knelt before him and took him into his mouth with relaxed ease, pleasuring him assiduously, his tongue exploring him slowly, lovingly—quickly bringing him to his critical point. The mongrel watched him through half-closed eyes. “Mmmm. That’s really good, Iason. I like that. Yeah. Oooo. Suck a little harder—yeah, like that. Oh! I’m gonna come.”

Riki reached out and grabbed his hair, pulling his head back a bit as he withdrew.

“Open your mouth a little...I want to see it shoot on your tongue,” he ordered, his voice strained as though he were in pain.

Iason obeyed, wiggling his tongue slightly to show his eagerness for him.

“Oh...Iason,” Riki moaned, biting his lip. “Damn. That’s so bloody sexy.” Unable to hold back any longer, he ejaculated, his essence spraying onto the Blondie’s beautiful face and mouth and onto his waiting tongue—a gift that Iason gladly swallowed, much to the mongrel’s utter delight.

Riki was starting to feel much better, even though he still dreaded the evening ahead. As they got out of the hot tub, he saw that Iason’s backside showed G-strap markings, and he suppressed a laugh, wondering how Raoul would react to them.

Both Master and pet then realized that Daryl had quietly brought them towels, leaving them discreetly by the door.

“That Daryl,” Riki remarked. “He’s really something.”

Iason thought about it for a moment and realized that his pet was right; Daryl had been an exceptional servant almost from the day he arrived, with only a few transgressions in the very beginning that were easily corrected with a little discipline, and a more recent one that he had perhaps punished a bit too severely. He counted the years in his mind and determined that it had been twelve years since he’d acquired him. Perhaps it *was* time to reward him for his sterling obedience.

After they got dressed and returned to the great hall, Iason called Daryl to him.

The boy rushed over, bowing nervously. "Yes, Master Iason?"

"You asked to have Katze over this evening. If you like, you may go out into the city, as long as you return by 1:00. You've served me faithfully, Daryl, and I've decided to reward you. From this day on, the hours between 8:00 and 1:00 belong to you. You may go anywhere within the city and do as you please during that time."

The grey-eyed youth stared at his Master in disbelief. Other than the occasional errand he ran for Iason, he'd never been out in the city, had never known time that belonged *just* to him. Six hours each day. Unable to stop a tear from escaping down his face, he smiled.

"Thank you, Master Iason. You are so kind to me."

The Blondie felt moved by Daryl's emotional response, wishing that he had thought to give him more freedoms sooner.

Riki watched this exchange with surprise, thrilled that Iason had finally acknowledged his servant's value and tireless service. He followed Daryl out onto the balcony, where the youth had gone to regain his composure.

"I'm happy for you, Daryl," he said, lighting up a smoke.

The eunuch turned, smiling, still struggling to hold back the tears.

"So, where are you going to go tonight?"

"I don't know. I've never been anywhere...I don't know where to go."

"Bet Katze knows a place or two," Riki said, grinning. "Don't worry, he'll show you a good time. I envy you tonight." The mongrel fell silent then, realizing that he would have to deal with Raoul's visit without even Daryl's companionship to attenuate his pain.

As if hearing his thoughts, Daryl said softly, "Why don't you come with us, Riki?"

"You don't want me tagging along," Riki protested, with somewhat transparent hopefulness.

"I'd like you to come. Just the three of us—it'll be fun."

The dark-haired mongrel took a long drag, a slow smile creeping into his features. "Only if Katze agrees."

"He will."

Daryl felt confident in Katze's acquiescence, having already told him about Raoul's impending visit and inciting his sympathy for Riki's situation.

"I'll go ask Iason then," Riki replied, tossing his smoke over the ledge, and then making his way back inside.

The beautiful Blondie was sitting serenely in his favorite chair near the window and looked up as his pet walked in. "Ah, Riki. Come here. I want to talk to you."

Riki approached him, crawling onto his lap when signaled to do so. Iason put his arms around him, pulling him close, then began whispering in his ear. "Do we need to discuss what's going to happen tonight? Or are you going to be obedient? I can ask Daryl to get out the chains if you think you can't trust yourself to behave properly."

"I won't do anything."

"Good boy. I don't think you'd like it too much if I had to put you over my knee in your current state."

"Iason," he began, after a pause, "could I go into the city with Daryl and Katze?"

The Blondie considered this for a moment. Perhaps this was the perfect solution to the evening's potential awkwardness, relieving his pet from some of his torment. "As long as you are back with Daryl at 1:00, yes, pet, you may go."

Riki's excitement was so charming that Iason laughed, kissing him on the cheek. His pet kissed him back in the same manner. Then the Blondie put his hand behind his head and kissed him on the lips, slowly, gently, relishing his responsiveness. In that kiss, Master and pet came to a kind of understanding that nothing further would be said about what was about to happen that night. Riki somehow felt comforted, and a little less upset about the evening ahead.

His Master had been exceptionally gentle with him the entire day, addressing him as "love" on numerous occasions, which had been a comfort to him. Riki had never gone out into Tanagura at night and was looking forward to it, exceedingly grateful to Daryl for inviting him along, and to Iason for letting him go.

Katze was the first to arrive that evening, a little before 8:00. Daryl greeted him at the door, grinning.

“What are you so happy about, love?” the eunuch asked, bending down to give him a little kiss.

“Master Iason says we can go out into the city,” he whispered, breathlessly. “He says *every* day, from now on, I can do as I please from 8:00 to 1:00!”

“Seriously?” A little surprised, Katze looked over at the Blondie, who noticed his arrival and beckoned to him.

“Katze. I need to talk to you.”

“Riki’s going with us tonight, I hope that’s okay,” Daryl added in a low voice.

Katze nodded. “No problem.” He sauntered toward Iason, glancing around the room at all the new objects in awe. “So you already replaced your collection. This one’s even better, I think.”

“Yes. I’m quite pleased with it.”

Iason took a sip of his wine, gazing at Katze over the glass.

“Katze. I’m allowing Riki to go with you tonight. I’m counting on you to watch over him.”

“He’s in safe hands,” Katze answered, with comforting reassurance. “You know I’d sooner give my life than let anything happen to him.”

Iason smiled, pleased with this answer. “You’re armed?”

“Of course.”

“I’ve increased your credit portfolio for all your expenses. I don’t want Riki using his identification—no one is to know who he is.”

“Understood. Don’t worry; no one will recognize him in Tanagura, so if he doesn’t give his scan or prints, there’s no way anyone will know him. He doesn’t look like a pet.”

“Very well. Try to keep him...occupied. You can leave now—it’s probably better, before Raoul arrives.”

“Where is he?”

“Out on the balcony.”

With a slight nod, Katze turned and went to retrieve the mongrel, who was sitting in his favorite spot on the ledge, smoking.

Seeing him, Riki smiled. “Want a smoke?”

“Dark Baccalias again, huh? Actually maybe we should head out.”

“I just lit this up. Come on, have one.”

Katze hesitated only momentarily, accepting the proffered smoke with a grin. Daryl joined them on the balcony and the three of them then conspired about the evening's plans.

"Neither of us know the city," Riki said. "So we're counting on you, Katze. Pick someplace good."

Katze took a deep drag, considering, then smiled. "I've got it. Serendipity. It's an open club with pet shows, including live pairings. Great music, too."

Riki grinned. "Sounds bloody perfect to me."

"What's an open club?" Daryl asked.

"A club without conduct restrictions—other than violence," Katze answered. "You can jerk off or do whatever the hell you want, just as long as you pay the cover and then for your drinks and whatever else you purchase. You can buy time with pets, too. Or you can just go to watch and even pick who you want to see pair. No one cares what you do. As long as no one gets hurt."

"Yes, let's go!" Daryl grabbed hold of Katze, who put one arm around his neck possessively.

"Give me a kiss first," he demanded.

Riki couldn't resist watching initially as the two engaged in a long, deep kiss that betrayed their hunger for one another. He moved away to allow them some privacy though he desperately wanted to openly watch them.

"That was nice," Katze whispered, then, straightening up, "All right. Let's do it."

The three of them walked back inside the penthouse and headed for the door at the exact moment that the door chimes announced Raoul's arrival.

Daryl opened the door and the Blondie stepped in, his gaze immediately locking with Riki's. The two rivals glared at each another with unveiled mutual contempt. Raoul looked away first, searching out his prize. Iason was still sitting in his chair by the window, sipping a glass of wine.

"Iason," he whispered, smiling.

"Come in, Raoul. Make yourself a drink."

Riki turned and looked back at Iason one last time. Master and pet shared a moment of quiet understanding, then the dark-haired mongrel turned away, following the eunuchs out of the penthouse.

Katze walked with his arm around Daryl's shoulders and, glancing back at Riki and perceiving his sadness, put his arm around his neck as well.

"Now it's time for some real fun," he announced, grinning.

This elicited a smile from Riki, who experienced nothing less than an erotic charge when the handsome man put his arm around him, his warmth and sexuality drawing him in. No wonder Daryl was so infatuated with Katze. The man was irresistible.

They reached Serendipity in a matter of minutes, Daryl staring out the window of the car with childlike amazement at the sights and sounds of the city.

"You got any painkillers, Katze?" Riki pleaded.

Grinning, Katze popped open a compartment in the front panel that appeared to be nothing less than a pharmacy.

"Tell me your problem, and I'll tell you what you need."

"My problem is my ass is fucking killing me."

Katze laughed. "Yes, word of your taming has spread fast. You quite terrified all the pets in Tanagura."

"It's not bloody funny," he grumbled.

"I'm sure it wasn't. My apologies. So, Riki. Are you planning on drinking tonight?"

"Hell, yes."

"Then I can't give you anything more than an Opiate-3. Otherwise you'll be dead and Iason will skin me alive."

"Eww," Daryl exclaimed, wrinkling his nose at the idea.

"Anything's better than nothing."

Katze tossed him a bottle. "One. Just one."

"Okay but, can I please take one for later? Please? Iason's always disciplining me. It would be awesome to know I had one of these waiting for me."

"All right. One now, and one for another day. Just don't tell Iason."

"Why the hell would I do that? It'd be like saying, please, Master, discipline me some more!" Riki popped a pill and sighed, feeling better

just knowing relief was on the way. He pocketed the other pill in his jacket, winking at Katze. "You're pretty cool, Katze. Thanks."

Daryl giggled. "So what were you doing last night, Riki? With Iason tied up like that?"

Katze grinned. "Tied up? Ooo. This sounds good."

The mongrel smiled mischievously. "Iason was my pet last night. I got to use the G-strap on him and then take him."

"Fucking liar." Katze shook his head.

"It's true! I brought him the G-strap," Daryl avowed.

"Holy shit."

"It was good, too," Riki proclaimed, grinning.

"Yeah? What's it like?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you. He's so bloody amazing, he feels so good—he squeezes you, like he pumps you."

Now Katze and Daryl fell silent and Riki suddenly felt a little uncomfortable. He took out his smokes, offering one to Katze, who accepted, giving him a wink.

"Wanna try one, Daryl?" He held out the pack to Daryl, who shook his head shyly.

"We're here," Katze said, taking a deep drag as he put the vehicle into park. "Riki. You're not to use your identification. I'm taking care of everything. Iason's orders."

Riki nodded. Daryl was staring out at the club, thrilled. Brightly colored lights advertised the club's existence, and the entrance was like a tunnel, with lots of spinning lights leading to the actual door of the club. He'd never seen anything like it. Riki, of course, had, but he was just as excited as Daryl. It had been ages since he'd gone to an open club, and never one in Tanagura.

The three of them giggled like schoolboys as they walked through the tunnel, which, with the spinning lights, created the disorienting optical illusion that they were falling. They grabbed onto each other in mock terror, now laughing so hard their stomachs hurt.

"Wait until you try to walk out of here when you're fucked up," Katze laughed.

The door to the club automatically opened at their approach, and they stepped into nothing less than a pet paradise. Throughout the

club were raised platforms where pets were displayed, some standing, some dancing, some actively pairing with other pets. Some of them were formerly A-class pets and very beautiful. In one corner, a live band played, their style a dirty funk with a hint of slum darkness.

“Let’s sit over there.” Katze pointed out a deserted corner situated near a platform and they all sat down, immediately punching in their orders. The attendant soon arrived with their choices—bourbon for Katze, stout for Riki, and port wine for Daryl.

“So, what do you think, Daryl?” Katze asked.

“It’s amazing. I can’t believe I’m actually here.”

Daryl looked around, wide-eyed, taking in the scene with disbelief. Everywhere people were copulating openly, some pairing up, others masturbating as they watched the pets perform.

“I say let’s call a pair. What do you think?” Riki suggested.

“Sure...why don’t you call it, Riki.”

“Let’s see,” the mongrel said, perusing the various pets that were available. “How about those two, B-708M and A-600M?”

Katze nodded and Daryl smiled, shrugging, so Riki punched in the order. Within seconds the two pets were walking towards their platform; they were two young males, both of them beautiful, with exceptionally smooth, silky skin. But for their jeweled collars, they were both already naked. One stood behind the other and began working him, stroking him slowly to bring him to arousal.

The dark-haired mongrel watched with delight, becoming quickly aroused. He unfastened his trousers and began stroking himself, unaware that Katze and Daryl were more interested in watching him than the pets.

Katze reached under the table and held Daryl’s hand, then began kissing his throat. Daryl shuddered in response, closing his eyes.

Riki was already fully aroused, his erection rigid and demanding, when his attention was distracted from the pet performance onstage by Katze and Daryl, who were engaged in a passionate necking session. He watched them, unable to take his eyes off the way Katze’s arm muscles rippled as he stroked Daryl’s hair, admiring, too, the seductive lines of his throat.

Closing his eyes, he let his head fall back against the back of the booth, pumping himself as he actively fantasized about the rugged, auburn-haired man. He opened them briefly and realized Katze was staring at him as Daryl was kissing his throat.

“See something you like?” he whispered.

Katze smiled, catching the reference to a remark he had once made himself, upon apprehending Riki leering at him in a similar manner.

“Why don’t you come over here and suck me off then?” Riki teased.

“I would, but I’m spoken for,” he answered, putting his arms around Daryl and drawing him close.

“Don’t stop on my account,” Daryl remarked quietly.

“No?” Katze smiled.

“I mean seriously.”

Katze stared at him for a moment, then raised an eyebrow and looked at Riki, who grinned.

“You little pervert,” he accused, biting Daryl’s neck. “You really wanna watch?”

“Ah!” Daryl cried out, as Katze sunk his teeth into his flesh. “Yes, I want to watch you...both of you.”

“Kiss me first.”

Riki watched the two of them kiss, his heart beginning to pound, his arousal now pushed to a new level. He couldn’t believe what was about to happen, couldn’t take his eyes off the intense intimacy displayed now before him. He parted his lips, panting softly.

“This is what I’d do to you, if I could,” Katze whispered in his ear.

Then he turned his attention to the dark-haired mongrel with a devastatingly seductive look, his eyes glimmering, his lips curled in an experienced smile. Riki instinctively held his breath as Katze moved towards him, then knelt down and pushed his legs apart with dramatic firmness, pulling him forward to reposition him a bit lower on the seat.

“Hell yes,” Riki exclaimed, offering himself with a little thrust of his pelvis.

Katze slid his hand around his shaft, pressing the head up against his lips and then licking him slowly, his tongue flicking tantalizingly before exploring him more thoroughly in confident, purposeful paths.

“That’s good,” Riki encouraged.

A glance at Daryl told him that Katze’s lover was enjoying the show, which helped him relax, even giving him a small thrill. He closed his eyes as the eunuch took him into his mouth, shivering from his exquisitely erotic embrace, and his unique style of sucking as he wiggled his tongue, his lips almost vibrating.

He let his fingers run through his reddish-brown hair, instinctively holding the sides of Katze’s head as he pleased him. He threw his head back, moaning. Years of pent-up lust for the gorgeous underground leader of the Black Market now rose up within him, his arousal escalating beyond the point of return.

“I’m gonna come,” he warned, breathing hard. “Oh, fuck. Hell yes. Oh god...Katze.”

He felt his heart race as he realized Katze was going to swallow him. With a sudden, almost panicked, moan, he thrust up into his mouth. “Fucking Jupiter,” he groaned, eyes rolling back with ecstasy as he released his essence into the hot wetness of the eunuch’s mouth.

Letting his head rest against the back of the booth, he kept his eyes closed for a moment, trying to regain his senses. When he opened them again, he saw Katze smiling up at him.

“That was fucking unbelievable.”

“For me, as well,” Katze answered. He turned to look at Daryl. “What about you, love?”

Daryl grinned. “Me like.” Then, his expression changing a bit, “but if Iason ever finds out....”

“He won’t. There’s no one here but locals. No one even knows us.”

“I don’t bloody care if he finds out,” Riki asserted. “Even if he does, it was worth it.”

“Guess we paid for those pets for nothing,” Katze commented, and they all laughed as they realized no one had even watched them pair. He got up and returned to Daryl’s side, putting his arm around him and pulling him close, then whispering in his ear. “I love your perversions. I wanna love you tonight. Can I stay over?”

“Yes,” the boy replied, simply, shivering with anticipation.

Riki smiled as Katze and Daryl began kissing again. The night out had done wonders for his mood, and at the moment, he was doing

pretty well. He wasn't going to imagine what was happening at that very moment, wasn't going to think about it, wasn't going to torment himself with images of Iason in bed with Raoul.

No, he wasn't thinking about it. He wasn't thinking about it at all.

Revelations

RAOUL MADE HIS WAY INTO THE PENTHOUSE slowly, heading for the bar as Iason had suggested, his eyes never leaving the Blondie's face for a moment. Iason seemed distracted, staring out the window as he sipped his wine. He poured himself cognac, pleased to see that Iason still kept his favorite—Ambrosia.

Leaning back against the bar for a moment, Raoul simply stared at him until Iason finally looked up. He smiled, his heart already beating a little faster just to be in the presence of his old lover, knowing that, within minutes, he would begin the night he had planned for so many long, lonely years, that he would finally have the beautiful Blondie once again in his arms.

"I've been waiting for this night...for so long. I still can hardly believe you said yes."

"So, Raoul. What do you have in mind?" Iason put his glass down and looked up at him with a slight smile.

Taking a sip of cognac and then setting his glass down on the bar loudly, Raoul took a few steps forward and lifted him to his feet, pressing him close as he kissed him passionately, wildly, feeling as though he couldn't get enough of him.

"I'm dying for you," he whispered. Then, in one easy motion, he lifted him and carried him into the bedroom, dropping him down on the bed. Lying on top of him, he continued kissing him, hard, running his hands down his body.

"Put your arms around me, Iason," he instructed, almost annoyed. "Love me."

Iason embraced him, sending him into an even greater state of arousal. He flipped the Blondie over onto his stomach, unzipping his bodysuit violently and pulling it from him impatiently.

“I must have you now,” he announced, then suddenly froze when he saw the strap marks on Iason’s backside.

Believing strap marks couldn’t possibly have been left by a pet, he then realized Iason was pairing with someone he didn’t know about. Jealousy twisted his heart, but he tried to push the feelings away. He wasn’t about to let his perfect night be ruined. He would have to let it go, for now.

The sight of Iason’s perfect body facedown on the bed was too much. With shaking hands, Raoul spread him apart for a better view, releasing his breath in a long sigh.

“I’ve missed you so much, Iason. Stay just like that.” He quickly undressed, then opened the vial he’d brought with him and poured a generous amount of oil onto his organ, preparing himself for penetration. Next he eased down on top of him, pulling back the Blondie’s hair so he could access his sensitive neck, and then began kissing him, thrilled when Iason responded with a series of gasps.

Now Raoul pressed up against him, ready to gain entrance, and just remained there for a few moments, savoring the feeling of Iason’s complete submission and relishing what was coming next.

“I’ve wanted to do this...for so long,” he whispered into his ear, then began gently biting his throat as he slowly penetrated, sliding fully into his tight grip with a breathy moan.

“Oh. Iason. You feel heavenly.” His eyes rolled back as he bit his lip, fighting the overwhelming urge to ejaculate.

Iason closed his eyes, shivering a little from the pleasure of Raoul’s kisses as well as the feeling of him inside him again. For a moment Raoul just lay there, not moving, moaning, trying to control himself but realizing that there was simply no way he could last any amount of time, not this first time.

“I can’t wait, my love,” he apologized, then began slowly thrusting, grabbing hold of Iason’s shoulders for deeper penetration, and then plunging into him, hard, vocalizing each thrust in his characteristic way, until, suddenly, he was there, shuddering ecstatically as he surrendered his seed.

He collapsed on Iason for a moment, then rolled off, pushing him onto his back. “Why are you so quiet?”

“No reason,” came the Blondie’s soft reply.

“That was absolutely delicious.” He kissed him again, now more gently, exploring him as though for the first time, then moving to ravish his throat the way he knew Iason could not resist.

The Blondie gasped instinctively, closing his eyes as Raoul began stroking him while continuing to bite and kiss his neck. In terms of sexual technique, it was exactly right, eliciting a physical response that he was completely unable to deny.

“That’s it,” Raoul encouraged, thrilled by his moans. “I know you like this.”

Now painfully aroused, Iason found himself pushing on his shoulders, eager for the stimulation of his mouth.

“Ask me,” Raoul demanded, waiting.

“Pleasure me, Raoul.”

Smiling, the Blondie obliged, tantalizing him with a long trail of kisses and licks down his chest and abdomen, then just below his pelvic bone at the spot that drove Iason wild, before he began slowly exploring his most sensitive regions with his tongue.

Iason spread his thighs, feeling as though he wanted to expose himself even more to Raoul’s excruciatingly erotic lingual maneuvers; every movement was familiar, perfectly adapted to pleasure him specifically, and even after all these years Iason found that he responded just as intensely, as though no time had passed at all.

Parting his lips, he began moaning as the Blondie took him part way in his mouth and held him there, swirling his tongue around in exactly the way that brought him quickest to orgasm.

“Raoul,” he breathed, then groaned, loudly, thrusting a little into his mouth. “Oh, yes. That’s perfect.”

Sliding his fingers onto Iason’s tongue to moisten them, Raoul, with experienced ease, began thrusting into him for additional stimulation.

It was too much to bear. With an unrestrained cry, Iason arched his back and ejaculated into Raoul’s mouth, completely transported from the pleasure.

Smiling, the Blondie moved up beside him, leaning on his side. “Do you have any idea...how much I’ve missed that? And you never used to cry out like that. We’re off to a great start here.”

Still breathing hard, Iason made no answer. The sex had been exquisite, but now that it was over, he felt a little uncomfortable, though he wasn't exactly sure why.

Raoul kissed him, then pulled him close to whisper in his ear. "This is just the beginning. I have so much more I want to do tonight."

"What do you want to do next?"

"Do you still use the hot tub?"

Iason smiled. He had guessed Raoul would ask about it. "Yes, it's ready for you, if that's what you'd like."

"Let's just lay here a bit. Then we'll go up there."

Raoul held him for quite awhile, running his hands up and down his body and through his hair, kissing him everywhere and pulling him close. In no time, he became aroused again, not even seeming to notice that Iason was completely flaccid.

"Let's go." Raoul stood up, holding out his hand, then led him up to the Observatory, a route he knew well.

When he saw the fireplace already lit and a stack of towels by the hot tub, he smiled. "So. You knew I'd want to come up here."

"I suspected you might. It was your favorite place."

He noticed the painting then. "Ah. I was wondering where you would put it."

"It really is your finest work, Raoul."

Beaming at his praise, he drew Iason close to him for a gentle kiss, then led him down into the water.

"I love your body," he whispered, running a hand over Iason's wet skin. "I love every inch of you."

He kissed him then, urgently, suddenly overcome with certain very specific desires.

"On the ledge," he instructed, a command Iason knew well.

Iason turned around and bent over the edge of the sunken tub, his chest on the floor as he knelt on the submerged bench, his buttocks exposed just above the water. It was Raoul's favorite position.

"Spread your legs more."

Raoul helped him with his own request, spreading him to get a better view of his entrance, feeling strangely aroused by the strap marks quite visible on his backside. With wet fingers, he began

stroking the area he knew Iason couldn't resist, then reached around, a bit surprised to find him limp in his hand.

He frowned. "You're not aroused."

"We just climaxed, Raoul. I just need a little time."

Raoul fell silent, pondering this. Iason had always been easy to arouse, even minutes after achieving orgasm. But perhaps, in twenty years, some things had changed.

"I know how to fix that," he whispered.

He knelt down in the water, running his tongue from Iason's portal to his manhood, thrilled when, after a few minutes of this, Iason pushed back against him, moaning. He slid his tongue inside the warm Blondie, wiggling and thrusting in a way that made Iason gasp. The sound of his old lover's pleasure was simply too much to bear; Raoul desperately wanted to be inside him, needed to get close to him in a way only a good fucking could achieve.

Trembling, he stood up, finding his entrance and plunging in, thrusting as he pulled back on Iason's hips, beside himself with the exquisiteness of the fuck. Unable to wait, Iason reached down and finished what Raoul had begun, bringing himself to orgasm in almost the same instant that the Blondie reached completion.

Collapsing forward onto his back, Raoul sighed. "I want this night to last forever."

They settled back down into the tub, moving by habit into their familiar position, Iason leaning back against Raoul, between his legs.

"Do you know how much I love you?" Raoul whispered.

"Raoul," Iason answered, after a long pause, "you know that, after tonight, this is all over."

"I can't believe you'd say that. When both of us know how much you're enjoying this."

"My body enjoys you," Iason conceded, "but my heart loves someone else."

Stung with this revelation, something he had hinted at before, Raoul let his head fall back against the ledge. "Who is it? Is it that musician from the Trade Convention?"

"That's none of your concern."

"Is he the one who left those strap marks on you?"

“Again, Raoul. That’s my own affair.”

Trying a new tactic, Raoul leaned close to whisper in his ear. “You never told me you liked that sort of thing. I’d be happy to do...whatever you want.”

Iason smiled at his misinterpretation of the strap marks, but remained silent.

Raoul sighed, almost growled, trying to work out in his mind who this mystery lover was. He’d been so preoccupied with Iason’s ridiculous pet he hadn’t even considered the possibility that he was pairing with someone, or worse—that he had fallen in love. He smiled with some satisfaction when he realized that the mongrel was probably equally jealous of Iason’s new lover.

“Does he know I’m with you tonight?” he probed.

“Yes.”

“And he...allowed it?” Raoul was incredulous.

Iason laughed softly, again choosing not to answer.

“At least tell me if he’s the one who left these marks.”

The Blondie sighed. “Yes, he’s the one.”

Armed with this new knowledge, Raoul fell silent for some time, playing with Iason’s hair, part of which was submerged in the water.

So. Iason was in love. And he had some very interesting sexual proclivities Raoul hadn’t uncovered during their relationship. This explained why his advances had been, for the most part, so unequivocally rebuffed. But how long had it been going on? And why had he allowed Iason to spend a night with an old pairing partner—what kind of lover would do that?

“I’m not giving you up,” he announced, finally. “After tonight, I can’t just walk away.”

“It’s not your choice, Raoul,” Iason replied, exasperated.

“Just tell me who he is.”

Sighing, Iason attempted to get up, but Raoul pulled him back.

“The night’s not over yet. You’re still mine to command.”

“Very well. What next?”

“Let’s go down and get back in bed.” He ran his hands down Iason’s shoulders, kissing his neck. “And then...you know what I want.”

The two Blondies dried off and made their way downstairs. In the bedroom Raoul lay down on the bed, spreading his legs and stroking his quickly developing erection as Iason stood for a moment, watching. Motioning him closer with one hand, Raoul presented himself with a little thrust, making his desire known.

Iason crawled onto the bed; as he approached him, Raoul reached out and placed a hand behind his head, guiding him to his now rigid organ. He released a long sigh when the Blondie obediently began pleasuring him with his tongue, then took him into his mouth in exactly the way he wanted.

He soon directed the Blondie's movements, hands on either side of his head, becoming increasingly insistent until Iason simply relaxed his throat and let him thrust up into his mouth.

"Ah, yes...so good," Raoul moaned. "Stay just like that!"

Then, he grabbed Iason by his hair, pulling him off his cock, and ejaculated onto his face. It was something he had always loved to do with Iason. For some inexplicable reason, it made him feel as though he truly possessed him to see his essence dripping from the tranquil Blondie's face. Now feeling completely relaxed, he lay with his eyes closed for some time.

Iason got up and cleaned himself off, now feeling rather ready for the night to end. One of his headaches was coming on, much to his dismay, and he was forced to take a painkiller to stave it off. Much as he had physically enjoyed the sex, at least at first, he realized that he would have much preferred it if it had been his pet instead. And now he found that he was worried about Riki; although he knew he was in good hands with Katze, Iason had never before allowed him to go out into the city at night. More than this, he simply wanted him home.



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" Raoul leaned against the doorframe, completely naked, squinting at Iason, who was sitting in his chair by the window. He had unintentionally dozed off before waking up and realizing Iason was gone. "Come to bed," he commanded.

“I have a slight headache,” the Blondie answered. “I’m just waiting for this opiate to take effect.”

“Well, hurry up. I want you next to me.”

Iason nodded, turning away to look out the window again. It was nearly 1:00 and Riki wasn’t back yet. Although he had given him permission to stay out until then, he had somehow expected the three of them would be back a little earlier. And now they were pushing the deadline—it was already 13:55. He began imagining the worst; what if there had been some sort of accident?

Jumping up, he went to the terminal and activated the tracer, wondering why he hadn’t thought of doing so before. He had been so distracted by his headache, he just hadn’t been thinking straight. To his relief, he saw that Riki was already in the building. He switched off the screen and sat back down, tying his robe closed.

The door hummed open and the three stumbled in. It was immediately apparent that they had all been drinking, and while Katze and Daryl seemed to be handling their liquor well, Riki was in a sorry state, laughing loudly.

Upon seeing Iason waiting for him in his chair, Riki stopped in his tracks. “What, another spanking?” he demanded, then giggled.

“Come here, Riki.”

“I’ll come,” the mongrel answered seductively. “I’ll come right here. Wanna watch?” Riki then unzipped his pants and revealed himself, staggering a few steps toward his Master before falling to his knees and stroking himself with definite purpose. “Oh, I’m gonna come fast, too.”

“How much did he drink?” Iason asked, sharply.

“Apparently too much,” Katze answered, his arm over his mouth to suppress an almost irresistible urge to laugh. “My apologies.”

Iason sighed, unable to feel angry at his pet, knowing the reason why he had become so intoxicated.

“Riki, I told you to come here.”

“If I do, will you fuck me? I need you to fuck me, Iason. Really, *really*...bad. Or maybe suck me...oooo could you do that too? See? I’m ready.” Riki laughed, turning to Katze. “I’m ready again, can you believe it?”

The Blondie's eyes narrowed at this remark and he studied the three of them but said nothing. Despite the fact that he had already climaxed twice that night himself, he found that the sight of his pet exposing himself and begging for sex was arousing him.

Realizing that he was in no shape to follow his orders, Iason got up and moved across the room, lifting Riki firmly to his feet and giving him a series of hard spanks, just enough to elicit a few yelps and get his attention.

"Obey me, Riki. You'll come when I call you."

"Ow. That *hurt*, Iason," Riki sulked. "What did you do that for?"

"Because I told you to come to me and you ignored me."

The look of utter confusion on the mongrel's face was priceless. "I'll come on you if you want me to. Can I come on your face?"

"What's all this bloody noise?" Raoul demanded. He stood in the doorway, hands on hips, naked, completely oblivious to Daryl and Katze, who both gazed at his nude glory in wonderment.

"Nothing that you need to be concerned about, Raoul. I'll handle it."

Now Riki turned and, upon perceiving the Blondie, took off toward him. "You fucking bastard!"

Iason restrained him easily, punishing his pet with another warning spank.

"He needs some real discipline," Raoul remarked.

"In my house, Raoul, whether or not he needs discipline is up to me," Iason retorted.

Disgusted, Raoul turned and went back into the room. "Hurry up," he commanded. "I'm not finished with you yet."

The Blondie picked up his mongrel pet and carried him to his room—a room that Riki rarely used but where he would be sleeping that night. He lay him down on the bed, undressing him.

"You're always...spanking me," Riki complained.

"You're always disobeying me."

"The punishment doesn't fucking ever fit the crime," he lamented.

Iason laughed. "That was nothing. I hardly even swatted you. Surely you haven't forgotten what a real spanking feels like."

"Yeah but my ass really hurts, so one spank counted for like...twenty."

“What a fuss,” Iason said softly. “There now, you’re undressed and ready for bed.”

“Huh? I’m sleeping here?”

“Just for tonight.”

The mongrel pondered this for a moment, perplexed, then forgot what he was pondering and realized that Iason was leaning over him with nothing more than a robe on.

“Will you fuck me now?” he pleaded.

“Not tonight,” he whispered.

“Why not?” Riki pouted. “Don’t you want me?”

Iason bent down and kissed his forehead. “Of course I do. I’ll love you tomorrow.”

“Love me? I want you to *fuck* me.”

“I’ll do that, too, love. Now, go to sleep.”

Now Riki rolled onto his stomach, reaching back around with his hands to spread himself with a little wiggle.

“I’m waiting!”

The enticing view forced the Blondie to reconsider his offer. If this was what drinking did to his pet, he had not been giving Riki nearly enough to drink. Almost immediately developing a rock-hard erection, he came to the conclusion that a little after-midnight coital bliss was in order.

He got up and locked the door. Then, untying his robe with one yank, he pushed Riki’s legs apart even further, pressing himself up against him to gain entrance. Inching into him, he let out a deep breath as the mongrel moaned, partially from soreness and partially from arousal. Iason was raised up on his arms and so now slowly lowered down onto Riki’s back, nuzzling his cheek and whispering in his ear.

“I’m inside you now. Is this what you wanted?”

“Yeah. I need a good fucking,” Riki announced.

Shuddering, the Blondie honored the mongrel’s request, sliding his arms under his body and then pulling on his shoulders as he thrust hard, as deep as he could. He heard Riki reach orgasm beneath him, and he found this surprising, given the amount of alcohol his pet had imbibed. But the sound of Riki’s rapture always pushed him past

his critical point—he was ejaculating, too, unable to suppress a broken moan from escaping his lips.

Riki almost instantly fell asleep. Smiling, Iason covered him with sheets and bent down to kiss him, and then went to clean up before returning to bed.

Raoul was sitting up in the bed when he returned to the room, arms crossed on his chest. “Did you seriously think I wouldn’t hear that?” he demanded.

“It’s no concern of yours what I do in my own house, Raoul.”

“This is supposed to be my night.”

“And so it is. Have I denied you anything you’ve asked for?”

Sulking, Raoul fell silent for a few moments. “Now you’re all used up and I wanted to pleasure you.”

“Surely you can think of something else that appeals to you.”

Raoul looked at him for a moment, then smiled. “There is one thing we haven’t done in awhile....”



“DID YOU SEE RAOUL?” Katze whispered, as Iason carried Riki off to bed.

Daryl giggled. “You should see the painting.”

“That’s right! Where the hell is it?”

“I’ll show you.”

Daryl took his hand and led him up to the Observatory.

“So Iason is using this again?”

“Today was the first day since, I don’t know—”

“Since the big break up, probably.”

“Yes.”

The fire was still going, though it was now very low, and its illumination made the painting appear even more beautiful.

“Holy shit,” Katze breathed. They stood in front of the canvas for a few moments, silent.

“I’ve never been to the ocean,” Daryl remarked, softly.

“Never?”

Katze looked at him, then realized it was hardly surprising. Daryl had never been anywhere until that very night. He smiled, already devising a plan to take his lover to the sea one day.

"Iason is so beautiful," Daryl whispered.

"Okay. Now I'm jealous."

"Oh, Katze! I didn't mean...."

"Hush." Katze put his arms around him from behind. "Don't you know when I'm teasing you, love?"

"Katze," he began, after a pause, "why do you call me that? *Love*?"

"Don't you know, silly boy? Because I love you, Daryl. You're the love of my life."

"I...am?"

"I guess I didn't do a good job of driving that fact home last time," he replied, whispering in his ear, then gently kissing his neck. "Let's see if I can do a better job tonight." Gently turning him around, Katze then bent down and gave him a long, slow kiss.

Daryl was beside himself with happiness. He had never been told he was loved before, and now he'd heard these words from the one person in the world from whom he wanted to hear them most. "Katze. Um...did you know...I love you, too. I've loved you for a long time."

"I know." Katze smiled. "Come here."

He led him by the hand to the sofa, then gently pushed him down on it. He moved on top of him, kissing him, and running his hands through his hair.

"Daryl. I loved it when you wanted to watch me with Riki. Sometimes you really surprise me."

"I liked watching." Eyes glowing, the boy smiled in an unequivocally seductive way.

Katze moaned. "When you look at me like that...it almost...."

"Makes you feel like a man?"

"Yes. Exactly that. But Daryl...I *am* a man. And so are you. Nothing can change that."

"I know that...now," he answered, smiling.

"Tonight, my love, I want to kiss and stroke every inch of your body. And then," he held up two fingers, wiggling them with a naughty smile, "there's something else I want to try. If you want to."

“Yes. I want to,” Daryl answered, his heart beating with excitement.

Katze smiled, then bent down and began exploring his lover’s throat, kissing and biting him as Daryl gasped beneath him.



RIKI WOKE UP WITH A SPLITTING HEADACHE, totally confused about why he was in his room and not with Iason. Groaning, he got dressed and brushed his teeth, though made no effort to comb his hair, and then wandered into the great hall, where Iason and Raoul were eating at the table. He walked over to Iason, who turned his face up for a kiss, before sitting down at the table, just as he did every day.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” Raoul demanded.

“Waiting for breakfast.” Riki let his forehead hit the table, moaning. “Please let there be coffee.”

As if anticipating his state, Daryl rushed in with a fresh pot of coffee, along with Riki’s breakfast.

“Daryl. I love you forever,” Riki proclaimed, pouring himself an extra-large serving of java.

Raoul looked at Iason incredulously. “You let your pet eat at your table with you?”

“Raoul. You’ve had your one night per our agreement. You’re welcome to stay and finish your breakfast, but please refrain from commenting on my household affairs.”

Riki smiled smugly at the infuriated Blondie, who glared back at him.

“Wipe that smirk off your face, you little punk, or I’ll come over there and wipe it off for you.”

“Bring it on, Blondie.”

“Hush, both of you!” Iason demanded, exasperated. “You’re like two children.”

“Don’t put me on the same level with him!” Raoul protested, then muttered, under his breath, “Filthy mongrel.”

“Say that to my face, you fucking pervert!”

Raoul leapt from his chair, reaching Riki before Iason could even respond. He pulled him to his feet by his arm so violently that the

shoulder dislocated. Riki's ear-splitting scream left no question as to what had just happened.

"You shit! My shoulder!" Riki yelled. "Fuck!"

"Let him go!" Iason shouted, jumping up. "Raoul, you moron! Get out!" He rushed to his pet's side as Daryl and Katze both ran into the room, alarmed by all the yelling.

"Hold him for me! I've got to push it back in!"

"What happened?" Katze asked.

"His shoulder! Raoul dislocated it!"

Raoul watched the scene with a mixture of pleasure at Riki's anguish and sorrow at being ordered to leave. He made no move to do so, but simply stood there, watching.

As Daryl and Katze held the mongrel down, Iason managed to pop the bone back in its socket, much to Riki's immediate relief. Although he felt like threatening Raoul, he managed to keep quiet, relishing Iason's fury.

Whipping around to face Raoul, the Blondie pointed to the door.

"Raoul, I told you to leave."

"You're going to kick me out like this? After everything we just shared last night?"

"Last night," Iason answered, trying to control his anger, "was nothing more than a business arrangement. I made that perfectly clear to you. So please, Raoul...just go."

Locking eyes with Riki, the Blondie and mongrel shared a long stare seething with mutual hatred. Turning back to Iason, Raoul bent down as if, by some bizarre delusion, he expected to get a goodbye kiss. Turning his face away and stepping back, Iason made his view on this project clear. Hurt, angry, and a little bewildered, the Blondie turned and left the penthouse without another word.

"I should go, too," Katze announced, looking at his watch, and then turning to Iason. "Do you want me to call a medic for you?"

"That might be a good idea."

Katze nodded, flipping open his communicator to place an outgoing signal for assistance.

"What!" Panicked, Riki feigned an immediate recovery. "No, really. It's fine. I feel much better already, see?"

He rolled his shoulder, attempting to smile.

“Hmmm.”

Iason examined him for a few moments, his brow furrowed as he poked and prodded the mongrel’s arm. It was all Riki could do to keep from yelping.

“Ow! Stop touching it!”

“We’ll see what the medic says and how you look in a few hours. If you’re swollen, we’ll have to forgo the party.”

Riki perked up at this. “Party? What party?”

Iason sighed. “It’s a private showing at the Academy for some dignitaries that have arrived from Gardan. A rather tedious affair, in my view; however, you may find it interesting to meet some other pets in a more relaxed atmosphere than at the Emporium.”

“Will there be cake?”

At this, Iason couldn’t resist a smile. “Is that all you care about?”

“I’m just trying to figure out what exactly this thing is. It’s not *really* a party if there’s not a cake. And *punch*.”

“Yes, pet. I believe, at events such as this, there is always cake and plenty of punch, or a nog of some type.”

“Can we go then?” Riki pleaded.

“We’ll see.”

“Please? We never go *anywhere*. That Art thing didn’t count!”

“I told you, Riki. I’ll make my decision about it in a few hours.”

The mongrel pouted at this, but knew better than to argue. He had been to very few parties in his life; at the slum Orphanage, there had only been the Midwinter’s Day party, an event he and the other children looked forward to for months. The party was sponsored by Yutaku Iman, a Blondie known for his rather unorthodox views on Amoian society, who advocated a democracy like that established on Icaria, claiming that even the mongrels of Ceres deserved a basic slate of rights and should, at the very least, be treated with dignity and respect. Of course, Riki and the other orphans knew nothing of Yutaku’s philosophy or even his philanthropy; all that was of any consequence to the children was that every year, on Midwinter’s Day, there was a party, with cake and punch, and brightly colored, confetti-filled balloons, and sometimes even live music or a holoflic.

Riki found, once Iason had put the idea in his head, that he was quite anxious to go to the Pet Academy, not only out of curiosity but because he was hoping for a little social intercourse. Though the pets at the Emporium had done little else than gawk at him, he was hoping, somehow, the Academy party would be different. At the very least, it would be a chance to stretch his legs.

"You realize, of course," Iason continued, "that if we go, you will be wearing your chains. At least until we arrive; then I will remove them and you can visit with the other pets."

Riki nodded. Although he wasn't thrilled about wearing the chains again, he wasn't about to jeopardize his chances of going by complaining about it, nor did he want another taming for refusing to wear them. If Iason had achieved anything, it was a victory on that point; although he hated wearing the chains, he was not in a rush to openly defy his Master over it again.

The medic had arrived, admitted by Daryl, and proceeded to examine him, much to the mongrel's dismay. He smiled at Riki's fussing, then nodded to Iason.

"He'll be fine. Just dislocated it, it seems. Should be sore as hell though, for the next day or so. Shall I give him something for it?"

Riki's eyes widened at this, and he looked up at Iason imploringly.

The Blondie nodded. "Very well. Give him a mild numbing injection, nothing too strong."

"An injection! Why can't I just have a pill?" Riki demanded.

"You'll take an injection or nothing at all," Iason replied, firmly.

"But *why*?"

"Because I said so," Iason sighed. "Now hush, or there will be no party this afternoon."

Riki fell silent at this, sulking, then howled when the medic injected the topical analgesic directly into his shoulder. "Bloody hell! That just makes it hurt *more*!"

"In a few minutes, you won't feel a thing. At least in your shoulder." The medic winked, knowing full well he was dealing with the notorious mongrel pet of Iason Mink, whose taming at the Emporium was all the talk among the Elites.

Although Riki had been hoping for an opiate to relieve some of his punishment-associated tenderness, he realized now his Master was deliberately denying him that comfort, as if reading his thoughts.

"Now, pet. Finish your breakfast, and then let's get you in a nice, warm bath," Iason suggested. "We can't very well arrive at the party with you looking like *that*."

"Like what?" Riki demanded, as if unable to see the problem. His hair was sticking out every which way, as though it hadn't been combed in a week, and his tank had been put on backwards and inside out.

Daryl giggled, and the great Blondie rolled his eyes to the heavens, shaking his head.

"Can *you* bathe me?" Riki pleaded.

"Daryl will help you, pet."

"But I want *you* to do it. Please?"

"Very well," Iason agreed, smiling slightly at his pet's request.

Bathing his pet had become something of a ritual, one that both Master and pet looked forward to. Even so, Iason had been attempting to wean him away from such pampering, feeling it was more appropriate for Daryl—and not the Master of the house—to attend to the grooming of his pet. He shuddered to think what Raoul would have to say if he knew he actually bathed Riki, even washing his hair. Those were the responsibilities of a servant—a eunuch's work—and yet Iason had now grown accustomed to caring for his pet in the intimacy of the bath.

Daryl said nothing, marveling also over Iason's acquiescence. It was simply unheard of for a Master to give a pet the special treatment Iason bestowed on Riki. But then, when it came to Iason and Riki, he never knew what to expect. It seemed to him that his Master wavered between trying to assert his authority and giving into Riki's every whim. He punished him, and then pleased him, reprimanded him, and then pampered him. He forced him into submission one moment and was lenient the next, took him to his bed like a lover one day, and then chained him up for his disobedience the next.

At that moment, however, it appeared Iason was prepared to humor his pet; he gave him his bath, then rubbed lotion into his

smooth, dark skin, which now boasted a healthy glow from months of pampering and good nutrition.

Finally, he helped his pet dress, insisting he go shirtless.

"I want to show you off a bit," he whispered, when Riki protested.

"But I'll freeze my ass off!"

"You can wear a jacket. I want to see some skin."

"Ha. This is ridiculous," the mongrel scowled, after a moment.

He was wearing his favorite, well-worn motorcycle jacket—the very one he had been wearing when he first arrived at the penthouse—and nothing else but a pair of skin-tight, low riding dark pants, which showed off the hollows of his pelvis and abdomen.

But Iason was pleased with the effect. "Very nice, pet," he praised. "And I know just what would make it even better." The Blondie reached out, squeezing one of his nipples with a little smile. "I should have you pierced. A nice little nipple ring would be just the thing."

"What! No fucking way!" Riki attempted to swat him away, which the Blondie answered by pulling him onto his lap as he sat down on the bed, laughing.

"If I want to have you pierced, my pet, you will be pierced. It is not your decision."

"Please, Iason," he begged, getting comfortable in his Master's arms, "at least, not *today*. I don't want to be walking around with a sore nipple, I won't be able to enjoy the party."

"Very well. But now that you've put the idea in my head, you can be sure we'll have it done. I should have thought of it before."

Riki groaned, feeling helpless. "I hope that's *all* you plan to pierce," he muttered. "And it's not fair. I won't get to pierce anything on *you*."

"You've already pierced something, my pet," Iason whispered, pulling him close. "My heart."

Riki rolled his eyes at this, shaking his head. "That was lame."

Iason smiled, and then shifted the mongrel on his lap so that he could kiss him. After a very long, sensual kiss, he finally broke away.

"I'm tempted to take you again, right now. But I think I'll wait. We'd better get going or we'll be late for the party. We dallied too long in the bath."

“Dallied?” Riki teased. “Now there’s an interesting word for it.”

“Now, Riki. Do I need to remind you that you must be on your best behavior? Do we need to go over the rules?”

Sighing, Riki slumped forward in an exaggerated manner as though having just lost consciousness. Iason answered this by urging him to his feet, giving his ass a little smack.

“Ow!”

“That’s just a warning. Your *best* behavior, Riki. Understood?”

“Yeah, yeah. Can we go already?”

“Yes. Just as soon as we put on your chains.”



IASON’S ARRIVAL AT THE PET ACADEMY generated even more deference, in Riki’s view, than his arrival at the Emporium three days before. Everywhere he went, pets and Elite alike *bowed* to him, as though he were some sort of prince. Riki shook his head at this, rolling his eyes.

And while the presence of the Head of the Syndicate always generated excitement at the Pet Academy, the fact that he had brought along his notorious mongrel pet attracted even more interest. A little more accustomed to being stared at, Riki felt more at ease at the party than he had at the Art Exhibit, if only because the Academy seemed to be packed with countless beautiful, half-naked pets. He did his fair share of gawking, relieved when Iason almost immediately unchained him so that he could roam freely.

He made his way straightway to the bar, where he was informed that his identification did not have the necessary permissions for him to be served alcohol. Riki was then forced to track Iason down to beg him to remove his restrictions. He found him surrounded by a group of Elites and dignitaries, all of whom seemed completely infatuated with the Blondie, smiling and bowing at his every word.

Riki managed to push his way through the crowd and then stood next to Iason, tugging on his sleeve.

The Blondie turned. “Yes, Riki?”

“Can I have a drink? They wouldn’t let me have one. They said my...thingy...um...that identification portfolio *thing*, had restrictions on it.”

“Ah. Yes, of course.” Iason flipped open his wrist terminal, punching a few buttons to change his permissions. “There, my pet. You may have *two* drinks.”

Two? Riki opened his mouth to protest and then bit his lip when Iason gave him a warning look. “Yes, Master,” he whispered. “That’s pretty good, I guess.”

“So, is this your famous pet, Iason?” asked one of the Elites, a wealthy club owner named Janja.

“Yes. This is Riki.”

Janja paused for a moment, studying him, his brow furrowing. “He’s quite...unusual.”

“Very handsome, though,” another remarked.

The others there all nodded their agreement, smiling.

Riki had the sense to bow his head, not out of respect, but to avoid glaring at Janja, who continued to stare at him rather intently.

“Can I go?” he whispered.

“Yes, pet. You may go.”

The mongrel turned and made his escape, heading immediately toward the bar to be sure he got in his *two* measly drinks before Iason changed his mind. He shook his head, sighing.

Janja’s gaze followed Riki as he made his way to the bar. At first, he thought he was mistaken. But almost immediately he realized, with a bit of concern, that he knew the face. The mongrel was far too unique to be confused with anyone else. It was the very same boy he had noticed the night before, at his club Serendipity. He had noticed him then, wondering what a mongrel was doing in Tanagura, and in *his* club, and had almost confronted him, but then he had been distracted by a scuffle in one of the other corners of the club, and then by a mishap in the kitchen, and then countless other smaller crises that demanded his attention.

He knew Riki was the same mongrel that he had seen the night before, and he knew something else: Riki had been engaged in sexual activity. Although he didn’t get a good look at the other boy, Janja had

most definitely witnessed a male performing fellatio on him. Normally, this was of no consequence—even to be expected—in an open club. But this was a different case altogether. Riki was Iason's pet. And Janja knew enough about Iason Mink to know that the Blondie most likely had no idea what Riki had been up to.

"You seem to take great interest in my pet, Janja," Iason observed, after the Elite had continued to gape at the mongrel for some time. The Blondie was feeling rather proud of the attention Riki was generating, especially since he knew Janja, in particular, was very hard to impress when it came to pets.

"Iason," he answered, lowering his voice, "might I have a word with you alone?"

Riki sauntered up to the bar, making himself comfortable on a stool there.

"You again," the bartender observed, wryly.

"I'll have a stout," he repeated, with a little smile. "I have permission now."

"Hmmm." The attendant scanned his retina, raising a brow when Riki's revised identification portfolio flashed onto his scanner. "Very well. It seems your Master has allowed you two drinks, after all. Stout then? Any one in particular?"

"The best you have."

"That would be Icarian Gold, in my opinion."

"Great. Hit me."

As the attendant poured him a generous helping of the brew, a pair of male pets approached him.

"So you're the famous pet of Iason Mink," one of them remarked, almost tauntingly. "You don't look so special to *me*."

"I thought you'd be a lot more attractive," the other agreed.

"Piss off," Riki answered, looking away, as though bored.

"Say that to my face!" the first pet demanded.

Riki stood up, moving close. "I said, PISS OFF. Or shall I piss *on* you to show you what I think of your ugly mug?"

The pet, who had never been talked to in such a manner, fell silent, instinctively taking a step back.

"You can't talk to us like that," the second pet protested. "We're A-class pets!"

"I don't give a fuck WHAT you are. But if you don't step aside, I'll cut up your pretty little face with this pint, *after* I break it over your head." Riki held up his nearly full tankard of stout as if toasting him, then drained the entire thing, showing him the empty container.

"As if I would waste any more time talking to *you*," the pet answered, turning up his nose indignantly before walking off.

The second pet offered Riki an equally contemptuous look before following his proud companion, trying to hide his own fear.

Riki snorted, shaking his head, and set his empty glass back on the bar counter. "Stupid pets. Hit me again."

"You'd better watch yourself, little pet," the attendant warned. "Your Master won't be pleased if you get into a fight."

Riki shrugged, feigning indifference as the bartender poured more stout into his tankard.

"Drink number two. That's it for you today."

"Yeah, whatever." Riki pulled out his smokes, fumbling for his lighter.

"You can't smoke inside," the bartender scolded.

"Where can I smoke then?"

"Outside," he replied, gesturing to the sliding glass doors that led out onto a veranda. He shook his head as the mongrel took his drink and left, having never even heard of a pet that was allowed to smoke.

As Riki moved toward the doors, his attention was diverted by a very pretty female pet who sat at a small table, looking directly at him. He blinked, and then looked again, immediately recognizing her.

"Hey. I know you," he said, stopping and pointing toward her. He smiled, his gaze taking in her scantily clad body. "You posed in a pet magazine. I saw you."

In fact, it was the very pet he had fantasized about countless times, a buxom, red-haired female with ample hips and thighs.

She arched a brow at this, offering him an inviting smile. "Did you like what you saw?"

"Hell yes. Are you kidding? You're a bloody knockout."

"Why don't you sit down with me, then?"

"I'm going out for a smoke. Wanna come?"

“Academy pets aren’t allowed to smoke. You’re very naughty, smoking like that.”

“And *you’re* very naughty, posing in a magazine like that.”

“Hush, you’ll get me into trouble,” she scolded, with a giggle.

“Are you coming?”

“All right.” The girl uncrossed her legs, offering Riki an irresistible view of her smooth, creamy-white inner thighs.

Riki had a weakness for female thighs, especially fleshy, pretty ones like hers. He remembered especially her ass, which had just the right amount of generous curves and hollows to appeal especially to him. She moved in front of him deliberately to give him an unrestricted view of this particular asset, which was completely visible through the sheer, wispy fabric that pretended to be a garment, covered only by the merest thong, her cheeks jiggling provocatively with each step.

“Ouch,” he whispered, following her outside, his eyes locked on her ass. She wore thigh-high boots that drew even more attention to her mesmerizing walk, and Riki found himself tempted to reach out and give her half-naked bottom a hard smack.

The girl wore a tiny, bikini-like top that only partially covered her ample breasts. She turned around and leaned up against a table, spilling her drink on the front of her top, her nipples protruding through the silky fabric.

“Oops,” she whispered, giggling.

“Oops,” Riki repeated, grinning.

“Oh dear.” She unfastened her top, letting it fall to the ground. “I’ve ruined that. I guess I’ll have to go topless.”

“Holy shit!” The mongrel eyed her bare breasts in disbelief, his cock going rigid in an instant. It was all he could do to keep from ravishing her on the spot.

“Do you think I’m pretty?” she demanded.

“I already told you,” he replied, lighting up a smoke to try and calm himself. “You’re gorgeous.” He eyed her with unveiled lust, all his thoughts now bent on fantasies of fucking her.

“What do you think of my nipple ring?” she asked, arching her back to show off her breasts.

“I like it.” Riki reached out and flicked the ring with his finger, eliciting another giggle from the girl.

“Let me have a smoke.”

“I thought Academy pets didn’t smoke,” he answered, holding out the pack to her.

She picked one, shrugging, and he lit it for her. She perched up on the table, drawing up her knees to her chest and opening them slightly to give him a completely unrestricted view of her charms.

Riki’s eyes immediately gravitated to her satin undergarment, which was far too small for her, her labia perfectly visible through the taut fabric. “You’re very naughty,” he accused, reaching down to adjust himself with a slight grimace, cursing himself for wearing such tight pants.

“Let me see your cock.”

“Can’t,” Riki replied, smiling. “Then we’d both get in trouble.”

“I showed you my breasts,” she protested.

“That’s different. There are other females going topless.”

“Do you want to kiss me? No one will see. We can go over into that clearing there.”

Riki fell silent, swallowing hard. Of course he wanted to kiss her. He wanted to rip her thong down to her thighs, bend her over the table and give her the fucking of her life. He couldn’t believe she’d asked to see his erection. She was sitting on the table, half-naked, taunting him with her bare breasts, her nipple ring swinging seductively. In about thirty seconds, he was going to come in his pants. He took a drink of his stout, trying to decide what to do. “We’d better not. If Iason finds out, he’ll kill me,” he replied, finally.

“He won’t find out.”

“How do you know that? He’s just inside. There are too many people here. It’s too dangerous.”

The girl pouted at this.

“What’s your name?” he asked, taking a deep drag.

“I don’t have one yet, silly. I’m A-987F.”

“Oh. Right.”

“I’m up for auction in nine days.”

“Well, I’m sure there will be quite a...bidding war over you.”

“Really?” The girl seemed pleased with this, batting her eyes.

“Riki!”

The mongrel turned, startled at the sound of his Master’s voice, and further alarmed when he saw the look of fury on Iason’s face. He was standing at the sliding glass doors, Riki’s chains in his hands.

“Come. We’re going.”

“I’ve gotta go,” he whispered, tossing his smoke down and setting his stout on the table. He could tell by Iason’s manner that he was extremely displeased.

“Nice to meet you,” the girl replied wistfully.

As soon as Riki was within his grasp, Iason fastened the chain onto his collar with an angry snap, cuffing him to himself, and then putting on his wrist cuffs with equal roughness. He gave his chain a little yank, turning and striding from the hall.

“We’re leaving already? We just got here,” Riki protested, though rather weakly.

“Hush.”

“Am I in trouble? That girl...we were just talking.”

Iason was so angry he could hardly see straight. Although he had not been pleased to find his pet flirting with a female, that was not the only reason he was so worked up. He had just learned from Janja that Riki had been observed at Serendipity the night before, being openly serviced by another male.

At first, he hadn’t believed it. But when he checked on Katze’s purchase logs he discovered that the three of them *had* gone to Serendipity the night before, which convinced him Janja’s remarks were true. After that, it was all he could do to maintain a semblance of calmness as he explained to the disappointed guests that he had to leave suddenly on unexpected “pressing business.” He had done only one other thing before going to gather his pet, and that was to make a visit to the Administrator’s chambers to borrow a tawse. He shoved the implement into his belt, beneath his cape, and then searched out his pet, finding him on the veranda with the topless female.

Any other day, this in itself would have been enough to put him into a very bad mood, but today, after the news he’d just received, he was beside himself with jealousy and anger, barely able to conceal his

rage as he dragged Riki out of the Academy, the mongrel running to keep up with his pace.

“Ow!” he complained. “You’re...pulling on my neck chain!”

“Then walk faster.”

“I’m running as it is!”

Iason had reached his vehicle, the door sliding up to admit them. He uncuffed himself from Riki, pushing him roughly towards the vehicle. “Get in.”

“Honest, Iason. All we did is *talk*.”

The Blondie made no reply, sliding in after him and almost immediately starting the vehicle, slamming the gearshift into drive and taking off at such a high velocity that his tires were squealing.

Riki stared at him, puzzled. He could understand why Iason might have been a little upset to find him alone with the female pet, but he *hadn’t* been doing anything wrong.

“She...she wanted me to kiss her, but I wouldn’t,” he tried.

Iason leveled him an angry look, saying nothing.

Feeling as though he were only making things worse for himself, the mongrel sighed, sinking down into his seat.

“I never got to have any cake!” he exclaimed, suddenly.

Iason turned the vehicle sharply off the road, onto a stretch of deserted beachfront. They were on the route between the Pet Academy in Midas and the western entry into Tanagura, near the ocean. The Blondie drove a ways, the car rolling slowly to a stop.

Iason slammed the gearshift into park and turned off the engine, turning to his pet, who watched his sharp, irate movements with a look of bewilderment on his face.

“Who were you with last night at Serendipity?” he demanded.

Riki swallowed. “Huh? You know who I was with. Katze and Daryl.”

“Pet. I already know someone serviced you last night. You were seen by the owner of the club. I want you to tell me *who* it was.”

“Oh shit,” Riki whispered.

“WHO WAS IT?”

“You don’t have to yell! I don’t know who it was!”

At this, Iason moved aside his cape to reveal the tawse, which he retrieved, giving Riki a pointed look.

“Fuck,” Riki groaned.

“Get out of the car,” Iason commanded.

Riki cursed himself, stepping out of the vehicle reluctantly.

The Blondie exited the vehicle and made his way around to Riki’s side. Then he grabbed him by the hair, throwing him facedown on the hood of the car and pulling his pants down to his knees.

“How *dare* you, pet!” he bellowed, whipping his arm back. The tawse struck him across his thighs, hard.

“Yow!” Riki cried out, his thighs stinging from the very first strike.

“WHO WAS IT?”

“I don’t know! I told you! Just some local! Oww!”

Iason began striking him faster, harder, mercilessly, the tawse biting into his flesh; all the while he continued to yell at him, demanding to know the identity of the boy. But Riki kept to his story, refusing to tell him the truth, knowing that if he did, Katze would be in serious trouble.

The Blondie gave him such a thrashing with the tawse that he began sobbing like a schoolboy, but his cries fell on deaf ears. Iason had worked himself into a rage, feeling as though no amount of punishment would properly discipline him for his transgression, though strike after strike met its mark on his punished flesh.

He struck so hard that his body twisted as his arm came down and whipped back, his hair swinging around him as he moved. Even in his fury the Blondie was beautiful—perhaps even more so, his face betraying usually guarded emotions and passion, his eyes intense with anger, jealousy, and hurt.

Finally, the punishment came to an end, as Riki continued to lay on the hood of the car, weeping.

“How could you do such a thing?” Iason demanded.

“I was...pissed at you...because of Raoul,” he replied, sniffing.

“That’s no excuse.”

“I know. I’m...sorry.”

The Blondie sighed. “Get back in the car.”

Riki pulled his pants up, his hands shaking, and wiped the tears from his face. He managed to somehow move back into the vehicle, wincing as he sat down. Iason handed him a cloth for his runny nose

and for some minutes they sat in the car, silent but for Riki's gasps and sniffing.

"I'm sorry," the mongrel whispered again, finally.

"What I want to know is why Katze and Daryl didn't stop you."

"They didn't know," he answered, quickly. "They went to use the water closet—I think Daryl was, um...sick, and that's when it happened. I was pretty drunk. It was over really quickly, you know how fast I come. I made him leave after that. I guess I drank too much, I didn't really know what I was doing."

"Yes. You *did* drink too much," Iason agreed, though his manner was softer now.

"I'll never do it again. I swear."

"I'll hold you to that," his Master nodded. "Because, Riki, if it ever *does* happen again, I'll give you a thrashing that will make this one seem like a slap on the wrist. Understood?"

The mongrel nodded, eyes wide.

The Blondie sighed. "I'm also taking away your city privileges. I gave you those privileges contingent on your good behavior, so until further notice you no longer have clearance to go into Tanagura."

"What!" Riki cried. "That fucking sucks!"

"Pet. Might I advise you not to anger me before I'm finished doling out your punishment?"

"You already *did* punish me!"

The Blondie laughed softly. "Did you really think you'd get off with such a slim punishment as that? No, pet. You've also lost your city privileges. And I'll be reprogramming your pet ring. Since you were unable to control your own sexuality, it appears I'm going to have to control it for you. From now on, you will not be able to ejaculate until I choose to let you do so."

Riki listened in disbelief. Not be able to climax without Iason's permission? Not even to masturbate in private? He sighed.

By now, Iason's anger had dissipated, and he found himself finally forgiving his pet for his indiscretion, deciding that the alcohol, and his jealousy over Raoul, had been an unfortunate combination that had impaired Riki's judgment. But he continued to scold his pet all the way home, for good measure.



IASON WAITED UNTIL KATZE ARRIVED to spend the evening with Daryl before confronting either of them about the Serendipity incident. Then, he called them both to him. He stood before them, his arms crossed on his chest, a wooden ruler in one hand.

“Is something wrong, Iason?” Katze asked, his heart beating faster upon seeing the implement of discipline in the Blondie’s gloved hand.

“Yes, there most certainly is, Katze. I left Riki in your hands last night. I expected you to watch over him. So you can imagine my shock when I learned that my pet was engaged in sexual activity at the club you took him to.”

Katze visibly blanched at this, and Daryl reached out to hold his hand, trembling.

“Riki tells me you were both in the club facilities when it happened. Now, I understand Daryl was ill. But there is simply no excuse that Riki was left alone for any amount of time.”

Katze and Daryl exchanged bewildered looks, realizing suddenly that Iason did not know it had been Katze who had serviced his pet.

“Katze. Hold out your hand, palm up.”

The eunuch did so, flinching when Iason brought down the ruler, hard, across his palm with a loud *smack!* Then a second strike came down lightning fast, and a third. By the time Iason reached the seventh strike, Katze was blinking back tears.

“That will teach you that when I leave my pet in your hands, I expect you to be watching him every second, no exceptions.”

“Yes, Sir,” Katze murmured.

“Daryl. Hold out your hand.”

“Please don’t punish him,” Katze pleaded. “It’s my fault. Let me take his strikes.”

“I am punishing Daryl for drinking so much he became ill; both of you were remiss for that, when you had Riki in your charge. Daryl. You heard me. Hold out your hand.”

Daryl slowly extended his hand, which shook as the Blondie brought down the ruler, hard. *Smack!* He yelped, and then cried out loudly with each of the remaining strikes. Iason struck him a total of five times with the ruler. A tear rolled down the boy's cheek as he endured his punishment, and Katze squeezed his other hand, which he still held, to comfort him.

"That will be all. I expect better from both of you. I'm very disappointed. You may go."

After that, the eunuchs retired to Daryl's room to nurse their wounds, both of them feeling an odd combination of shame at being chastised and relief at their secret remaining undiscovered.

Iason got up and went into the Master bedroom, where Riki was lying on the bed, facedown, his pants off. He had fallen asleep, despite his misery, which gave him some reprieve from the discomfort of his sore backside. The Blondie stood for a few moments, staring down at him. His buttocks and thighs were still an angry crimson, swelling with the welts of his punishment. Almost immediately he found himself owning a rock-hard erection. He slowly undressed, then climbed on top of his sleeping pet, and without waiting for him to wake, slid into him.

Riki opened his eyes with a start and a little cry.

"Naughty pet," Iason whispered fiercely, withdrawing slowly and then plunging in again.

The mongrel whimpered a bit as the Blondie gave him a good, hard fucking, his punished rear so tender that his every move made him wince.

"Are you feeling that? And whose fault is it that you're not enjoying this now, pet?"

Riki groaned, making a half-hearted attempt to wiggle out from under him, but the Blondie kept him pinned firmly to the bed.

"Stop fighting me. I'm your Master; I'll take you whenever I want. This is punishment, too, pet."

"Please, I'm too sore," Riki begged. "Ow!"

"You belong to me, Riki. Your body is mine for the taking, and mine alone. I'll drive that fact into you."

"I told you I was sorry!"

"I don't want your apology. I want your submission."

"You're being too rough!"

"Tell me, Riki. Tell me you submit to me. Say it."

"Ow!"

"Say it!"

"Please! Ow...I...submit to you!"

"I submit to you....*Master*. Say it." The Blondie now was thrusting so hard the bed began shaking.

"I submit to you...*Master*!" Riki cried.

"Good boy," Iason praised, closing his eyes as he felt his essence rise. He gave a few more final thrusts, then climaxed, his rapture sending shudders down his back. He nuzzled up against his pet then, kissing his cheek.

"Does this mean the punishment's over?" Riki asked timidly.

"Yes, love."

"I only did it...because I was pissed off, because of Raoul. I don't like the idea of anyone else touching you, either."

Iason rolled off him and onto his side, looking into his eyes.

"But I am your Master, Riki. I can pair with whomever I choose. However, *you*, as a pet, do not choose who you pair with. That decision belongs to me, and only to me."

The dark-haired mongrel sighed. "Why does it have to be like that? Masters and pets...Elites...mongrels. The whole thing...the world...is fucked up."

"The world is what it is." Tracing a finger down Riki's cheek, Iason smiled. "And I think we both know there are times you enjoy being my pet."

Shivering, Riki looked up at the beautiful Blondie, wondering how he could know so much about his private thoughts, how he managed at times to look into his very soul, perceiving his darkest secrets. Somehow, he had determined that Riki had come to accept—even enjoy—being his pet.

At least, sometimes.

Iason got out of bed and put on his silk lounge pants, something that he hardly ever wore but which accentuated his exceptionally well-sculpted upper body. The mongrel marveled over the contrast of

his long blond, nearly white hair, which seemed delicate and almost feminine, against the masculinity of his rippling muscles.

"I could do with some wine, and we both need dinner."

"Sounds great. I'm starving," Riki answered, getting up and tugging on his pants.

He was thinking about how much he wanted a smoke. He picked up his jacket and, before he realized what was happening, he watched with horror as the small little pill Katze had slipped him the night before rolled across the floor and spun around a few times before settling down. He had completely forgotten about it, or he would have taken it as soon as they had arrived home from the party.

He glanced up to see Iason puzzling over it. Then the Blondie's eyes met his and a look of comprehension and anger flashed onto his face.

Riki lunged forward to retrieve it but Iason was equally fast. Though the mongrel managed to snatch it up, his Master grabbed his wrist and painfully began squeezing.

"Drop it."

Though he tried with all his might, he couldn't resist the strength of the Blondie, his hand opening as he gave a little yelp of pain.

Iason caught the pill as soon as it dropped, but continued to hold onto Riki's wrist. He examined it, then sighed. "An Opiate-3, Riki? Where did you get this?"

Riki refused to answer.

"I said, *where did you get this?*" Now Iason's voice was louder, harsher. "Answer me, pet!"

When the mongrel remained silent, he sighed. "I see. You had in mind taking some of the sting out of your punishment, when I've made it clear to you that discomfort is part of the discipline. And now you refuse to answer me or divulge your source. Well then, pet. I guess tonight's punishment isn't over after all. You're in for a good, hard spanking."

Iason pulled him toward the bed, but Riki fought him, pulling against him with all his strength. "You've got to be bloody kidding!"

But he was no match for the Blondie, who was already sitting down on the edge of the bed, preparing to position his pet over his knee.

“My arm!” Riki suddenly yelled, and Iason, fearing that he had dislocated his injured shoulder, immediately let go of his wrist.

It was just the opportunity the mongrel had hoped for. Dashing out of the room, he ran through the penthouse, desperate to find someplace to escape another punishment session.

“Riki!” Iason snapped, furious, taking off after him.

Without even thinking about it, Riki made for the Observatory, realizing as he stumbled up the steps that he was trapping himself. When he reached the top he locked the door and entered in random numbers, hoping to jam the access board. He could hear Iason coming up the steps slowly, as though he knew his pet had no escape.

“Now this is going to be so much worse for you,” he warned.

Riki looked around and, out of desperation, grabbed a towel and picked up one of the chairs, hurling it toward the Observatory sphere. The glass shattered, and he threw the towel onto the broken glass, peering out at what appeared to be a ledge encircling the Observatory.

Now hearing that Iason had unlocked the door, he stepped out onto the ledge, which suddenly seemed much narrower than it had looked from inside. He crept along the ledge a few feet until he came to the side of the building, realizing that he was trapped. He looked down and almost passed out when he saw how high up he was.

“Riki!” Iason shouted, running towards the broken glass. Seeing his pet on the ledge, huddled next to the wall, he immediately got out onto the ledge, holding out his arm. “Give me your hand!”

Too frightened to move, Riki simply stared back, eyes wide. He was more afraid of falling than anything, but at the same time he had no desire to move closer to the Blondie who intended to punish him. With a few graceful steps, Iason was close enough to gather his pet up with one arm, balancing him on his hip like a child, and then carrying him back inside.

He hugged him tight—almost painfully so—for a long moment, then set him on the ground firmly and then shook him furiously. “What were you thinking? You could have been killed!”

Then he yanked down Riki’s trousers, spanking him on the spot, just enough to let him know how angry he was before he dragged him over to the sofa and turned him over his knee. Though his pet had

unfortunately already been thoroughly punished that day, there was no helping some major correction now; his foolishness and disobedience had almost led to a disastrous outcome, not to mention the fact that he had been deceptive, unruly, and had broken expensive observatory panels.

So, despite Riki's heart-wrenching yelps and cries, the Blondie gave him the full force of his arm, a spanking that was nearly intolerable for the already well-punished mongrel.

"That was the most foolish thing you've ever done, Riki," he scolded. "And how dare you run away from me like that! It would have been much easier on you if you had taken your punishment downstairs. Naughty pet!"

In his misery, the only thing Riki could do was take it and pray that it would end soon. Eventually it did end, and then Iason lifted him up gently and pulled him close. He sobbed, burying his face in his chest, beneath his hair.

"There now," his Master soothed.

"I hate you," he sobbed.

Iason's gentle touch was reassuring as he stroked his back. "Surely you know why I had to punish you," he said, softly, then sighed. "All you have to do is be obedient, pet. Is that really so hard?"

"You're...mean," Riki sniffed.

"I'm exactly as mean as I need to be to keep you in line."

"You...don't care about me at all."

"Oh, Riki. If anything had happened to you...." Now he hugged him tightly, closing his eyes. "I care about you more than anything else in this world. I have to punish you sometimes for your own good."

Sighing, his pet began playing with Iason's hair, desperately wanting his Master's love and approval. Iason, sensing his change of mood, bent down and kissed him softly on the lips.

For a long time they sat there together, the Blondie comforting his miserable pet under a star-filled sky, bathed in the light of the twin moons Ios and Erphanes.

Threesome

One month later.

“READY TO GO?” KATZE SMILED, bending down to give Daryl a little kiss.

“Where are we going?”

“You’ll see. Let’s go.” Taking his hand, the auburn-haired youth led him out of the penthouse and down to his vehicle, smiling all the while. The eunuch’s mysterious smile gave Daryl goosebumps. Katze was always going out of his way to show him new and interesting things in the city, and although what Daryl wanted most was simply to be alone with him, he was thrilled with his lover’s thoughtfulness.

Even since he and Katze had been seeing each other, he finally felt as though he had a good reason to get up in the morning, as though all of his life had led up to these wonderful, carefree days with the most intriguing man he had ever met, or could ever imagine meeting. Katze seemed devoted to making him happy and to bringing him pleasure, and Daryl found that he loved him so much, it hurt.

“So what did the old bugger do to him?” Katze pulled into traffic, pissing off a passerby who honked in an exaggerated fashion as though he had committed the most egregious offense. He held his arm out the window and gave him the finger.

“Come back here, I’ll fucking kick your ass!” he yelled.

Daryl giggled. He loved it when Katze played the “tough man,” acting in ways he would never dare. He was so exciting to be with.

“Stupid fucker,” he muttered, lighting up a smoke. “So?”

“To Riki? Oh. He spanked him.”

Katze laughed at this. “Seriously?”

“Yeah. Over his knee, like a schoolboy, with a metal ruler.”

“What did the mongrel do this time?”

“I think he was nosing around in Iason’s drawer, you know, the one where he used to keep his kasey-whip?”

“Ah yes. Iason caught him, then?”

“Yes. He was pretty mad.”

“You know, we were pretty lucky Iason never found out about Serendipity. A few strikes on our hands, and that was it. If he knew what really happened, we’d both be in deep shit.”

“Let’s not think about it,” Daryl shuddered.

“Actually, there’s only one thing he could take away from me now that I really care about.”

“What’s that?”

Daryl’s innocence was almost too much to bear. “You,” he smiled, exhaling and leaning forward. “Kiss me.”

“You’re driving!”

“I can kiss and drive at the same time. Come on. Just a little one.”

“Watch the road!”

“Take that tone with me and I’ll put you over my knee,” he teased. “Mind me, Daryl.”

Daryl gave him a quick kiss, retreating with a look of worry etched in his features.

“Relax, sweetheart. I’ve been driving since I was twelve.” He settled back into his seat with a sigh. “And that was the most pathetic kiss ever.”

“I’ll give you a really good one when we stop,” Daryl answered, in a meek, hurt voice.

Katze turned. “Oh, love. I wasn’t serious, darling. Don’t you know when I’m kidding?”

Daryl wiped a tear from his face with the back of his hand.

“Hey.” Katze pulled the car over to the side of the road, tossing his smoke out the window. “Hold on now. I’m sorry. I wasn’t—come here.” He pulled Daryl close, sighing. “I’m such an asshole.”

Daryl shook his head furiously.

“No. It’s me. I’m the one who ruins everything.”

Katze took hold of his chin and said, sternly, “Hush. I don’t ever want to hear you talk like that.”

Then he bent down and kissed him slowly, gently, relishing how enthusiastically Daryl returned his kiss. Several minutes later, he pulled away, grinning. “Now that’s a kiss.”

Daryl smiled as the eunuch pulled back into traffic, once again infuriating a passerby.

“Come back here and I’ll fucking shove that horn up your ass,” Katze yelled.

Daryl giggled again, then looked out the window. “Hey. Are we leaving the city?”

“Maybe we are, and maybe we’re not.”

“I think we are.”

Katze just smiled, raising his eyebrows.

“Where are we going?”

“It’s a surprise.”

Daryl was so excited, he was bouncing in his seat. “Tell me!”

“Did you hear me, young man?” Katze scolded. “Impatient, naughty passengers get spankings.”

“I want a spanking,” Daryl replied, with a saucy little smile.

Katze looked over at him for a moment, considering. “Oh, you do? Well then.” He pulled the car over again.

“No! I was just kidding!”

“Too late. Impatient, naughty passengers who tease the driver get *extra hard* spankings.” Now Katze grabbed Daryl, who squealed and giggled. “Come here, you.”

“Help!”

“You know you deserve it.” Katze yanked down his pants and turned him over his knee, giving him a playful spanking that was just hard enough to be exciting for them both. “That’ll teach you to mind me,” he admonished, sternly, tugging his pants back up and setting him back on the seat.

“That was fun,” Daryl breathed.

Katze stared at him for a moment, then hugged him furiously. “Shit. I fucking love your perversions!” And for several moments they kissed again, more passionately this time, until finally he pulled away.

“We’re never going to get there at this rate.”

“Look before you merge!”

Katze turned and stared at him with a look of disbelief. “Are you telling me how to drive now? Do you want another spanking?”

Daryl giggled and Katze smiled, pulling into traffic as a passing vehicle honked hysterically. This time the auburn-haired eunuch held his gun out the window. "Fucking come back here, you moron! I'll blow your bleeding brains out!"

Shaking his head, Daryl stared at his lover, feeling so much love for him that he could hardly stand it.

They drove for another half hour and then Katze rolled down the windows. Daryl sniffed the air, puzzled. "It smells...different. And what's that sound?"

"We're almost there." Now Katze slowed the car and suddenly, straight ahead, the ocean came into view.

Daryl gasped, leaning forward. The twin moons had just risen and hung low and swollen red in the sky, their beauty reflected in the water below. Dark waves came rolling onto the beach.

"It's the ocean! It's the ocean!"

Katze grinned at Daryl's response. It was just what he'd hoped for. He pulled closer, to the edge of the beach. "Let's get out."

He didn't have to tell Daryl twice; the grey-eyed youth immediately jumped out of the car and started running toward the water. Katze caught up with him, grabbing his hand and giving it a little squeeze.

"It really is the ocean," the boy breathed.

"Let's take off our shoes and socks," Katze directed, and they both did so, then walked hand in hand down to the sea.

When they reached the wet sands and the waves rolled up against their bare feet, Daryl squealed. "This is wonderful...it's more beautiful than the painting even. It feels good on my toes." He turned to Katze. "I can't even begin to tell you how much this means to me."

"Your eyes tell me everything," he whispered, bending down to kiss him. They stood together thus on the dark sands of the sea, under the red glow of the twin moons, sharing a long moment of intimacy. Finally Katze broke away. "I have something for you."

"For me?" Daryl blinked.

Katze smiled, pulling a mysterious object from his pocket, then putting it in his hand. Daryl looked down, surprised. It was a chain, on which hung a pendant. Inscribed on the pendant were the words, "*Yours always. Katze.*"

Daryl looked up at him, tears forming in his eyes.

"I hope it's the right size. I wanted it to be long enough so you could wear it next to your heart, just like how you're in my heart."

"Katze...you're...really giving this to me?" No one had ever given him anything, certainly nothing like this, and he was almost in a state of shock.

Laughing, Katze took the chain from him and put it around his neck. "Perfect. I guess this is my way of asking you...if we could be exclusive from now on?"

Exclusive? Daryl blinked. "You're the only man I've ever been with. I mean, besides Riki, but that doesn't really count."

"So is that a yes?"

Smiling, Daryl nodded. "Yes...of course yes! I love you more than anything, Katze."

"And I," Katze bent down to give him a little kiss, "absolutely adore you, my love. Let's get undressed and have a little fun, okay?"

"Like...Ios and Erphanes?"

"Exactly like that."

"Won't we get sand everywhere?"

"Details, details. Come on. Don't you want to at least try it out? Anyway we can rinse off in the ocean if we need to."

Katze pulled off his shirt, his beautiful, muscular upper body melting all Daryl's reserves. They both undressed, tossing their clothes up onto the dry sands. Once they were completely naked, they stood for a moment, exploring one another and kissing passionately, hungrily.

Then Katze began biting and kissing Daryl's throat, eliciting gasps of pleasure from the gentle boy. He pulled him down onto the sands.

"Get on your knees."

Daryl obeyed and they kissed thus for a few moments.

"Now, turn around, love. On your hands and knees," Katze whispered, and as Daryl did so, he added, "spread your legs more...that's it. Now get down on your elbows."

Smiling, Katze pressed his hands onto the firm buttocks of his young lover, spreading him to reveal his virgin portal.

"Are you...doing what you did before...with your fingers?" Daryl asked breathlessly.

“No. Something different this time. You’ll like it, I promise.”

Then, slowly, he began exploring him with his tongue, flicking and swirling along the entire perineum, as Daryl gasped with pleasure. “Oh! Katze!” Then, as he began circling his portal, the boy wiggled with delight. “Yes! Right there!”

Katze tantalized him thus for awhile, then finally slithered his tongue past the sphincter into his lover’s sanctum. Daryl cried out, spreading his legs a little more and dropping his upper body a bit lower in his eagerness for more stimulation. The eunuch continued pleasuring him for some time, then stopped, moaning. “Oh, love, I wish I could fuck you.”

“I wish it, too,” Daryl admitted.

“You’ve never even had the experience...it’s not right.”

“But as you said, there’s nothing we can do about it, so....”

Now Katze pulled Daryl to him and they lay for awhile in the sands as the ocean broke against them. Each time the waves touched them, Daryl gave a little squeal of delight.

Katze laughed. “You’re such a child,” he whispered.

“I’m...sorry.”

“Don’t be. It’s what I love about you.”

He fell silent for a moment, deep in thought. “You know, there is a way I could give you a more complete experience.”

“How?”

“Well...if you wanted to...we could ask someone to join us, love. With both of us together...it could be pretty interesting.”

Daryl was quiet for a moment, then smiled. “I’d like that.”

“I knew you would, you little pervert!” Katze laughed, hugging him. “God, I love you so fucking much.”

“But who would we ask?”

“I think we should go into Midas, to one of the pet brothels there.”

Daryl frowned at this.

“What? You don’t like that idea?”

“I’d feel more comfortable with someone we knew. Like Riki.”

Katze shook his head. “That’s a really bad idea. We’re lucky as it is Iason didn’t find out about what happened at the club.”

"I know, but this time we'd do it someplace private. Like at the penthouse when Iason's at work. So he can never find out."

"I don't know," Katze answered, frowning.

"Please? I'll be too shy with anyone else."

Katze studied him for a moment, shaking his head. "You know, you've gotten a lot braver in the past few months. You would never have suggested something like this when we first started going out."

"It's just that, I know Iason never comes home during the day. So I feel pretty sure there's no way he'd catch us."

"I guess we could ask Riki and let him decide. What about the cameras? Does Iason have those activated now?"

Daryl shook his head. "No. He never uses those. I'm not sure why."

"He was always like that, even when I was with him. He hated the idea of being watched, I think, even by his own security system."

Now Daryl was excited. "When can we do it?"

Katze laughed. "Oh, my baby wants a fucking, huh?"

"Yes! I want to get fucked!"

"You know, I could always just bring over a toy."

"We can do that, too!"

"Well that was easy!" Katze laughed. "I didn't have to talk you into that at all!"

"Whatever you want to do...I'll do it."

"Oooo...now you're giving me all kinds of naughty ideas, lover," the eunuch whispered, tracing a finger down the boy's cheek.

"But I want to try the thing with Riki. The three of us, I mean."

Katze pushed him down onto the sands, pressing his body on top of him. "Then it'll be like I'm fucking you. I'll have him do what I can't do to you. But only I get to kiss you." He bent down and kissed him possessively, then broke away. "I can kiss you, just like this, while he's fucking you. Hell...I'm so excited, I'm shaking."

"Me too! When can we do it?"

"Don't know. I'll have to clear my schedule at work. It might mean working a few long hours so I can take some time off midday." He paused for a moment, considering the consequences if the Blondie were to find out. "But maybe we should think more carefully about this, love. We'd be seriously fucked if Iason caught us."

"He never comes home during the day, unless he has a headache, and then he always calls first," Daryl argued. "There would be no way for him to find out."

"But if he did," Katze sighed. "Hold on, Daryl. I'm starting to have second thoughts."

"Really?" the boy frowned, disappointed.

"It's just...I can't stand the thought of what he might do to you. If he hurt you—"

"I'm not scared. I can take it."

Katze smiled. "That's because he's not standing over you at the moment, prepared to break your neck."

"I don't think he'd kill me. He'd probably whip me, though."

"I can guarantee you, whatever he did, it wouldn't be a pleasant experience, for either of us."

They fell silent for a few moments.

"Katze?"

"Yes, love?"

"I still want to do it."

He sighed. "Yeah. So do I." Pulling Daryl close, he whispered in his ear. "I want so much to give you pleasure."

"You *do*...give me pleasure. Unlike anything I've ever felt before."

"I want to give you more. I want to give you...everything."

For a long time they just lay there on the wet sands, allowing the tide to wash over them, together in a place not quite land or sea, as the stars filled the night sky above them.



IT WAS A GOOD WEEK before they had the opportunity to approach Riki with their request. That particular day had been remarkably peaceful at the penthouse, and Riki had managed to stay out of trouble most of the week, enjoying Iason's favor without incurring his wrath. He was on the balcony one afternoon, smoking, when Katze joined him.

"Hey," Riki greeted, offering him a smoke.

"Thanks." Katze lit up, giving him a long look.

“Is something up? What are you doing here this time of day?”

“I want to ask you something, Riki. And it’s okay if you say no.”

Riki grinned. “This sounds interesting.”

“It could be. It’s...about Daryl. You know I’m crazy about the kid. And there are certain things I wish I could do. Sexual things. But I can’t. But *you* could. You get my meaning?”

The mongrel stared back at him for a moment. “Are you asking me to fuck him?”

“I thought maybe all of us together—”

“You want a three-way?” Riki laughed, delighted.

Katze smiled. “What do you think?”

“Fuck yes!”

“Before you commit, you have to be really sure you wanna take this risk. If Iason ever found out....”

Riki fell silent. “That’s true,” he conceded, after a pause. “And I just thought of something else. Dammit! It would be torture for me, with this fucking pet ring restricting me.”

“Don’t worry about that. Daryl knows how to turn off the restriction. At least he thinks he can figure it out.”

“Where is he, anyway?”

Katze turned. “Daryl! Come out here.” He turned back. “I thought if both of us came at you, you’d feel cornered into it or something. I wanted to make sure you were really cool with it.”

Daryl appeared on the balcony, looking a little nervous.

“You still think you can disable the restriction on his pet ring?”

Daryl nodded. “Everything’s programmed from the main terminal. I’m sure I can remove the restriction at least temporarily.”

“If that’s the case...when did you want to do it?” Riki asked.

The eunuchs exchanged glances. “How about...right now?” Katze suggested, grinning.

Riki nodded, a slow smile creeping onto his face. “Iason won’t be back until tonight. This is probably the perfect time.”

“We’re going to do it?” Daryl was so excited, he was practically jumping up and down. He grabbed Katze’s arm.

“All right, get in there and get the pet ring restriction off,” Katze instructed. The threesome moved into the great hall where the

computer terminal was situated at the communications command center. Riki and Katze stood behind Daryl as he worked.

The boy typed quickly, completing the task in a matter of minutes.

"You're amazing on this thing," Riki remarked, almost enviously, unsure even how to turn a computer on.

"You're good to go," Daryl announced. "Feel a difference?"

"Yeah, actually, I do." A huge sense of relief washed over the mongrel, who had been walking around with the restriction for over a month. "I can tell already. I know I can come."

For a moment the three of them just stared at each other, then, almost in unison, they began smiling.

"Where...do we start?" Riki asked.

"How about let's go into the Master bedroom, since the bed there is the biggest," Katze suggested, putting his arms around Daryl from behind him as they made their way into the bedroom.

"What did you have in mind? Are there any...um...rules?"

"Anything goes," Katze answered. "Except one thing—only I get to kiss Daryl."

"Do I get to kiss *you*?" Riki stood, hands on his hips, a naughty half-smile on his face.

"That depends," Katze replied, pulling off his shirt to reveal his beautiful upper body. He turned to Daryl. "Is it okay with you?"

Daryl stared at them, eyes wide. "Yes. Actually, can I just watch for awhile? Is it okay?"

"Sure." Katze leaned over, kissing him on the cheek. "Why don't you get on the bed and make yourself comfortable."

As Daryl started to move away, Katze grabbed his wrist and stayed him, leaning over to whisper in his ear, "Remember, love. This is what I would do to you, if I could."

Nodding, the eunuch climbed onto the bed, relieved to only be watching, for now. Though excited, Daryl was a bit nervous about what was ahead for himself, but he was a true voyeur at heart and knew he would at least enjoy watching Katze with Riki. He lay on his side, propped up on one arm.

Riki threw off his shirt, and Katze noted his sculpted chest and arm muscles with obvious admiration.

“You’re keeping in shape,” he remarked, smiling.

The mongrel shrugged. “Yeah. I do pushups and presses. But *you’re* in better shape than me.”

“You think so?” Katze beamed at the praise. He devoted a lot of time to keeping his body strong and fit, but other than Daryl, few ever complimented him on his physique.

“Most definitely.” As if to emphasize this, Riki traced a finger along the man’s muscular arm. “You’ve got sexy arms, Katze. Shit. I wouldn’t want to fuck around with you.”

Daryl nodded his agreement. “He’s strong.”

The eunuch slid one hand to the small of Riki’s back, pulling him close. In the next instant, the mongrel felt his warm, firm lips on his own, and in that moment, his understanding of Katze was irrevocably altered. Katze’s kiss was even more erotic and irresistible than he anticipated—slow, confident, and sexy, with just the right rhythm and lingual variety. Riki found himself responding to the eunuch with an erection so hard he was forced to unzip his pants.

Taking this as an invitation, Katze slipped his hand down his pants, continuing to kiss him as he began to explore him more intimately. Their kiss became more passionate and finally Riki broke away, closing his eyes when Katze immediately nuzzled his neck.

“Holy shit,” he breathed. “I’m so turned on right now I’m about ready to spill my seed.”

“Yes, you are,” Katze replied with a smile, smoothing the mongrel’s new wetness over the head of his cock.

His heart pounding, Riki gasped as Katze began kissing and biting his neck, his hand continuing to stroke and encourage his already engorged organ. Pulling away with a slight smile, the eunuch dropped down to his knees and began tasting him with his tongue, swirling around the head and up and down the shaft.

“Oh fuck,” Riki moaned.

Then Katze took him into his mouth, all the way down his throat.

“Fucking Jupiter,” Riki cried. “Hey! Katze. I’m not going to last long if you keep...doing that.”

Katze released him, considering. “Maybe we should go ahead and start.” He turned to Daryl. “Are you ready, love?”

“Yes.” Daryl was trembling from excitement and nervousness, his voice barely audible.

“Then, get undressed,” Katze ordered.

Riki immediately tugged off his pants, giving them a little kick, but Daryl hesitated.

“What is it, love?” Katze asked softly.

“He’s never...seen me. I mean, naked.”

Katze walked over to the bed, pulling him onto his feet.

“Come on. This is all about feeling good, so let those old useless emotions go.”

“It’s all right, Daryl.” Riki stood with his legs apart, his body lean yet muscular, his rich, golden-bronze skin adding to his masculine beauty.

Daryl stared at him in awe, seeming to forget all about his apprehensions. Katze helped pull his shirt off and unzipped his pants, encouraging him to take them off as he removed his own. Then, when they were both completely naked, he bent down and kissed him, pulling him close.

Riki was admittedly curious about what he would see and was a little surprised when there simply wasn’t much to see at all. He had expected some scarring surely, but, by whatever technology the procedure had been done, both eunuchs were simply devoid of the expected organs, and not at all unattractive to look at.

Both of them had deep, tantalizing hollows between their pelvic bones, almost like women, and from what he could discern, they must have also been rebuilt like females for their bladder functions, though he couldn’t see the opening. In fact, they seemed more like beautiful exotic creatures than castrated men, and he found, just looking at them, he was now even more aroused, desperate to proceed with the night’s agenda.

“Let’s lie down.”

Katze moved onto the bed, holding his arms out to him. Daryl approached him and lay on top of him for a few minutes while they kissed. “Now, straddle me, on your hands and knees. He’s going to come up behind you.”

Daryl obeyed and Riki approached them, excited but a little hesitant about penetrating a virgin. It was actually something he had

never done before. He got up on the bed, positioning himself behind Daryl on his knees, and pressing himself up to his portal.

“Bend down here and kiss me,” Katze commanded.

Riki moaned a little when this movement made the view all the more enticing. Although the scars on Daryl’s back were a little disconcerting, the boy had a beautiful firm ass and gorgeous, surprisingly toned legs. Daryl had spent most of his life standing and rushing around the penthouse, ready to do his Master’s bidding, and so for all his gentleness, he was, in fact, quite strong—leaner than Katze, but just as fit, and very healthy.

Riki ran his hands up and down his hips and thighs and then spread him apart. Bending down, he pleased his perineum with his tongue, swirling it around and then thrusting it inside him.

Daryl gasped.

“What’s he doing?” Katze whispered.

“Licking me...like you did.”

After a few moments of this, Riki pulled away, inserting a finger and wiggling it a little impatiently. “I really...need to fuck you now,” he pleaded, through clenched teeth.

“Go slow,” Katze instructed. “Be *gentle*.”

Trembling, Riki bumped the tip of his organ up against the untried portal, just teasing him for a moment. Then, using his hand to guide himself in, he began penetrating. He had barely entered when Daryl cried out, and so he stopped, his hands sliding to the eunuch’s hips as he waited for him to relax.

“It’s okay,” Katze soothed. “It hurts like this, especially the first time, in the beginning. But then it feels good.”

“That’s as far as it goes,” Daryl wailed. “I think mine is different!”

Katze couldn’t help but smile at the boy’s innocence. “Just relax, sweetheart. Let it happen.”

Riki groaned, every instinct in his body telling him to thrust hard into the tantalizingly tight sanctum. “Just a little more,” he pleaded.

“All right,” Daryl answered, meekly.

The mongrel pressed in, probably a little further than he should have, and Daryl yelped from the pain. “It hurts!”

Katze frowned. “Do you want to stop? It’s all right if you want to.”

Please, don't fucking stop, Riki begged silently, now desperate for deeper penetration.

Wincing, the eunuch closed his eyes and bit his lip, and then swallowed. "No, I don't want to stop. Oh! Wait! It feels better now. Okay. I'm ready."

"Just a *little* more, Riki," Katze said sharply.

"I'm hardly even in at all," Riki complained. "Please, let me ram it in all the way."

"No! I said take it *slow and gentle*, or we'll stop," Katze snapped harshly. Then he added more invitingly, "After this you can fuck me as hard as you want."

Pacified with this promise, Riki was then able to be more patient with Daryl, inching in little by little until finally, at long last, he was fully inside him. For a few moments, he just remained thus, allowing the eunuch to adjust to him and relax.

"How does it feel?" Katze asked.

"It feels...interesting. It stopped hurting, pretty much."

"This is it, love. He's penetrated you. Now he's going to fuck you. Are you ready?"

"Yes." Daryl's eyes were shining.

"Kiss me."

As they kissed, Riki began slowly thrusting, marveling over the virgin's grip. Daryl bent down to kiss his lover, giving Riki an opportunity for deeper penetration. He held his hips and began pulling back as he thrust, daring to plunge a little deeper.

"You're so tight, Daryl," he moaned. "Ah...fuck yes."

The eunuch began gasping, a slight smile on his face.

"It feels...good, Katze!"

"Can I fuck you hard now?" Riki begged.

"Yes," the boy consented.

Biting his lip, Riki then gave the grey-eyed virgin an A-class ramming, mongrel-style, relishing Daryl's incredible, delightfully unyielding tightness. It was simply too exquisite to last long.

"Oh yes...I'm gonna come...I can't wait...fuck yes!" Releasing his essence with a loud moan, Riki slowly withdrew, and then slid to the floor at the edge of the bed.

Daryl and Katze were enjoying a few minutes of intimacy, kissing almost violently, and rolling around on the bed. Riki shook his head, wondering what it would be like to have no closure to sex, no release to give a definitive end to a lovemaking session.

“So, you’ve been fucked. Did you like it?” Katze smiled.

“Not at first, but then later, yes. Very much. Thank you Katze.”

“How about thanking me?” Riki piped up from the floor.

Laughing, Daryl and Katze both thanked the mongrel.

“Don’t forget your promise,” Riki reminded Katze. “And I’m gonna take you hard, too.”

Katze smiled. “I haven’t forgotten. I’m ready when you are.”

“I might be a few minutes,” Riki confessed, with a sheepish grin.



IASON WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF A CONFERENCE CALL when he noticed the light flashing on his wrist-terminal. He squinted at it, not quite believing what he was seeing. According to the message relayed from the main terminal, someone had removed the release restriction on Riki’s pet ring, and the security program, as a built-in precaution, had automatically notified him of the change.

The Blondie excused himself from the call and immediately headed home. As he drove, he found his anger steadily mounting as he began mapping out the possibilities as to what was going on.

Of course, he could simply reprogram the restriction from his wrist-terminal, but he had other plans. He wanted to surprise his pet and his accomplice and find out what they were up to.

He was *almost* sure it was something as simple as his pet wanting to masturbate and convincing Daryl to somehow get into the system to remove his restriction. Obviously, they would both be punished. He tried to expel from his thoughts the other, even less palatable scenarios.

Surely...even Riki would not be so foolish.



“YOU LOOK LIKE YOU’RE READY NOW,” Katze laughed.

Riki was stroking a massive erection, watching them. “You two are hot together. You sure can kiss a long time.”

“We like kissing,” Daryl answered.

“That much is obvious.” Riki gazed at Katze, a naughty smile curling his lips as he pointed to the bed. “Now. *Your* turn, Katze. Get on the bed, facedown.”

Raising an arched brow, Katze obeyed, and Riki immediately moved on top of him, running his hands up and down his beautiful, surprisingly athletic body.

“You’re gorgeous. Spread your thighs apart more.”

As Katze did so, Riki pushed him apart with his hands and then prepared him for a few minutes with his finger. “Daryl! Give me that vial on that table, there.”

Daryl dutifully fetched the vial, and Riki poured the oil onto his organ. “We should have thought of this before, with you,” he remarked.

“That’s okay,” the boy replied, smiling as he watched Riki pump himself a few times, unable to resist the pleasurable sensation of the warm, slippery oil on his matured erection.

Then the mongrel pressed his engorged member up to Katze’s entrance and penetrated, sliding partway in with ease. “Someone’s been a naughty boy,” he teased, upon discovering the eunuch’s decidedly non-virginal status.

“I daresay I was no different than you, in that respect,” Katze admitted. “At least...in my younger days. But it’s been a long time.”

Riki couldn’t help but wonder what it would have been like to be taken by Katze before his modification, and he shivered at the thought, his arousal increasing.

At Katze’s remark, Daryl seemed to pout, feeling suddenly jealous of his lover’s sexual experience.

Immediately sensing his change of mood, Katze frowned.

“Hold up, Riki. Daryl. Are you still okay with this?”

“Hmmm? Oh. Yeah,” Daryl murmured.

“You don’t look okay with it.”

“I was just thinking about what you said...about how you used to be...before. And all the others you’ve been with.”

“Don’t tell me you’re jealous?” Katze pressed, smiling.

Riki groaned, impatient with the conversation and anxious to proceed, now that he had partially penetrated the eunuch. “Oh come on! Don’t tell me you’re backing out *now*!”

“Oh, no, no!” Daryl reassured him, smiling. “I didn’t mean you, Riki.”

Katze laughed at this. “You’re jealous of my old pairing partners. Why not Riki?”

Daryl shrugged. “Dunno. I guess because he’s just...Riki.”

The mongrel frowned at this. “Gee thanks.”

Katze, finding this hilarious, laughed a bit louder.

“Hey!” Riki gave him a smack on the ass. “No laughing when I’m trying to fuck you. All right. For that, I’m going in deeper.”

With that, he sunk in a bit more, shuddering when he felt Katze’s grip tighten.

“Oh. I feel that. Stop there a bit, please,” Katze ordered.

“You promised some hard fucking!” Riki complained, impatiently.

“He said to stop, Riki!” Daryl scolded, frowning, getting up on his knees and then sitting back on his heels, seeming anxious.

“What? I’m stopping. I’m just saying, there appears to be a bit of *teasing* going on here. What happened to, ‘*After this you can fuck me as hard as you want*’?”

“Oh, all right. Have it your way. Just give me a sec.”

“Good. I’m gonna ram it in now,” he warned, and then, without waiting for permission, plunged in with all his strength.

Katze cried out.

“You’re hurting him!” Daryl shouted.

The eunuch clenched his teeth. “Dammit Riki!”

“Oh Katze,” Riki breathed, his eyes rolling back.

“You’re a total dickhead in bed,” Katze accused. “Plunging in like that, when I *told* you to wait.”

“I couldn’t help it,” Riki replied, swallowing and closing his eyes as he waited for the eunuch to adjust to him. “And if I’m the dickhead, you’re the *asshole*.”

Daryl giggled at this.

Katze rolled his eyes. “Very funny.”

“Okay, I’m fucking you now,” Riki announced, with a tentative thrust.

“He said he wasn’t ready, Riki!” Daryl argued.

“It’s okay, love. I’m relaxing already.”

“You are?”

“Yeah. Are you okay now?”

Daryl nodded, smiling shyly.

“Good. Because there’s nothing to be jealous of. Anyway, Riki’s the one who was a total whore back in Midas.”

“Hey!” the mongrel protested, frowning. “I object to that term. And you just said you were no different than me!”

“I’m not saying I didn’t have my share of partners, but everyone knows you practically had a harem back then.”

Riki shrugged at this, grinning. “Yeah, well. It’s because I’m so irresistible, I guess.” He shifted his position, lying completely on Katze and slipping his arms under his shoulders. “All right. Enough yapping. Time for some serious fucking.”

With that, he proceeded with his coital agenda, giving Katze what was probably the hardest fuck the eunuch could ever remember getting. He grunted and grimaced with each thrust, which only fueled the mongrel’s lust further.

“That’s it. I’ve got you now. You feel that, huh? How about *this*? Oh, Katze. Holy shit, you’re hot. Yeah, that’s it, spread your legs more. Like that! Yes...don’t move! Fuck yeah!” Though Katze wasn’t as unyielding as Daryl, Riki found him far more stimulating, because he had fantasized about him countless times over the years. “Oh god. Holy fuck! I’m coming!”

Just as Riki cried out his ecstasy, Daryl suddenly scooted off the bed to his feet, a look of total terror on his face. “Master Iason!”

Turning, Riki and Katze both gazed in horror at the doorway, where Iason stood, his eyes wild with fury, his face so contorted with rage he almost looked like someone else.

“Oh shit,” Riki breathed.

Iason's Wrath

FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY, the three of them stared in horror at Iason, who seemed to grow in size as he gazed at each one of them, his face dark with fury. Riki immediately withdrew from Katze, who scrambled to sit up.

Iason did not speak. And somehow, his silence was louder than if he had screamed at them.

He was beside himself with rage and hurt, unable to believe what he had just witnessed. When he had entered the penthouse and heard Riki's unmistakable sex moans, he had been so shocked that he had been rendered speechless, and had stood at the door for some moments before he was even noticed. The sight of his pet taking another man—and Katze, at that—was like hurling a knife into his heart, Riki's praises of Katze twisting the knife mercilessly.

It was nothing less than impossible. His pet, however unruly, surely couldn't betray him in such a fashion, and with two eunuch servants? It was inconceivable.

And for Katze and Daryl, both of whom he trusted, to take such egregious liberties with his pet, to deliberately remove his ring restrictions...it was more than he could bear.

"Is this how all my leniency is to be repaid?" he bellowed. "Through this kind of betrayal?" His eyes flashing darkly, he started for Katze. "You!"

"Iason, no! Don't hurt him! It's my fault!" Riki stepped in front of the eunuch, who watched the approaching Blondie with a look of dread and resignation.

Shoving Riki aside firmly—though refusing to even make eye contact with him—Iason now towered over Katze. Grabbing his hair, he pulled his head back. "You, Katze? *You*...would betray me?"

"Iason. I'm...truly sorry. I—"

"Silence!" Iason struck him across the face with the back of his hand, then threw him against the wall so hard that Katze was stunned for a moment, the wind knocked from him. Then Iason struck him again, and then a third time. Blood dripped from the eunuch's mouth but he made no attempt to resist the Blondie's arm.

Iason picked him up and proceeded to hurl him across the room, sending him flying into the T-stand. This time Katze cried out in agony, a horrid, piercing pain shuddering through his side.

"Katze!" Daryl cried.

The Blondie made for him again, forcing him to his feet and this time giving him a hard punch across the face with a closed fist.

Then he reached out and put a single hand around Katze's throat. "I should choke the life out of you," he hissed, his grip tightening, lifting him off the ground. "How dare you! With *my* pet!"

Katze's face darkened as his air supply was cut off, and he began to struggle, kicking back against the wall.

"He's killing him!" Daryl screamed.

"Iason!"

Riki rushed forward, grabbing hold of Iason's arms and struggling to break his grip, but the Blondie was far too strong to be swayed from his task.

"Please stop! Iason, stop!"

Desperate, Riki slid the Blondie's sleeve back to expose his skin, and then bit down on his flesh as hard as he could.

Iason responded immediately, wrenching his arm away and releasing Katze, who slumped to the floor, coughing. Daryl rushed to his side as Iason turned his attention to Riki, dragging him by the hair out of the room into the great hall, and then heading for the cabinet where he kept Riki's chains.

He opened the cabinet angrily, allowing the door to slam open against the wall, and then snatched up Riki's cuffs, snapping them roughly onto his wrists and slamming the manacles closed with a fist. Then he reached into the back of the cabinet and pulled out something Riki had not even known was there—a kasey-whip.

It was a C-10, long and slender, and fairly flexible. It offered a nasty bite but some buffering, which meant Iason could put his strength behind the swing without worrying about seriously injuring him.

Riki eyed the implement warily, wincing when Iason proceeded to drag him over to the wall hook he knew so well, forcing his arms up over the hook and fastening him securely there, facing the wall.

"I'm sorry," Riki whispered, knowing that his apology would probably not save him.

"Not sorry enough," Iason replied, unfastening the mongrel's pants and tugging them down to his thighs. "We shall better judge how sorry you are in about ten minutes. I'm furious with you, Riki. You're in for a good whipping."

"I was just bored," the frightened pet whimpered, desperately. "We were just having a little fun. It didn't mean anything. I swear, I'll never do anything like that again!"

Iason answered this by gifting him with the first strike of his whip, his arm moving so fast that the whip could be heard whizzing through the air. With a sharp snap, it met Riki's backside, and he yelped as the whip stung his thighs.

"No, you will not," he agreed, his voice low and menacing.

Swish...SNAP! A second strike.

Riki answered that with another yelp, this time even louder.

The Blondie then proceeded to whip his pet thoroughly, almost robotically, the strikes coming swiftly and evenly, one after the other. First he whipped his thighs until they were raw and welting, and then he moved onto his buttocks, working the whip over every part of his exposed flesh.

Riki howled his displeasure all the while, yanking futilely on the chains above his head. There was a brief pause between each strike, and then the sound of the whip swishing through the air before it struck him, just enough time for him to know it was coming. At each pause he fervently hoped he would not hear the swish of the whip, that the punishment was finally over. But the session seemed to go on for an eternity, his Master apparently not satisfied that his suffering was enough.

"Please!" he pleaded. He *hated* the kasey-whip. The whip had a particularly unpleasant cumulative effect, each strike stinging more than the previous, biting into his flesh with a hot searing pain that only seemed to get worse over time. His ass and thighs *burned* unlike anything he had ever experienced before. In short order he was in complete misery, feeling as though he could not bear another strike, and yet there was nothing he could do to bring an end to his torment.

"Please stop!"

"Feeling that, are we?"

Swish...SNAP! Swish...SNAP! Swish...SNAP!

Iason was not satisfied until he had elicited tears, and even then he pushed Riki beyond his limit, his anger driving him to extend the punishment mercilessly.

"Pl..please, Master!" Riki sobbed. "Master, I beg you, please!"

At this, the Blondie finally brought the whipping to an end.

"Yes. I *am* your Master," he whispered fiercely. "And you would do well to remember that. I'm not finished with you. The night has only begun. And I have something special in mind for you, once I finish with Daryl and Katze."

"Please, Iason. You're angry. You have every right to be angry—but don't take it out on them. It was all my idea from the very start. I'm begging you."

"How very gallant of you, pet," Iason replied, with a soft laugh. "But they are both going to be dealt with as I see fit."

He went back to the Master bedroom, whip in hand, where Daryl and Katze waited, clutching one another.

The Blondie turned now to Daryl. "I suppose you were the one to remove the restrictions on Riki's pet ring?"

Daryl hung his head, his cheeks burning. "Yes."

"Unfortunately for you, I am immediately notified of any changes to the program," he remarked, holding up his arm to indicate his wrist-terminal. "So now it's time for *your* punishment, Daryl. Go lie facedown on the bed."

"Yes, Iason-sama," Daryl answered softly, obeying the Blondie's command meekly.

His eyes met Katze's as he moved toward the bed. He gave a small smile of reassurance to his lover, who looked about ready to cry. Climbing onto the bed, he quietly awaited his punishment, without resistance or argument.

Iason stood, hands on his hips, glaring at Katze.

"I trusted you," the Blondie said, finally.

"I wasn't...thinking. All I cared about...was giving Daryl an experience...I couldn't." Katze spoke in broken gasps, as though he was having trouble breathing.

"No, you *weren't* thinking. And now you'll watch him suffer because of it."

The Blondie removed his cloak, tossing it aside angrily. He had already broken out into a fearsome sweat. Then he moved over to the side of the bed, swishing the whip a few times in the air in a manner designed to terrorize the unruly youth.

"What you have done is unspeakable, Daryl. For an attending servant to engage in unauthorized sexual contact with a Master's pet is simply beyond my comprehension. Have you any idea what would happen to you if I reported this to Jupiter? And to deliberately defy my authority and alter my command sequence, to remove restrictions that were specifically enabled for punishment—for this alone, you deserve a thorough whipping."

"Yes, Master. I deserve it, just as you say."

"Good. Then you know what's coming."

"Yes, Sir."

Iason stood quietly, letting Daryl suffer a few additional minutes of agony simply waiting for the punishment to begin. He raised his arm, and then, twisting his body to increase the velocity of his strike, brought the whip down on his thighs full force.

Swish...SNAP! The very first strike elicited a strangled whimper from Daryl, who was desperately trying not to cry out for Katze's sake.

But his efforts soon proved futile; Iason whipped him brutally, mercilessly, and eventually his tormented cries filled the room.

Katze sat with his head in his hands, consumed with guilt and regret, the sound of his lover's anguish more than he could bear. His concern for Daryl outweighed his own pain which, in truth, was quite

considerable—Katze knew that something was desperately wrong inside his chest. His tears betrayed his misery and he wept openly, longing to gather Daryl up into his arms.

He was furious with himself for initiating the encounter with Riki, now fully cognizant of the peril he had put them all in—he who, more than anyone, knew the terrifying extent of Iason's wrath when the Blondie was provoked.

It was a plan that had gone desperately wrong. He had known even before approaching Riki that if Iason found out, the consequences would be dire, yet in his preoccupation with pleasuring Daryl he had been overconfident in their ability to pull it off. Why had he not considered the possibility that Iason had configured the main terminal to report any changes to his pet's ring restrictions? He knew Iason wore the wrist-terminal. It was an unbelievably stupid mistake. More than that, the whole affair was a mistake—now it seemed absurd that any of them had ever considered it, for even a moment.

Riki was smarting from his whipping and already was extremely uncomfortable in his chains. He listened to Daryl's punishment with despair and a feeling of helplessness. It was excruciating to hear his agony—Daryl, who was so gentle and helpful, who had never uttered a harsh word to Riki since the day he first arrived at the penthouse. And Katze's anguish was almost as heart-wrenching as Daryl's cries. Riki knew then he would never again underestimate his Master, would never again assume that anything could be hidden from him.

By the time Iason finished the strapping, Daryl was sobbing, welting whip marks covering his backside from his back down to his thighs. With difficulty, the punished youth struggled to regain his composure, worried when he saw Iason turn to Katze.

"Master Iason," he pleaded, wiping his tears from his face, "may I please take Katze to the medical center? His ribs are broken, I think."

The Blondie appraised Katze for a moment, then knelt down, pressing his hand against his side. Katze winced, trying not to betray his fear of the Blondie whose hands were now on his body, touching areas that were extremely painful.

Iason rose to his feet. He suspected that Daryl was right; Katze no doubt had several broken ribs—possibly a punctured lung.

"You may both go. But you can expect to be thoroughly punished later, Katze."

"Thank you, Master," Daryl murmured, not allowing himself to dwell on the punishment that had just been promised his lover.

Then, without further comment, Iason left the room and went into the Library, the door humming shut behind him.

Daryl turned to Katze, helping him dress. "Let's just forget the shirt," he suggested, when it became clear the eunuch could hardly move his upper body. They dressed as quickly as they could, both of them anxious to leave.

"Hey," Riki said, as they passed by him in the great hall. "I'm really sorry. Fuck. I'm a total idiot. I should have known better."

"Not...your fault," Katze answered, wincing, his breathing labored as he tried to speak. "My idea."

"You'd better take off, both of you, before he changes his mind and wants to fuck you up some more."

Katze nodded, clutching his side as Daryl helped him walk.

"Well...it was fun, Riki," Daryl announced, with uncharacteristic humor, eliciting a painful laugh from Katze.

"Fuck...don't make me laugh."

"Go," Riki whispered, suddenly feeling an overwhelming urge to laugh, too, and knowing it would be disastrous if Iason happened upon his mirth.

"You're gonna need...that sense of...humor," Katze gasped, though his eyes conveyed his sympathy for Riki's night ahead.

Riki nodded, sighing. What was Iason up to? He was obviously talking to someone; Riki could hear his voice, but it was so low and soft he couldn't make out what he was saying.

Now that Katze and Daryl were gone, he would be the sole target for Iason's fury. Although he was glad Katze had escaped further pain at the hands of his Master—at least while he was so angry—he was at present feeling not a little apprehensive about Iason's threat of even more punishment.

The Blondie seemed to be gone an eternity; already Riki was miserable, his backside stinging from his whipping, and his upper body aching from the torture of having to keep his arms above his

head. He hated the chains, and Iason knew this, which was why he deliberately forced him to endure their agony for what seemed to be an interminable length of time.

Finally, Riki heard the door to the Library open and then the smart clip of Iason's boots on the marble floor as he approached. Afraid to even look at him, Riki kept his eyes lowered, unable to keep from trembling. He knew Iason was still angry; he could feel the tension in the air, in the silence, and in the Blondie's sharp movements.

The Blondie came up to him and stood close behind him, silent for a few moments before finally speaking.

"Why, Riki?" he whispered, his voice harsh and thick with emotion. "Why would you do such a thing?"

"I was just trying to...help them."

"Help them." Iason laughed softly at this. "Ah. Let me guess. They're lovers but can't pair, so you're posing as a knight to help them by proxy?"

Riki's eyes opened with surprise. Though he wasn't familiar with the word "proxy," he was certain of Iason's meaning.

"Yes...that's exactly it."

"So what you were doing, you did out of nobility, is that it? And when you told Katze how *hot* he was, how good he felt, that was merely you being altruistic?" His voice was now shaking with anger.

"That was...just physical. Like how it is with you and Raoul."

The Blondie smiled, shifting position to lean back against the wall with a disarming air of nonchalance.

"Interesting that you should mention Raoul. In fact, he should be here momentarily."

Riki blinked, horrified. Why would Raoul be coming over...*now*?

"Yes, I thought that might get a reaction out of you. I told you the night had only begun. And given your particular fondness for Raoul, I've decided it would be a nice touch if he administered the discipline. I have quite an agenda planned. Would you like to know what's coming or do you prefer surprises?"

The mongrel gasped a few times, trying to catch his breath. "You...wouldn't do that," he whispered, finally, shaking his head.

“Wouldn’t I? Just like you wouldn’t take Katze on a whim?” Iason laughed again. “Personally, I’m partial to surprises. So I think we’ll just do it that way. It should be quite entertaining...for Raoul and I, at any rate. I must say, Raoul seemed especially pleased—eager, more accurately—to be invited to participate in your taming. He has a penchant for discipline, especially spankings, and since I know how much you enjoy those, too, I thought that would work out rather nicely. Oh...now I’ve gone and spoiled the first surprise.”

Feeling now as though only his shackles kept him standing, Riki listened to his Master’s terrifying words, knowing all too well that these weren’t empty threats. He was trying to prepare himself for more pain, but at the moment he was so frightened at the prospect of Raoul administering the punishment that he began to tremble.

Now Iason leaned in close to whisper into his ear, his voice shaking with emotion. “I want you to feel the pain I felt when I came in here and saw you taking Katze. The only way I can achieve that, I think, is through a night of punishment specially tailored for you. I’m going to drive obedience into you tonight, however long it takes.”

The sound of the door chime interrupted the Blondie’s monologue. “Ah. Here he is now.” Iason’s lip curled in an almost sinister smile.

Feeling his face flush hot, Riki braced himself for an experience he would now give anything to avoid. He could hear the Blondies walking up behind him and he shivered when he heard them laughing. He stared at the wall in front of him, not even daring to look toward them as they approached.

Iason grabbed his chin, forcing his attention.

“Pet. Raoul has graciously agreed to administer the punishment tonight; I’ve explained to him our little situation, so he knows the severity of discipline required.”

Riki’s eyes met Raoul’s, flashing darkly when he apprehended the Blondie’s gloating smile and look of absolute triumph and excitement. Graciously agreed? *Fucking Raoul*. The Blondie was practically foaming at the mouth.

“So, Raoul, I leave him in your hands. Shall I release him?”

“Yes,” Raoul answered. “I want him over my knees. I brought a hand paddle.”

"You're leaving?" Riki whispered, fearfully.

"Figure of speech, pet. No, I'll be watching, to be sure. I don't want to miss a thing." Iason unshackled him, propping up his body when he fell limply upon being released.

Riki felt Raoul's strong hands brusquely lift him up and hoist him over his shoulder, then take him over to the bed in the Master bedroom. He sat down on the edge, repositioning him over his knees.

Noting his already thoroughly whipped backside, Raoul nodded his approval. "Nicely done, Iason."

"Thank you. I was rather pleased myself."

"It's going to make my job a lot easier."

"Please, Iason," Riki pleaded. "Please...don't let him do this! Not him! Can't you punish me?"

"Not open for negotiation, pet," Iason replied, firmly.

Despite himself, Riki was shaking in pure terror to find himself bent over the knee of his nemesis and knowing that the Blondie had just been given license to punish him severely.

"How cute. The little punk is shaking." Raoul laughed. He bent down, speaking in a low voice. "You *should* be shaking, after what you did. I personally can't believe it could possibly be true. But Iason assures me it is, and so, here we are. And now you're going to be punished like you've never been punished before."

Now the Blondie reached into the large pocket inside his cape and retrieved the wooden hand paddle he'd brought with him for the occasion. The paddle was rectangular, with rounded corners, offering a larger surface area than his hand, and was crafted of Amoian ash, which meant it would produce a nice solid *thwack* upon impact. He set the paddle on the mongrel's buttocks so that he could feel its heavy, cool weight on his skin. Riki held his breath, bracing himself for the worst.

After removing his glove to ensure a firm grip on his chosen implement of pain, Raoul picked up the paddle again, twirling it around a few times to find the most comfortable fit with his hand.

"All right, little pet," he announced. "Prepare to suffer."

With that, the Blondie brought the paddle down on his ass, *hard*.

THWACK!

Riki immediately cried out, his tender flesh already traumatized from Iason's whipping. He barely had time to recover when Raoul gave him a second whack, this time a little harder. Thus commenced his paddling at the hand of Raoul, an experience so terrible Riki felt he would never get through it. The paddle came down with horrid regularity, rhythmically, as though the Blondie were keeping time by some sadistic inner metronome, the firm whacks of the paddle and Riki's subsequent cries a concerto—and Raoul, the symphony's conductor, a veritable Maestro of punishment and pain. The mongrel pleaded and cried, kicked and struggled, begging futilely for a termination to the brutal paddling; all the while Iason watched him suffer, his own face expressionless.

Raoul felt as though he were dreaming. Punishing Riki was one of the most satisfying moments he could ever remember having, and he savored every cry, every scream, every desperate wiggle Riki made as he fought to escape the Blondie's punishment. The experience was intensely sexually arousing. He would have been content to go on paddling the mongrel forever, perhaps even paddling him to death, if that were possible. But eventually, Iason raised his hand.

"That's enough, Raoul," he announced quietly, as Riki sobbed inconsolably on Raoul's knee.

The Blondie stopped, tossing the paddle aside, and admired his handwork, resting his hand on the mongrel's hot, punished skin.

"I daresay you felt that, didn't you?" he whispered, tauntingly.

Riki had the good sense not to respond, though he longed to spit back a scathing reply. He could feel the Blondie's erection beneath him and it sickened him. Raoul had most definitely enjoyed his misery, that much was evident enough.

If the mongrel had dared to hope the punishment was over, he soon discovered he was very much mistaken. But now Raoul was about to deliver a new sort of torment, one that Riki would never have imagined his Master would allow.

"Where next?" Raoul asked.

"The great hall. I'll sit in the chair."

Raoul picked the mongrel up firmly and set him on his feet, and then led him into the hall rather roughly, his strong hand painfully

squeezing his arm, just above the elbow. Confused, Riki looked to Iason for an explanation, but the Blondie said nothing, simply going to the large, comfortable chair by the fire and sitting down in it, crossing his legs with disconcerting nonchalance. Then Raoul pushed him toward Iason. Riki stopped, uncertain of what was wanted.

"Put your hands on the chair, pet," his Master instructed, motioning to the arms of the chair.

Riki did so, surprised when Iason put his own hands over his, as though pinning him down. Then, he felt Raoul pulling his hips back and suddenly, in a state of panic, comprehended what was going on.

"Please, Iason," he begged in a urgent whisper. "Not him. Please!"

"Hush, pet."

The Blondie inserted a finger, thrusting a few times. "You're very tight, little pet," he announced. "I'm afraid this is going to hurt you, quite a bit." The Blondie took great delight in this observation, gloating as he removed his finger and pressed his rigid erection up to his portal.

"No!" Riki cried. "Please, no!"

"I told you, pet," Iason replied, coolly. "You're going to learn that who you pair with is *my* decision, and mine alone. Raoul is going to drive that point home; I have asked him to take you, to demonstrate."

In the next instant Riki cried out his anguish as the great Blondie penetrated with brutal force, his immense organ sinking deep inside him. Though by now the mongrel was, mercifully, rather broken in from Iason's frequent sexual demands, Raoul's almost total lack of preparation ensured that his entry was felt; Riki cried out his discomfort, but more than the pain of penetration, he voiced his misery at being forced into intimacy with his nemesis.

Raoul was beside himself with utter delight, moaning loudly from the very start. His eyes nearly rolled back in his head when he felt how tight he was—no wonder Iason had developed a taste for taking the mongrel. He was, in fact, so small that he wasn't even sure, at first, he could fit completely inside him, but he had forced himself in anyway. He groaned, closing his eyes.

Any other time, Iason would have been unwilling to share his pet with anyone, including Raoul, even for the sake of punishment. But

his anger was such that he felt no jealousy whatsoever. He heard his pet's anguish but shut it out from his heart, determined that Riki should pay for his transgression, that he should learn once and for all who was Master.

"This will teach you, Riki, that you do not own your body. You do not choose who you will pair with. That privilege belongs to me alone, as your Master, and you are *never* to engage in sexual contact without my solicitation." Iason spoke calmly, his voice low and soft.

Riki's cries sent shudders down Raoul's back, and the fact that Iason had commissioned the entire project was simply unbelievable. The call he had received from him earlier that evening had been one of the most surprising events of his life. He and Iason had barely been on speaking terms since their night together, and then for Iason to suggest he punish his pet—it was almost surreal. Paddling Riki had been an experience beyond his wildest dreams. It had aroused him so intensely that taking the mongrel was nothing less than paradise.

And just to know he was hurting Iason's pet made it all the more exciting. He loved Riki's cries, his pathetic whimpering and pleading. The mongrel was such an incredibly sweet acquisition that he now felt a little confused regarding his own thoughts on Masters and pets. If truth were told, he wouldn't mind taking Riki again...and again.

Riki hung his head, unable to look into the eyes of his Master, tears now streaming down his already tear-stained face.

"This won't be the last time I have Raoul come here to discipline you, if you continue with your tiresome disobedience, pet," Iason continued. "I see now that I've been too gentle with you. I think, after tonight, you may think twice about disobeying me. I know you think I'm being cruel. But I'm determined to punish you until you fully regret what you did."

"I *do*...fully regret it," Riki pleaded.

"Not yet," Iason replied softly. "But you will."

Raoul was so stimulated that he quickly ascended to his peak, grunting with each thrust, and then, suddenly, he surrendered his essence with a broken groan. He withdrew, smiling at Iason, who nodded almost imperceptibly, releasing his pet's hands. Riki was still weeping, his head hanging low.

Now Iason stood up. "Sit here," he commanded, placing his pet firmly in the chair.

The mongrel wiped the tears from his face with the back of his hand, trying to regain his composure, wondering what was going to happen next. When Raoul began kissing Iason, passionately, he felt stabs of dark jealousy turn his stomach.

Surely...they weren't going to make him...*watch*.

When Raoul began undressing Iason, his heart sank. He tried to look away, but found that he could not. Iason closed his eyes and let his head fall back as Raoul began kissing and biting his throat, obviously in exactly the way he liked it best, his lips parting with a little moan. Raoul's hands roamed his body with infuriating familiarity, his touch and experienced strokes eliciting an immediate erection as though Iason had been wearing a pet ring.

Next Iason leaned down, his hands on the armrests of the chair, his face close to the mongrel's. He spread his legs wide to make himself more accessible and offered himself to Raoul, who knelt and explored his most sensitive region with his tongue.

The Blondie's face contorted with pleasure, his expressions unbearable to the miserable mongrel who watched in horror as Raoul continued to pleasure him. Iason's lip was curled in a slight snarl—a look Riki had never seen before, and one he didn't care to see now, produced by Raoul.

The Blondie's hair brushed against Riki's naked thighs, and his every gasp and moan were forced upon him, tormenting him. Iason opened his eyes and looked directly at his pet. "What do you think of this punishment, pet?" he whispered.

"It fucking sucks! Please stop it."

"Oh no," he replied, then gasped, closing his eyes for a moment. "No. Not until we're finished."

With a sudden moan, Iason threw his head back, wiggling a bit against Raoul's mouth for more stimulation.

"Right there!" he cried suddenly, then began gasping.

Riki felt like he was going out of his mind. He wanted to *kill* Raoul. And at this point he was pretty upset with his Master, too. This was absolute torture—almost worse than the physical punishment.

Now Iason straightened up, urgently, and Raoul moved in front of him, kneeling down, his back pressed up against the chair. Startled, Riki pulled up his legs so there could be no chance of his touching the Blondie who he now hated more than anyone in the world. Raoul began pleasuring Iason, first with his tongue and then taking him into his mouth, apparently in just the manner Iason wanted from the sound of his sighs and gasps.

Iason spread his feet apart a little more, thrusting himself toward Raoul as if offering himself more fully. He let his hands rest on the Blondie's head, then ran his fingers through his hair.

"That's it...perfect, Raoul," he praised, closing his eyes.

Riki bristled at these words, his jealously now consuming him.

"Raoul...you're so...*hot*." As Iason said this last word, he looked directly at Riki, and the mongrel had a faint recollection that he had said something similar to Katze, just before Iason had walked in.

Next Iason threw his head back with a spine-chilling moan. Raoul ran his hands up his body, knowing from his partner's cues that he was about to climax. Riki knew, too, and watched darkly as his Master's face contorted with pleasure and he gasped, and then, grabbing Raoul's hair, cried out in the most exquisite, sexually provocative vocalization Riki had ever heard, sending shivers through him and even arousing him slightly, despite his torment.

Stunned, he simply stared at Iason for a long moment when the Blondie opened his eyes to look at him. Wiping a tear from his face, Riki looked away.

"Thank you, Raoul, for your assistance with this," Iason announced, getting dressed.

"What, are we finished?" Raoul desperately wanted to punish the mongrel some more.

"I think he's been sufficiently punished for now. But I won't hesitate," now he glanced at Riki, "to call you again if I think he needs more discipline."

"Call me any time," Raoul answered, smiling. "I'm glad I could be...of service."

As he left, he gave the mongrel a parting glance that communicated his unqualified delight with the evening's activities. Riki answered him

with a glare he hoped conveyed his utter hatred for the Blondie. He longed to tell him what he really thought of him, how much he despised him, but he dared not, for fear of more punishment.

Iason walked Raoul to the door, and as he came back into the great hall, he stopped at a cabinet in the foyer to retrieve the rest of Riki's taming chains.

Sighing, the mongrel held out his ankles to be cuffed. Then Iason snapped the collar around his neck and led him to the corner of the great hall, chaining him to the wall hook there.

So. He was to be in chains again. Riki sat down on the cold marble floor, pulling up his legs and resting his head on his arms. Suddenly, it was as though something inside him broke. He began sobbing, unable to stop. It had simply been the worst night of his entire life.

The whipping, the paddling, the rape...and then being forced to watch Raoul pleasure Iason...it was all too much. Now he was back in chains, and Iason was apparently still angry with him. And all of this had happened because of his own stupidity, so he was angry with himself, too. But even though he knew he deserved to be punished for what he'd done, he felt incredibly hurt that Iason had used Raoul to discipline him, that he had allowed the Blondie to hurt him when he knew full well how Riki felt about him.

Iason poured himself a glass of wine and attempted to sit down and read a periodical. Riki's weeping tugged at him, and he tried to ignore him, but he was seriously distracted by it and read the same line over and over, staring vacantly at the page. His pet never cried like this after punishment—except *immediately* after or during, of course. In the end, the misery of his pet was just too much to bear. After his weeping had gone on for a good while, Iason finally got up and approached the mongrel, crouching down.

On sensing his presence, Riki startled, instinctively holding up his arm and cringing, his eyes filled with terror.

"Hush, pet," Iason soothed, softly, reaching out to stroke his hair.

Relaxing slightly at his Master's gentle touch and calming voice, Riki looked up at him with wide, sad eyes.

Iason unhooked his collar chain and picked him up, carrying him to the chair, where he settled down with him on his lap. Riki rested

against him, sighing when Iason put his arms around him. For a long time they sat together thus, silent, reestablishing their intimacy. Riki played with the Blondie's hair, rubbing it between his fingers.

"You really...hurt me," he murmured, finally.

"I can say the same of you," Iason replied.

"But," now Riki's eyes flashed angrily, "you let him punish and take me. How could you?"

The Blondie sighed. "No matter what I do, Riki, you continue to disobey me. It was the only way I knew I would reach you."

"It was bloody cruel."

"I see." Now Iason's face darkened. "And I suppose your taking Katze, *in my bed*, wasn't cruel?"

Riki fell silent at this. They sat together for a long while, each of them comforted by the familiar physical presence of the other—the intangible attraction between them that drew them so closely together no matter what happened, no matter what grievance or argument had driven them apart. It was the mystery of their bond, an intensity that was inexplicable to both Master and pet.

"Iason," Riki whispered, finally.

"Yes?"

"I wasn't trying to hurt you. I just wasn't thinking."

"Your problem," Iason scolded, "is that too often you *don't* think—before you act."

"How long are you going to keep me in chains?"

"Until I'm finished."

Sighing again, Riki rested his head against his Master's chest. The day had been traumatic for the poor mongrel, and almost in the next instant, he fell asleep, much to Iason's surprise.

The Blondie held him for a long time, watching him sleep, and then, when Riki's twitching fingers told him he was dreaming, he picked him up and took him to bed. He removed the mongrel's cuffs and collar, and then leaned down to kiss him on the cheek.

Thus with a kiss, there came an end to Iason's wrath. At least...for that night.





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Art by Tata

IT WAS WELL AFTER MIDNIGHT, and in the shadows of the great hall Iason sat alone, brooding. His gloves, now discarded after the day's end, lay across the arm of his chair, and his bared fingers, like his bared heart, felt chilled by the cool night, even with the warmth of the low-burning, crackling fire.

He sipped a glass of wine—his third, replaying the chaos of the day in his mind. Riki had long since fallen asleep, exhausted from the ordeal of his punishment. But Iason was unable to shut down the furious workings of his mind, the myriad thoughts and images that pressed into his consciousness, forcing his attention, hour after hour.

In the center of it all, one scene appeared again and again—Katze and Riki, pairing on his bed. He was tortured by the image and yet could not expel it from his mind. No matter how hard he tried, the scene remained, replaying in a merciless loop—his pet's excitement, the sound of his escalating arousal, his praise of Katze, and then, in a horrific finale, Riki's rapture, his moans still taunting him in exaggerated, internal echoes.

Now that his anger had subsided—or more accurately, now that he had finally buried it deep within, he was overwhelmed with a sense of hurt and betrayal. He was deeply jealous of his pet's sexual attraction to Katze—a man who wasn't even physically still a man, yet who had inspired such lust and excitement in his pet as to have enticed him into an illicit pairing, despite the obvious risks to them both.

Iason's heart was broken. Despite his better judgment, reprimands from Jupiter, and incessant warnings from Raoul, he had come to love Riki. It was this love that compelled him to keep the mongrel as a permanent member of his household rather than sell him at the year's end as he had always done before—as all Blondies did. It was this love that made him forgive Riki's countless transgressions, and even this last, which had been his worst offense since coming to Tanagura. But he was terribly, deeply hurt by it.

He longed for unequivocal devotion from his beloved pet; he even envied the bond that Katze and Daryl seemed to share—the fact that they would be willing to subject themselves to his wrath simply to give one another pleasure. And there was something pathetic about their ill-fated attempt to experience the pleasures of pairing through

his pet. It was this, more than anything, that had somewhat stayed his hand against the two lovers after his anger had subsided; had it not been Katze and Daryl, he would have killed them both without hesitation. In fact, he might have done so anyway out of pure rage had Riki not circumvented his wrath.

Though he felt particularly wounded by Katze's betrayal, Iason still viewed him as integral to the Syndicate; he was more than a mere "old eunuch" as Raoul called him—he was now a key player in the thriving underground market between Tanagura, Ceres, and the border planets, a market that had made Iason enormously wealthy.

But it was Riki's indiscretion that ate away at him, burrowing deep into his soul. Iason found himself in the absurd position of being jealous of a eunuch—of his pet's physical attraction to Katze and of the intimacy Riki had shared with him. It was a jealousy so dark and deep-rooted, and so powerful, that the Blondie began to tremble as he sipped his wine, overcome with the intensity of the emotion.

And then, in a moment he would never thereafter forget, he felt a burning in his eyes and wiped away a curious wetness onto his shaking fingers.

Tears? Were these...*tears*?

Iason stared at his hand, dumbfounded. He had never wept, not once in his life. No Blondie had. It was simply not part of his genetic makeup—or so he had always presumed. He rubbed the wetness between his fingers, puzzling over it.

So. This is what his love for the mongrel had done to him. Reduced him to a common Amoian. *How fitting*, he mused. And what would Jupiter do...if she knew of her Blondie's tears?

The door hummed open; Daryl had finally returned. He quietly entered, assuming by the darkness that everyone was in bed. When he came into the great hall and saw Iason sitting alone in the dark, he jumped, startled to find him still awake.

"So. What were his injuries?" Iason asked, calmly.

"Four broken ribs...a fr-fractured collarbone, a punctured lung and," Daryl shifted his weight uneasily, "some internal bleeding."

"I assume they're keeping him there?"

"Yes."

The Blondie nodded. "I'll call tomorrow and take care of all the arrangements for his stay." He paused for a moment, then added, softly, "Tanagura Medical is the best facility in all of Amoi."

"Thank you, Sir," Daryl replied, his expression betraying some relief at his Master's reassurance.

"I want to talk to you, Daryl. Sit down."

Nervously, the youth sat in a nearby chair, dreading what his Master had to say.

For a long moment, the Blondie said nothing, taking another sip of his wine. "What you did today..." He stopped, sighing. "Do you know, I wanted to kill Katze?"

Hanging his head, Daryl nodded. "I'm...I'm so sorry, Master."

"As for your evening privileges, I am revoking them for one month."

Daryl did not even try to conceal his surprise. "You mean...you're not taking them away permanently?"

"No. One month. But during that month, you are *not* to see Katze, and he is not to come here. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Sir."

"If I went by the rules, I would report you to Jupiter. But, I think you know better than anyone, I don't always go by the rules."

Uncertain how to reply to this, Daryl simply remained silent.

Iason laughed softly. "I see. You are choosing not to confirm or deny. Yes, I realize I am somewhat culpable in all this. I have ordered you, a eunuch, to engage in certain...acts...that are not generally done with pets, and so, in this, I perhaps played a part in your folly."

"Master Iason. My role is to do your bidding...whatever that may be."

The Blondie smiled slightly. "You may go. That's all for now."

Daryl gave a slight bow. "Good night, Iason-sama."

After that Iason forced himself to retire, climbing into bed as quietly as he could. As he started to drift off, he became aware that Riki had thrown his leg over him and snuggled up close, just as he did every other night, without even realizing he did so. It was a peaceful end to what had been an extraordinarily trying day...for them both.

The next morning, he awoke to the sound of Riki's moans.

"Somebody just fucking kill me."

"You're feeling that, are you?" Iason couldn't help but take a little

satisfaction in his discomfort.

"I can't fucking move. Iason—"

"Don't even ask. The answer is no."

"How do you even know what I was going to ask?" the mongrel demanded, pouting.

"You wanted an Opiate-6. Isn't that so?"

"How about an Opiate-3, then?" he suggested meekly.

"No, pet."

"How am I supposed to do anything if I can't move?" he wailed.

"You may soak in the hot tub a bit, if it suits you."

Riki was somewhat pacified by this. "That's the first thing I'm going to do...after breakfast." He made as if to get up but Iason pushed him back down.

"No, that's not the first thing you're going to do, and neither is breakfast," he whispered, leaning down to impart a soft kiss, guiding Riki's hand to his erection. "I don't care how you do it, but I want you to pleasure me before we get out of this bed."

"But," Riki protested, "wouldn't it be nicer in the hot tub?"

"I can't wait that long. I'm about ready to ejaculate. Yes...keep stroking me like that."

"You just want me to stroke you? You don't want—"

"Ohhh," Iason moaned. "Riki."

Sensing his Master's urgency, the mongrel moved down to try and provide some oral pleasure, but it was clear Iason was so aroused that the slightest movement could set him off. Slowly, he pressed his tongue to the Blondie, swirling it around the tip.

Iason reached down and grabbed his hair. "Pet," he cried, sounding almost anguished.

With deliberate slowness, Riki took the Blondie partway into his mouth, then began sucking as he wiggled his tongue.

"That's it," Iason encouraged, his voice thick with pleasure. He thrust his pelvis up a bit.

Then, arching his back, he began gasping. He closed his eyes and unleashed a long moan that quickly escalated into a cry of release. Suddenly, he withdrew so that as he erupted, he could see his essence arc onto his pet's lips. Riki caught his semen with his tongue, sending

chills through his Master, who watched him through gleaming eyes as he licked up his sex.

"Good boy," he whispered. He closed his eyes for few moments, sighing. "Now. What does my pet want?"

"Your pet fucking wants breakfast," came Riki's saucy reply.

"Shall I spank you first, you naughty mongrel?"

"Please, I'd rather you didn't."

"Pet. I did not make an offer you had the right to refuse. If I want you to climax, you will do so." He pushed Riki onto the bed and began stroking him, activating the pet-ring that brought him into full arousal in a matter of seconds.

Now much more interested in the project, Riki spread his thighs apart, thrusting up into Iason's hand with an excited moan.

Iason smiled, bending over to kiss him on the neck. "Feeling more like cooperating now?"

"Yeah, I wanna come," Riki breathed, his eyes shining with lust.

"Shall I continue like this?" He moved his hand with sensual strokes, relishing his pet's gasps and tiny thrusts.

"Faster...and then lick me a little...I wanna come not quite in your mouth, like we just did."

The Blondie began to pump him, moving down between his legs to add his tongue to the stimulation.

"Yeah...like that," the mongrel encouraged eagerly. "Just pump it and keep—oh, fuck, yeah. That's it. Ohhh...that's good. Shit! Suck me...just a little."

Iason complied, running his tongue along the head of his cock as he took his pet into his mouth, sucking slowly.

"Ahh...fuck yeah. Oh god. Oh my god, Iason!" Riki grabbed his Master's hair and withdrew slightly, groaning as his semen shot onto Iason's lips and outstretched tongue.

"Holy shit," he breathed, his eyes rolling back with ecstasy.

Having released his pent-up essence, he fell back on the bed, wincing a little from his soreness.

"Did my pet like that?" the Blondie asked softly.

"Yes," Riki conceded. "But now can I please have some breakfast?"

Iason bent down and kissed his nose. "You're such a mongrel."

“Yeah? Well...you’re such a Blondie. A perverted, sadistic Blondie.”

Now the Blondie reached down and took hold of his chin. “Don’t tell me you’re on the path of disobedience today, pet? After everything that happened yesterday?”

“I was just teasing! Sheesh, can’t you take a joke?”

Iason leaned close to him. “Shall I call Raoul again?”

“No!” Riki cried in alarm, sitting up.

“Then I suggest you show a little more respect.”

“It’s hard to be respectful when my blood sugar’s practically on empty,” he complained.

“I’m waiting.”

“Bloody hell. May I please have my breakfast now, *Master*?”

“Yes pet, you may,” Iason promptly replied, smiling.

The next few weeks passed in a kind of strained peacefulness at the penthouse. Though Master and pet had both forgiven one another, each was suffering from the hurt inflicted by the other, wounds that went deep, and that seemed to fester rather than heal.

Buried Rage

IASON WAS SLEEPING. Riki had been watching him for nearly an hour, unable to take his eyes off his beautiful face, his hair sprawled everywhere in silken tangles, his expression peacefully serene. He found himself mesmerized by the sight of the Blondie sleeping so vulnerably; there was something comforting in the slow rise and fall of his chest, the slight twitching of his fingers.

Slowly, he pulled the sheets from his body so he could take in his nude form. Shivering, he marveled over Iason's physical beauty: his perfectly sculpted upper body—his muscular, though not overly bulky, arms and broad chest—his narrow waist and sharply defined abs, the tantalizing V-hollow of his pelvic region, and his gorgeous, long, lean legs. His genitals, despite being completely relaxed, gave witness to his indisputable sex, his impressive size obvious even in his sleeping state.

The Blondie, while boasting the most beautiful mane of hair he had ever seen, seemed to have little body hair, his skin a silky-smooth porcelain softness that wanted caressing. And his face, so exquisitely chiseled into pleasing proportions, was breathtaking—his arched eyebrows and long lashes empowering him with an almost feminine beauty that, when paired with his incontrovertible masculinity and virility, produced an extraordinary result: a face that turned heads, that got hearts pounding, that provoked an unequivocal response.

Iason Mink was, in short, stunning.

Riki reached down and began stroking himself slowly, expelling a long-held breath, having developed a formidable erection. The Blondie stirred and then turned over onto his stomach, unconsciously presenting himself openly for his pet's viewing pleasure, his firm, enticingly curved buttocks inviting further scrutiny.

His mouth open now as his breathing quickened, Riki's eyes followed the line of the Blondie's body from the curve of his back to the rise of his buttocks, and then down the long lines of his thighs.

He was now painfully aroused, so engorged that it was all he could do to keep from moaning. Biting his lip, he spread his thighs apart and began masturbating with more defined purpose. As his need escalated, he became consumed with one desire, and one desire only—to take Iason. At that moment, while he slept, he was no longer his Master. He was simply a gorgeous naked Blondie in his bed, and Riki, feeling unusually bold, decided he was going to fuck him.

His lust fueling his resolve, Riki straddled the Blondie, and, with shaking fingers, quickly penetrated him. Iason immediately awoke with a start as Riki pressed down on his back with all his strength, thrusting all the while as fast and hard as he could.

Disoriented, Iason turned as if to buck him off, but Riki grabbed his hair and pulled his head back, wrapping the blond tendrils around his arm.

“Don't fucking move,” he commanded.

Iason, now more awake, was surprised and then amused by his pet's boldness. “Pet. I'm going to take you over my knee and give you the spanking of your life,” he warned.

“Not until I finish fucking you. Besides, you *always* give me the ‘spanking of my life,’ practically every bloody day, as it is. So that's not much of a threat.”

The Blondie knew he could easily overcome his pet at any time, but was delighting in Riki's naughtiness, and so allowed him to continue his conquest. He was quickly becoming aroused himself, smiling as he planned what he would do to the mongrel once he had finished his unsanctioned sexual acquisition.

Sensing that Iason was allowing him to complete his objective, Riki slowed his pace a little, now undulating erotically as he took his Master with deliberate strokes. He closed his eyes, moaning, relishing the twitches and contractions of the Blondie's anal grip.

“Ohhh,” he moaned. “Oh yeah. That's good, Iason...I'm gonna...oh fuck...fuck yes...oh yesss.”

Eyes rolling back, the mongrel yielded his essence into the tight embrace of his Master, voicing his ecstasy with a long, low groan.

Waiting a moment for his pet to fully enjoy his copulation, Iason suddenly moved, easily turning and pinning Riki down on the bed.

“What a naughty pet you are,” he whispered, leaning down to claim a kiss, prodding the mongrel’s mouth open with his own and exploring him hungrily with his tongue. “I hope you realize what happens to pets who take their Masters while they’re sleeping. It’s quite a serious offense.”

Riki sighed, still enjoying the shadows of his departing rapture. “Well...it was fucking worth it.”

“Oh? Let’s see.” Iason sat up, pulling Riki over his knee. “I warned you. Now I shall spank you as promised.” With that, the Blondie gave him a stinging smack on his bare ass, eliciting an angry yelp.

“Hey! Dammit, Iason!”

Iason gave him another hard swat, this time even harder.

“Ow—hey! That hurt!”

“Spankings are supposed to hurt, pet.”

He struck him again, enjoying his loud protestations.

“I didn’t think you were bloody *serious*! Ow! Shit!”

“Have I ever made false threats?”

Smack!

“Yaow! Dammit! Cut it out already! Bastard!”

Iason leaned close to his pet. “You’re in no position to issue commands. And just to show you who’s the Master and who’s the pet, I think a sound spanking is in order.”

With that, he proceeded to administer a thorough spanking—not as brutal as he was capable of, but certainly one that hurt—savoring his pet’s squirms and cries.

“Oh fuck! I’m sorry, Iason! Okay! You’re the Master! I get it!”

Iason laughed, finally stopping and then allowing his hand to rest on the mongrel’s reddened bottom.

“That fucking *hurt*,” Riki complained, reaching back to rub his ass. “Can I get up now?”

“Yes,” Iason replied, helping him to his feet. “Turn around and bend over.”

“Why?”

“Obey me, Riki.” Iason helped position him, pushing his legs apart with his foot. “Now bend over—put your hands on your thighs.”

“Blondies,” Riki muttered, shaking his head, though he obeyed his Master’s odd instruction.

For a moment, Iason simply enjoyed the sight of his pet bent over, hands on his thighs, his bottom still red and hot from his spanking. He stood up, resting his hands on Riki’s hips as he penetrated him from behind. Then he grabbed his wrists and forced Riki to fall forward a bit, his arms extended behind him, repositioning him to achieve the deepest penetration.

He made a few small thrusts into his pet, testing his readiness, before plunging in full strength.

“Oh pet,” he breathed. “I like this.”

Although still annoyed about his spanking, Riki found the new position intriguing. If Iason were to let go of him, he would fall flat on his face, and that feeling of vulnerability, of being forced to trust in his Master’s grip, was strangely exciting.

He freely admitted it now; he enjoyed being taken by Iason, loved his confidence and indisputable authority, his every vocalization and facial twitch, his unfailing virility. His secret ambition was to invoke the little sneer Raoul had managed to elicit, that provocative curl of Iason’s lip—a look that had been gnawing at him since that unhappy day he had been forced to watch the old lovers together.

Iason tightened his grip on his wrists and shifted his position again, pushing Riki’s feet a little wider apart and letting him drop closer to the floor. His gasps and then quiet moans told his pet that he was reaching his critical point. Throwing his head back, eyes closed, the Blondie suddenly cried out, startling the mongrel, who had never heard him vocalize his pleasure with such enthusiasm or volume.

“That was...magnificent,” Iason whispered, finally.

“Sounded like it,” Riki remarked, his eyes twinkling mischievously. “Which just proves you’re a total pervert. Getting all excited after spanking me.”

“Shall I spank you again, my insolent pet?”

“Thanks for the offer but...I’ll pass.”

Iason withdrew and pulled his pet upright, turning him around, and leaning down to offer a soft kiss. Riki returned the kiss, and for some time they just stood together thus, drinking each other in.

Later that same day, Iason decided to approach Daryl about a matter that had been on his mind for weeks. Riki was up in the hot tub, so it was the opportunity he needed to corner the eunuch alone.

The boy jumped when he saw his Master standing in the doorway to the kitchen, a room the Blondie rarely entered.

“Master Iason. Can I...get you something?”

“I want to ask you something about that day,” he replied, simply.

Daryl shifted his weight nervously, knowing exactly what his Master meant by ‘that day.’

“Yes, Sir?”

“I want you to tell me why the two of you chose Riki—I’m sure you could have paid for what you wanted at one of the open clubs or a pet brothel. Why take such a risk with my pet?”

Daryl was so nervous that he spoke too quickly, his words jumbling together. “Just because, um, we were both comfortable with him. I had done...things with him, under your orders, so he seemed like the best choice, since Katze had already been with him, too.”

As soon as he uttered this statement, Daryl realized his error, trying rather unsuccessfully to conceal his horror and alarm.

Iason was quiet for a moment. “Katze...had *already been* with him, too,” he repeated slowly, with deliberate emphasis. The look on Daryl’s face told him his suspicions, which had been eating at him for some time, were correct—it was Katze who had engaged sexually with his pet at the open club, not a total stranger as he had professed.

“So. It was Katze that night at Serendipity.”

Unable to lie directly when his Master was questioning him in such a manner, Daryl bowed his head, saying nothing.

“I see. Your silence answers for you.” Iason gave a great sigh. “Then Riki has lied to me, and you have all deceived me. Now I must once again determine how you are to be punished.”

“Yes, Iason-sama,” Daryl replied, hanging his head. He had already received a thrashing for his part in the threesome and was not looking forward to another turn under his Master’s kasey-whip, but

more than this, he was worried for Katze, who he knew Iason would soon be contacting regarding the matter.

The Blondie turned and left without further comment, returning to his favorite chair in the great hall where he had been reading a book on ancient Icarian philosophy. He had quite lost interest in it, but pretended to read it nevertheless, waiting for Riki to finish with his soak and come back downstairs. He knew his pet would immediately gravitate to the balcony for a smoke and he intended to intercept him before he could partake in that small pleasure.

His anger mounting, the Blondie stared blankly at the pages of his book, growing increasingly incensed over the mongrel's lie.

Finally, Riki came wandering into the hall, wearing only a robe and seeming very relaxed from his soak. As Iason had predicted, he was making for the balcony, a pack of smokes and lighter in hand.

"Riki."

His pet stopped, looking toward him.

"Come here."

"Can't I just smoke first?"

Iason slammed his book shut. "Come here—NOW."

A little surprised with his Master's harsh tone and manner, Riki approached him hesitantly.

"Sit." Iason pointed to his lap.

Crawling onto his lap, Riki waited, wondering what he wanted. Iason confiscated his smokes and lighter, placing them on the chair-side table.

"Hey!"

"Riki. Tell me about the night you went to Serendipity."

Pausing for a moment, the mongrel replied, casually, "I was pretty drunk...I don't remember much."

"Who were you with that night?"

"I...told you, just some local. I don't know his name or anything."

"I see. You...don't know his name."

"No," his pet answered, squirming a bit.

"Riki," Iason scolded softly. "I already know it was Katze. I wanted to give you another opportunity to confess to me, but you chose instead to continue with your deception."

“Bloody hell,” the mongrel groaned.

“Once again, it seems I must punish you. This is becoming rather tedious, pet. And I don’t know about you, but I could use some variety in our discipline sessions. So. We’re going to take a little trip to the pavilion. Go get dressed.”

“The...pavilion?”

“I’m not in the mood for conversation, Riki. Obey me. Get dressed.”

Frowning, Riki scrambled to his feet as his Master rose, nearly dumped onto the floor by the sudden movement. He made for his room and then picked through his clothes, very slowly, cursing at himself all the while. He heard a familiar jingling sound and sighed.

“Pet. I haven’t all day. Hurry up.”

“I can’t find anything to wear!” Riki protested.

“If I have to come in there and get you, you’ll really be in for it,” came the Blondie’s warning reply.

“I’m coming!”

Throwing on the first thing he could find, Riki rushed back into the hall, though his pace slowed when he saw his Master.

Iason was waiting for him, Riki’s gold-plated, initialed chains in one hand, his other hand on his hip. “Stop dallying. Let’s go.”

“I’m coming already. Sheesh,” the mongrel grumbled, eyeing the chains unhappily.

“Don’t get smart with me.”

“What? All I said was—”

“Hush.”

Iason collared and shackled his pet, cuffing him to his arm. As much as Riki despised being in chains, he knew better than to irritate his Master with more complaints when he was already annoyed.

With transparent reluctance, he accompanied Iason down to the pavilion, head hanging down, as other unchained pets gawked at him. It seemed to him everyone in the entire tower complex was laughing at him, which was not far from the truth.

The Blondie said nothing the entire walk, yanking on his chain every now and then for no apparent reason other than to communicate his extreme displeasure with his pet.

Riki remained silent, too, knowing that it was futile to try and apologize or beg. He was in for more punishment and there was nothing he could do about it. The one thing he fervently hoped, more than anything else, was that Iason would not call Raoul.

They entered Yousi's Bondage & Discipline Shop, a venue restricted to Blondies and the pets that accompanied them, or to servants sent there to do their Master's bidding. It was a shop Riki had peered into many times with curiosity—at least, when he had still been at liberty to walk through the pavilion, a privilege he had now been denied for quite some time. As soon as they entered, attendants rushed to wait on the prominent Blondie and his notorious charge.

"Lord Mink," one of them greeted, bowing. "An honor. Can we help you find something?"

Lord Mink? Riki fought the urge to laugh at the title "Lord." Iason, immediately sensing his mirth, shot him a warning glance, and he quickly assumed a more somber expression.

"I'm not sure what I want yet, so I will just look around a bit."

The attendants glanced at Riki with a knowing smile. Blondies only brought disobedient pets into the shop, ones that were about to be punished. And everyone knew there was no pet naughtier than Iason's pet, Riki.

The mongrel gazed around the store in disbelief. It was filled with every sort of corrective device imaginable, from kasey-whips, straps and taming sticks to chains and T-stands. Iason led him through the store to a display of brightly colored aerodynamic paddles.

"I'm leaning toward something like this," Iason remarked, with disarming nonchalance. "What do you think, pet? Have you ever been paddled before? Other than by Raoul, I mean."

"No," he whispered, frowning.

"These are all designed to encourage maximum velocity. See the holes? I've heard they're quite unpleasant. A few solid whacks should do the trick."

"How...how many...whacks?" Riki asked, meekly.

"I haven't decided yet. So. Which one appeals most to you?"

His pet glowered up at him, eyes flashing darkly. "None of them."

Iason smiled slightly. “Good. That’s quite the answer I’d hoped for. All the same, pick one. We’re not leaving here until you do.”

Sighing, the mongrel scanned the rows of paddles, instinctively looking for the smallest, least disturbing model, and was about to select it when he hesitated, his pride kicking in. Why should he give Iason the pleasure of seeing his fear? Summoning up his courage, he pointed to the most alarming looking paddle, an immense instrument of pain that he knew even Iason would not have selected.

Surprised, Iason picked it up, his gloved hands shaking slightly. For some reason, his pet’s choice sent a surge of excitement through him. It was almost as though Riki was deliberately taunting him to deliver maximum pain.

“Let’s try it out, shall we?” Iason strode over to the target pole, forcing his pet to scurry to keep from being yanked by his chain.

“You mean...in...*here*?” Riki glanced around at the other customers in the store, mortified.

“Just one swat to test it out. Put your hands on the pole.”

Iason uncuffed himself from Riki so that he could use both hands to deliver the blow. As Riki clutched the pole uncertainly, the Blondie took a mighty swing and unleashed the paddle on his bottom full strength, a loud WHACK resounding through the store. The mongrel cried out in agony, despite his embarrassment at drawing attention to himself. The other Blondies in the store merely smiled and continued shopping.

“Oh fuck,” Riki cursed, now deeply regretting his choice.

Iason smiled at his pet’s obvious dismay at the intensity of the blow. “This should do nicely, I think.”

An attendant, apparently lurking until Iason had found what he was looking for, approached him. “Have you found something you like, Lord Mink?”

This time the appellation of “Lord” did not seem nearly as humorous to the mongrel, who rubbed his ass grumpily, dreading the rest of the punishment that waited for him at the penthouse.

“Yes. I’ll take this.”

“Of course, Lord Mink. Sir Yousi says you are to have whatever you wish, free of charge.”

“Give Yousi my regards,” Iason replied, knowing full well the Blondie was hiding in the back, afraid to show his face.

Cuffing himself once again to his pet, Iason led him outside.

“So, pet. What did you think of that store? Quite a fine selection, wouldn’t you say?”

“It’s all fucked-up shit for you Blondie sadistic pricks, in my opinion,” Riki replied, no longer caring if he annoyed Iason, since it was clear he was really in for it this time anyway.

Iason stopped. They were in the middle of the walkway, and he pulled Riki close to whisper in his ear, pressing the paddle suggestively to his backside while he spoke, as though completely oblivious to all who passed by, eyeing them curiously.

“If you mean that I’m going to enjoy punishing you, you’re right. I’ve had it with you, Riki. It’s time for some serious discipline. I have half a mind to call Raoul.”

Breathing a little faster, his pet now changed his tone. “*Please* don’t call Raoul. I want YOU to punish me. Please, Iason. And afterwards I’ll...I want to pleasure you, however you want—you can fuck me as hard as you want. Please?”

Responding instinctively to his pet’s begging and promises of sexual favors, the Blondie swallowed a few times before replying.

“Oh yes. I fully intend to take you when we’re through. I’m quite looking forward to it.”

He straightened up, now quite anxious to get on with the day’s agenda. Their pace quickened as they reached the penthouse. As soon as they stepped inside, Iason slammed the paddle onto the bar, startling the mongrel.

“Shit! Scaring me like that!”

“Lower your trousers and bend over the table.”

“Iason. I just want to tell you something first.”

“There’s nothing you can possibly say that will get you out of your punishment, Riki.”

“I know. But what I was wondering was...how about I get you off *first* and then you can punish me afterwards.”

“No.” Iason removed his outer garment, so that he was wearing only his bodysuit, his movement completely unrestricted.

Daryl approached them, bowing. “Master Iason,” he greeted uncertainly, eyeing the paddle. “Can I...get you some wine?”

“Go to your room until I call you, Daryl. We’re not to be disturbed.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“But,” now Riki’s gaze instinctively moved to the paddle, which Iason had picked up again, twirling in a threatening manner as he walked toward him. Riki backed up until he bumped into the table.

“I also wanted to tell you, Katze—he wasn’t really very good at giving head. I mean, I wasn’t...all that impressed.”

Although this was a complete lie, Riki was now desperate to try anything that might lessen his Master’s anger.

“That makes no difference to me. What matters is that you engaged in sexual contact with someone without my explicit permission. I have made it clear to you, Riki, that *you belong to me*, and me alone. Who you pair with is a decision that belongs solely to me. You are my pet. You do not choose who you partner with. I have made this quite clear to you. You knew this, and yet you chose to deliberately disobey me. And then, to make matters worse, you lied to me about it. Now you are going to pay for it. You’ll take eight whacks on your bare bottom with this paddle.”

“We were drunk,” Riki tried, his voice betraying his panic.

The Blondie released the cuff on his own arm, allowing it to fall to the marble floor with a loud clanking sound.

“This discussion is over. Lower your trousers, Riki. Turn around and bend over.”

“I’m bloody sick and tired of being punished practically every bloody day!” Riki wailed. “You’re a fucking sadist, you know that? You’re cruel! I fucking hate you!”

“Obey me!” Iason bellowed, stung by his pet’s words and now even angrier than before.

“Fuck you! I’m not doing anything you say!”

At this, Iason grabbed his pet and flipped him over, throwing him onto the table and yanking his trousers down to his knees. Riki fought him the entire time, cursing and kicking.

“Stop fighting me,” Iason hissed, furious.

“Why should I? No matter what I do you’re going to abuse me!”

"I am not abusing you," the Blondie corrected, through clenched teeth. "I am *punishing* you!"

"Bloody semantics!" Riki shot back, continuing to struggle. "Ow! Quit pulling my hair!"

Iason had grabbed him by the back of the head and now forced him into position over the table. He used his own body to pin Riki to the table, shaking with rage.

"Are you going to continue to fight me?" he whispered into his ear. "It only makes it worse for you."

"You're crushing me!"

"Stop struggling, then."

"Please," Riki begged, his voice now choked with tears. "I promise I'll never do anything like that again. I promise! I swear! Please don't paddle me, *please*!"

"It's too late for apologies or promises. It's time to take your punishment, Riki. You're in for a paddling, whether you like it or not."

At this, the mongrel seemed to break, beginning to weep in anticipation of his punishment.

Iason waited for a few moments to be sure Riki had given up his fight, and then stood up and, gripping the paddle with both hands, swung—striking his pet's bared ass with a loud WHACK!

Riki gave an anguished yelp, and then...WHACK! Another punishing strike, accompanied by an even more pathetic cry.

Iason brought the paddle back again, then swung with all his might. WHACK!

Another howl, and now the mongrel began to panic. "Oh fuck! Please stop! I can't take any more!"

The Blondie paused for a moment, wiping sweat from his brow.

"You'll take it, pet, for as long as I give it. How dare you lie to me!"

WHACK!

"Iason, please!"

"You're only half way there, Riki. You have four more to go."

"No!" Riki cried. "You don't know how much this hurts!"

"You're telling *me* about what hurts? How do you think I felt when I found out you LIED TO ME?"

WHACK!

Now Riki, in agony from the punishing correction of the paddle, made a desperate attempt to flee the scene. Iason immediately grabbed him and threw him facedown on the table.

“You’ve just earned yourself one more, pet,” he scolded sternly. “Move again and I’ll add three more.”

Faced with this unappealing threat, Riki was forced to submit to his punishment, all the while kicking himself for his choice of the immense, barbaric paddle.

“So it was *twice* with Katze!”

WHACK!

“If you so much as touch him again, I’ll have Raoul take the paddle to you—for as many strikes as he wants!”

WHACK!

Clenching his teeth, Riki steeled himself for the next blow. *Just two more*, he thought. Yet his Master’s next strike was more than he could bear, the pain making his eyes roll back as he cried out in a hoarse, broken sob.

Iason paused again, repositioning the paddle in his hand. This was the last strike. And he was going to make it burn. Swinging his arms with furious velocity, he struck his pet so hard he finally broke the skin, tiny droplets of blood welling up as Riki released his most tormented cry of all.

“And if you *ever* lie to me again, about the smallest thing,” Iason warned, “I’ll do this again, with double the blows.”

The Blondie watched his pet as he lay sobbing on the table, looking very disinclined to move. He decided he would simply take Riki where he was. Unfastening his trouser flap, he stroked himself for a few moments—still holding his paddle—enjoying the sight of his limp, punished pet bent over the table, finally forced into submission. Within seconds he was fully aroused.

He slammed the paddle down on the table, startling Riki, and positioned himself behind him, probing him to gain entry. With a low, broken moan, he penetrated him slowly, savoring the resistance within. His pet was always hot and tight, but never more so than right after being thoroughly punished.

The Blondie reached his peak in a matter of moments, his pet sniffing and gasping beneath him all the while. He withdrew, then retired to his chair by the fire, waiting for Riki's sobs to subside.

Eventually the mongrel did calm down, managing to fasten his trousers as his Master watched.

"Go to your room," he commanded, softly.

Riki shot him a look filled with suffering, one that pulled at the Blondie's heart. He allowed his pet some time alone before joining him in his bedroom, the door humming closed behind him as he sat down on the bed.

"I hope you're not going to lecture me," Riki groaned, eyes closed.

"It is my prerogative to lecture you if I choose," Iason replied.

The mongrel answered this with a low moan.

"I imagine you'll be feeling that for some time."

"Did you come in here to torture me with stupid comments?"

"Do you really think it's wise to fling more insults at me, pet? Perhaps I put the paddle away too soon."

"No!" Riki cried, opening his eyes in alarm. "I was just...being grumpy. Bloody hell! My ass *hurts*!"

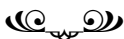
"I'm sure it does. Perhaps that will teach you to mind me."

Sighing, Riki made no reply, turning his head away from him.

"Riki," Iason continued, after a moment. "Is it true what you said, about Katze? That you found him...lacking in pleasuring skills?"

At this, Riki could not help but smile, glad that his Master could not see his face. "Yes," he lied.

Iason closed his eyes, wanting to believe his pet, yet knowing that it was unlikely Riki was telling him the truth. He found himself wanting to ask him whether he preferred Katze's sexual arts to his own, but his pride prevented him from pursuing the subject. His pride—and his fear that Riki would confess that which he did not want to hear.



IASON PAUSED AS HE REACHED KATZE'S APARTMENT, trying to regain his composure. He had worked himself up again on the drive over, thinking about Riki's infidelities, especially the new revelation that it had been Katze who serviced him at Serendipity. After Riki's punishment he had almost immediately left to confront Katze about the situation, with stern admonitions to Daryl not to try and call Katze to warn him.

He buzzed the door, feeling irritated when Katze did not immediately respond. He buzzed again, this time with transparent impatience, allowing his finger to remain on the buzzer for an annoyingly long period of time.

"Yes?" Katze's rich, sexy drawl sounded over the intercom.

"Iason Mink. Open up, Katze."

After a slight pause, the door hummed open, and Iason stepped inside. At first, he was a little surprised by the simplicity and neatness of the eunuch's apartment, and especially by the number of books on shelves along the walls, and the art prints—copies, of course, but rather sophisticated choices all the same—that adorned the apartment. He had never been to Katze's home. But then, he'd never had reason to visit, until now.

"Iason." Katze acknowledged him with a nod, looking almost as though he expected him. Iason narrowed his eyes, wondering if Daryl had disobeyed him and contacted him; but then, Katze hadn't fled. He was shirtless, his ribs bandaged. His face was still lightly bruised. "Can I...get you some wine, perhaps?"

"No. I've come to talk."

Katze motioned to a chair and Iason sat down, crossing his legs. Lighting up a smoke, Katze sat down as well, looking at him with guarded expectation.

For a long moment the two of them only gazed at one another, communicating through a look alone an understanding of Katze's betrayal, and an acknowledgement of the injuries the Blondie had inflicted on him for it.

Iason did not ask about his stay at Tanagura Medical and Katze did not offer a synopsis—though, under Iason's orders, he had gone

through the exceedingly painful but effective E-wave treatment to accelerate the healing of his ribs and collarbone. Katze had taken this as a hint from the Blondie and had returned to work the same day he was released, despite almost unbearable pain. Fortunately, he had a virtual cornucopia of pharmaceuticals to ease his discomfort and, at the moment, was feeling quite comfortable—except for the fact that Iason Mink was now inside his apartment, staring at him with an inexplicable, rather disarmingly intense expression.

“Perhaps I *will* have that wine,” Iason murmured, finally, finding it difficult to know where to begin. His thoughts were a jumble when it came to Katze. He was his most trusted advisor and key player in the underground, but he was also the man who had dared to pair with his pet—twice, it seemed. He was someone who Riki apparently found irresistible, despite his professions that Katze had no skills in the pleasuring arts.

“I have something I think you’ll appreciate,” Katze remarked, rising and then retrieving a bottle of White Moon, which he held up to show the Blondie.

Iason nodded his approval, slightly taken aback at Katze’s rather refined taste. As he opened the bottle, the Blondie studied his physique, noting his beautifully sculpted arms that rippled with his every movement, his narrow waist, and his compelling, rugged manner—his smoke dangling from his lips as he uncorked the wine. Yes, he could understand his pet’s attraction, though he had never really seriously considered Katze before. He was, after all, a eunuch, and as such, hardly deserving of his notice.

“I’m glad you came by,” Katze announced, handing him a glass of the fine wine and then sitting down again, on the divan across from him. “I wanted to apologize to you again...for everything.”

“Hmmm.” Iason sipped the wine, feigning disinterest.

“Iason. It’s just...since I’ve come to really know Daryl...I’ve found that I do things I wouldn’t normally do, because of him. Even things that I know put us both at risk.”

Iason made no reply, though he had some experience himself with this same phenomenon, with regard to Riki.

“I’m not excusing what I did. I’m furious at myself for hurting you, especially after everything you’ve done for me.”

Iason sighed, feeling impatient with the apology. “Katze. Tell me about Serendipity.”

Katze took a deep drag from his smoke, then exhaled, studying the Blondie. “I see. So...you know.”

“Yes. And it seems to me,” Iason continued, his voice shaking slightly, “that some reprisal is due. Especially considering what happened...that day at the penthouse.”

Sighing, Katze leaned back in his chair. “All right. What did you have in mind? I’ll submit to it. Whatever you want.”

“I was thinking a public whipping.”

Katze flinched a little at this, but made no protestation, though his heart began to pound. He had witnessed only two public whippings in his life, and both of them had left him feeling a little queasy.

“However,” Iason continued, “if this situation becomes public, we both know that Jupiter will become involved. I don’t want that.”

“What will satisfy you?”

“I’ll punish you myself at the penthouse. When you’re healed.”

Katze nodded, relieved that he was to be spared the humiliation of a public whipping, but a little anxious about what the Blondie had in mind for him in the privacy of his own home.

To Iason, he seemed surprisingly cool about being sentenced to punishment at his hands. In truth, Katze had been expecting it for some time. The Blondie’s rage on finding him with Riki had led to violence that was atypical for Iason—the Blondie usually preferred structured, organized punishment. Katze had suspected Iason was not yet finished with him. And now that he knew about Serendipity....

“That’s not all. I want something else, right now,” Iason added, his voice lowering.

“What would that be?” Katze took a sip of his wine and gazed back at him, wondering if he was reading the Blondie’s signals correctly.

“I want you to pleasure me. Take me in your mouth, exactly as you did with Riki.”

Stunned, Katze fell silent for a moment. Iason wanted sexual favors? And this was his...*punishment*? He tried to suppress a laugh,

recalling the countless times he had fantasized about the Blondie. Putting out his smoke with deliberate thoroughness, he locked eyes with Iason, trying to gauge his mood. Was he simply curious? Feeling unusually perverted? Or...did he truly think he was disciplining Katze with his unorthodox request?

“As you wish,” he answered, finally, but still hesitating.

“Now, Katze.”

Rising, Katze moved toward the beautiful Blondie. He had rehearsed this moment in his mind a thousand times and was trying not to betray how delighted he was with Iason’s “punishment.”

As Iason’s head attending servant, he had watched him masturbate countless times; privately, he had always hoped his Master would have solicited his attentions, even though he knew Blondies rarely made such requests of eunuchs. Once, Iason had run his bare hand through Katze’s hair, holding his chin for a moment as though he were considering him, but then he had released him and walked away.

That was why, when he learned Iason was taking his own pet, Katze had been so astonished, perhaps even...a little hurt, though he knew it was foolish. Why should a Blondie be interested in a castrated servant?

And now, he was finally being asked to service the beautiful Blondie. Remembering what Daryl had told him about pleasuring Iason, he straddled him in the chair and gently pushed his hair aside; then, he began kissing and biting his neck, running his tongue in small swirls up to his ear and nibbling on his earlobe.

Iason closed his eyes and opened his mouth slightly, tingling from Katze’s erotic meanderings along his throat. Though, technically, he had not done this to Riki, Katze wanted to pleasure Iason as best as he could. Perhaps then the Blondie would forgive him his transgressions.

Breaking away, Katze started towards his lips, then hesitated.

“Do you...want me to kiss you?”

Iason answered him by pulling him closer, and as Katze’s lips met those of the fearsome Blondie, he felt his heart racing. Exploring his mouth with his tongue, the eunuch moaned from the sweetness of the kiss, a charged chemistry that surprised them both. Iason found that he truly enjoyed the kiss and surrendered completely to it, momentarily forgetting the purpose of his little “experiment” with

Katze. His response was apparent by his growing erection, which the eunuch could feel moving beneath his thighs.

After a few minutes of this, Katze got down on his knees as Iason unfastened his trousers and revealed his arousal with gleaming eyes. In his signature move, Katze pushed the Blondie's legs apart with dramatic firmness, pulling him forward to reposition him lower on the seat, an action that Iason found unequivocally exciting, yet a little disturbing when he imagined what Riki's reaction to it had been.

As Katze began to stimulate him with his tongue, the Blondie was overcome with conflicting sensations—the sensual pleasure provided by the eunuch, and his burgeoning jealousy as he imagined his pet receiving such ministrations...and, finally, his buried rage with the auburn-haired man for daring to pair with his pet. His every move inspired a host of images of Katze and Riki together, of his pet's moans and erotic, mongrel-style proclamations and vulgarities that always accompanied his orgasmic climb.

He didn't know why he was tormenting himself by having Katze service him...why he had a compelling need to know exactly how his pet had enjoyed him, and what he had experienced. Yet the more aroused he became, the more his jealousy and anger multiplied as he imagined his pet in a similarly aroused state.

He knew now that Riki had most certainly lied about Katze's pleasuring skills. The eunuch was gifted, no question—and certainly experienced, which came as something of a surprise to Iason. He could see Riki in his mind, reaching down to grab hold of Katze's head—he could hear his moans, imagined the instructions his pet gave, could see him thrusting up into Katze's mouth as his eyes rolled back with ecstasy. And it was a self-feeding loop. He was quickly reaching his peak, finding that his anger and jealousy fueled his arousal rather than inhibiting it.

Katze became more enthusiastic with his lingual manipulations, sucking and wiggling his tongue a little faster. Iason, responding instinctively to his skill, removed his gloves and moved his fingers through the eunuch's soft, dark auburn hair, guiding his head at the pace he preferred, thrusting up into his mouth.

He let his head drop back as he neared completion, breathing deeply but making no other vocal indication of his pleasure. Suddenly, without warning, he pulled Katze away from his organ, and in the next moment he had him facedown on the floor, tugging down his pants so violently his nails dug into the sides of Katze's hips.

Katze made a short, choked cry, more from surprise than from pain. But then, when the Blondie entered him without any sort of preparation or explanation, he could not help but voice his anguish.

To be taken by force by anyone was bad enough—but to be raped by a Blondie was too much—even for Katze. The eunuch would have willingly submitted to his demands but had not even been given the opportunity to do so. Iason simply took him, without comment or pause, taking unconcealed pleasure in his pain, one hand pressed firmly over his mouth to muffle his cries.

“Are those cries of pleasure or pain?” he taunted, his voice thick with lust and anger. “Would you have enjoyed Riki so much, if he had taken you like this?”

Unable to answer, as Iason's gloved hand prevented him from speaking, Katze shut his eyes tight, wincing with each thrust. His previous delight in the Blondie's advances was replaced by utter terror, for he knew his former Master well enough to realize that Iason was now in the foulest of moods.

Iason reached his climax in a few strokes. As he ejaculated, he uttered a low, broken groan, gritting his teeth from the intensity of the release. Even in his rapture, he was tormented by the thought that Riki had felt the same pleasure from Katze, an image that nearly drove him out of his mind with all-consuming jealousy.

He withdrew, rolling Katze onto his back. The eunuch stared up at him with wide eyes, hurt, and still in pain. Iason suddenly felt overcome with jealousy, and in the next instant he closed his hands around his neck, choking him. The only thought in his mind was that Katze had paired with his pet. And for that, the eunuch would die.

Frightened, Katze grabbed Iason's wrists in an attempt to repel him but was no match for the Blondie's extraordinary strength. His face darkened as Iason squeezed tighter, and finally, his eyes began to roll back. He realized then that he was going to die, and he tried

desperately to send Daryl a message of love with his heart, promising to look over him from the other side, if it were possible.

Then Iason, looking down at the eunuch's helpless and almost lifeless form, suddenly released him, hands still shaking. Katze clutched his throat, gasping for air, as he watched the Blondie with a mixture of fear and confusion.

Iason rose as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred, fastening his trousers and tugging on his gloves. In fact, he was perplexed by his own actions. He had not come to Katze's apartment to strangle him. He was not even sure why he had done so—or why he had released him. His emotions confused him with their intensity and complexity; he was not used to reacting so viscerally to things. Rage, for the Blondie, had always made him react in unpredictable ways; Iason felt, if he had one weakness, it was this.

“Regarding what we spoke about, I'll summon you in a few weeks.”

Still shaken from what had just taken place, Katze could only nod, unable to reply.

Then, without further comment, Iason left.

Katze stared at the door for a long moment, then managed to stand up, pulling his pants back up and lighting a smoke with trembling fingers. He collapsed into the closest chair; he could feel the semen and blood dripping between his legs but couldn't bring himself to tend to it. He sat in the chair for a long time, reviewing the encounter and puzzling over what exactly had gone wrong.

He was sure Iason had enjoyed the fellatio—it had been quite evident from his bodily cues. And he could understand the rape—that was perhaps what Iason had in mind, to punish him. But even Katze was surprised that the Blondie had tried to kill him.

Confused, he desperately wished he could talk to Daryl, but was prevented from doing so—he would have to wait until Daryl contacted him again, until he found a public terminal, because Iason would certainly check the logs for incoming and outgoing calls. When he had called earlier to warn him of Iason's visit, Katze had berated him for taking the risk, perhaps a little too harshly in his concern for him, and now he longed to reassure him.

As if this weren't enough, he had more punishment to look forward to. Katze knew the Blondie's arm all too well—but he had never been punished for anything as serious as his transgressions with Riki. Knowing Iason, he would probably make Daryl watch.

He finished his smoke, observing the Blondie's barely touched glass of White Moon. A nearly full glass of expensive wine...wasted. Sighing, he dropped the butt into the wine, berating himself for his profound stupidity for ever thinking he could touch Iason's pet and not pay for it.



DARYL WAS BESIDE HIMSELF WITH WORRY. He had disobeyed Iason's command to return to his room, watching Riki's punishment from the shadows. He knew his Master was in a particularly dangerous mood—there was no doubt that he had wanted his pet to feel his wrath. He had used both hands. On Riki's bare flesh.

As soon as Iason left the penthouse to confront Katze, Daryl had rushed down to the pavilion to a public terminal in order to warn his lover. Katze, however, was decidedly displeased to hear from him, knowing full well that Daryl had been given stern warnings not to contact him for an entire month.

"Why the hell are you calling me?" he demanded, his usual warm, sexy voice now betraying his anger.

"Katze! I have to talk to you."

"You know better than to call me, Daryl!"

"I'm calling from the pavilion—from a public box."

"Even so, it's too dangerous. You turn your ass around RIGHT NOW and get back home. Hear me?"

"But...Iason's coming for you. He made me promise not to warn you! I'm scared, Katze!"

"Daryl! Then get the fuck off the phone right now!"

"But I have to tell you—"

"No. I'm hanging up."

Katze hung up on him then, and Daryl had been unable to warn him that Iason knew about what had happened at Serendipity.

Struggling to fight back the tears from Katze's harsh tone of voice, he rushed back to the penthouse, worried also about Riki, who he knew was in for a miserable night.

Riki was in his own room, lying facedown on the bed, with his pants pulled down to his knees. Daryl gasped when he saw the angry, raised welts on the mongrel's bared ass.

"Oh Riki...I'm s-so sorry," Daryl stammered.

"It isn't your fault," Riki answered, sighing.

"But it is—I accidentally told him about Katze. I didn't mean to...it just slipped out. I'm such an idiot."

"He would have found out one way or another anyway, like he always does. We were stupid to underestimate him."

"I wish it had been another way," Daryl lamented. "Riki! What if Master Iason *kills* Katze?"

"He won't. If he didn't kill him when he caught him in the act, he won't kill him now."

"But he was so furious with you!"

Riki laughed, despite his pain.

"That's because he's a bloody pervert who sits around looking for reasons to punish me. You should have seen him at the pavilion—he practically shot his wad picking out the paddle. He made ME pick it out, the bastard. And then he whacked me in the store with it, in front of everyone. And it was a hard whack, too. I about wet my pants."

"We'd better put something on that," Daryl said, now examining his broken flesh.

"Do we have to?" Riki whined. "It's gonna sting sooo bad."

"Yes, we need to. Master Iason will want to inspect you, and he'll be angry if I haven't taken care of you. Come on. You can take it."

"Since when did you start calling him Master Iason around me again? The prick. We should just call him Master Misery. Or maybe Mr. Sadistic Fuck."

The eunuch smiled, rushing to retrieve the medical kit, then returning to tend to his punished flesh. Riki was quite vocal, complaining all the while about how much he was hurting him.

"You're such a baby," Daryl scolded, finally.

Surprised, Riki fell silent for a moment, then broke into a laugh.

“Daryl. You’ve changed a lot. Ever since you started seeing Katze.”

“Is it...a good change or a bad change?”

“Good. He’s really helped you. You’re not nearly wound so tight. You used to be sorta like one of those shaky, nervous little dogs from Gardan—the slightest movement would send you through the roof. Now you’re Mr. Cool.”

“Did I show you what he gave me?”

Daryl pulled the pendant out from beneath his shirt, leaning down so Riki could read the inscription.

“Well shit. Isn’t that just the most fucking romantic thing ever,” the mongrel teased. “So Katze *loves* you, huh? Does that mean you *love* Katze? Are Daryl and Katze IN LOVE always and forever?”

Daryl smiled at his ribbing, seeming not to mind in the least. “Yeah,” he admitted. “I do love him. More than anything. Just like I know you love Master Iason, deep in your heart.”

Now Riki grew quiet, looking away. “I don’t love him. I *hate* him.”

“No, you don’t. Right now you’re angry because he punished you.”

Riki scowled. “Okay. I admit to that. I’m so pissed off right now I could wring his neck. But I DON’T love him.”

“You do. And...he loves you.”

The mongrel shook his head vigorously. “That’s a lie. He can’t love me. He treats me like garbage.”

“That’s not true, and you know it. He gives you special treatment. Can you really blame him for punishing you? We all knew we’d be in trouble if he found out. Don’t you get why he’s so furious with you? It’s because he wants you all to himself. He loves you and he’s jealous. I’d feel the same way if I found out Katze had been with someone...unless, of course,” he added with a smile, “I got to watch.”

“I think he punishes me just because he likes to.”

Daryl considered that for a moment, reflecting on everything he’d come to learn about the Blondie. “There’s probably some truth in that,” he conceded. “But it’s not the only reason. He’s hurting, Riki. What he wants, what he’s always wanted, is for you to come to him freely and love him.”

“I’m hurting, too,” Riki pouted. “Why is it *he* can fuck Raoul and there be no consequence? It’s bloody unfair.”

“But,” Daryl answered, softly, “you’re his pet. It’s your *duty* to please your Master and obey his commands.”

Scoffing at this, the mongrel turned away. “You’re lecturing *me* now? After you asked me to fuck you? Is that the duty of the Elite head servant?”

Hurt, Daryl fell silent, then rose to leave.

“Hey. Fuck.” Riki groaned loudly, hitting his face multiple times on the bed. “I’m sorry. I’m an asshole—don’t leave.”

“It’s all right. I should check on dinner anyway.”

“Daryl. Please don’t mind me...I’m in a really shitty mood. My ass feels like a volcano erupted on it.”

“I understand. I don’t...mind you.”

At that moment, the front door hummed open and Iason came in.

Daryl rushed to meet him. “Good afternoon, Master Iason.” He looked at him anxiously, as if expecting to see from his expression what had happened to Katze.

Iason ignored him and went straight to the command center, typing in a few codes for the call logs. Satisfied that Daryl had not tried to contact Katze, he nodded at him.

“Where’s Riki?”

“In his bedroom.”

The Blondie immediately made for Riki’s room, stopping when he reached the doorway and apprehended his pet lying half naked on the bed. Although he had just relieved himself with Katze, he was immediately hit with a powerful surge of lust upon seeing Riki, his bare, raw bottom smarting red and covered with welts from his paddling, exposed in an obvious attempt to lessen his pain, his pants pulled down pathetically to his knees. His heart beating faster, Iason took off his cloak and began undressing.

“Hey! What are you doing?” Riki demanded, alarmed.

“That should be quite obvious. I’m preparing to take you.”

“Please...Iason...I’m *so sore*—let me suck you.”

“If I want to take you, I’ll do so, in whatever manner I please,” the Blondie replied, softly, gracefully letting his bodysuit drop to the floor. He stood there, completely naked, stroking his massive erection with one hand. “Don’t move.”

“No! *Pleeeasse*, Iason,” Riki pleaded.

“Hush, pet.” The Blondie got on the bed and straddled him, resting his hands on his pet’s buttocks as he pushed his legs firmly together.

“Ow! Don’t touch it! Dammit, Iason, you bloody—”

“That’s enough, pet,” his Master scolded sharply. “Or I’ll spank you, HARD, and I mean it.”

Riki fell silent at this threat, worried that Iason might carry it out.

Iason stroked himself for a few moments, then gently rubbed his engorged member across his pet’s raw bottom, sliding it down between his buttocks until he found, with a little wiggle, his portal. Riki was whimpering with his every touch. With one hand, he pinned his pet’s wrists to his back. He began thrusting gently, each time gaining deeper access, until he had fully penetrated, then continued to take his pet with deep, insistent strokes.

The sight of his half-dressed pet below him, his backside so thoroughly violated from the paddling, was undeniably stimulating to the Blondie, and he undulated with an erotic sensuality that betrayed his state of extreme arousal. He was actually still quite angry at Riki, but in this position—his favorite position of all—he felt as though he exerted a kind of control over his unruly pet as he pinned him down, forcing his submission after he had already been thoroughly punished. But mostly he simply enjoyed taking Riki, his beloved pet, who he loved so much, despite his many faults and transgressions—even his indiscretions with Katze.

Closing his eyes and throwing his head back, he began gasping, then, biting his lip, he moaned softly. If Riki could have seen his Master’s face, he would have witnessed there a slight curl of his lip—the coveted sneer of pleasure Raoul had once produced—the very look Riki so sought to elicit from Iason.

“Oh, pet,” he breathed, gasping.

“Fucking come already!” Riki wailed.

Startled, Iason slowed his pace for a moment, then brought his hand down, hard, on Riki’s ass. His pet howled in response.

“What did I tell you?” Iason scolded. “Would you like more?”

“No,” Riki whimpered. “It just...hurts so much!”

“You want me to come?” the Blondie whispered. “We can speed things up, if I take you...like *this*.” With that, Iason began thrusting as hard as he could, plunging deep into his prostrate pet, who cried out in misery as his Master slammed against his sensitive flesh.

This did, in fact, accelerate the sexual project at hand; with a series of unrestrained gasps, Iason suddenly whipped his head back, crying out his ecstasy as his semen shot deep into his pet, his release so incomparably sweet he could hardly believe such pleasure was possible.

And then, in the midst of his rapture, something extraordinary happened. It was as though the world fell away, so that only he and Riki remained; then they were standing together in a beautiful garden, while all around them cherry blossoms swirled down from the trees. Riki looked up at him, tilting his head to one side, a lopsided smile on his face. Iason suddenly felt, in that moment, that his pet truly loved him, and his heart felt light, as though a great weight had been lifted from him.

It was so beautiful, so perfect, and then...it was gone.

“Iason! Iason?!”

The Blondie slowly came back to his senses and realized that he had collapsed on top of his pet. He rolled off him, frowning.

“What happened?” Riki demanded. “Did you pass out?”

Iason shook his head, puzzled.

“Shit. You scared me!”

“It was some sort of...vision, like a waking dream, similar to the one I had when I was first poisoned.”

“Agatha’s Halo,” the mongrel breathed. “So it’s true. You really *can* have visions. What did you see?”

He shook his head. “It’s hard to say.” It was the first lie he had ever told his pet, but somehow he felt inclined to keep the vision to himself.

“Are you...okay?”

“What, don’t tell me you’re concerned about me?” Iason smiled.

Riki scowled, turning away with a little pout.

“You’d better watch yourself, pet,” the Blondie warned, shaking his finger at him. “You almost earned another spanking back there.”

His pet sighed, reaching down to tug up his pants as though worried Iason would ravish or spank him again.

“Leave them down. You’ll be more comfortable. I’m finished.”

“I’m glad I could be of service, Lord Iason,” the mongrel replied saucily, and then, when the Blondie made as if to spank him again, he broke out into a laugh. “I’m teasing, I’m teasing!”

Smiling, Iason bent down and kissed him. “You’re a naughty little pet,” he whispered, nuzzling his cheek. “But I’ve grown quite fond of you. So be good and stop disobeying me, and I won’t have to punish you like this any more.”

“You’ll punish me anyway just because you want to, you pervert. You punish me practically every day as it is, for no good reason.”

“You wouldn’t be punished every day if you would BEHAVE every day. You continue to disobey me—”

“Is this going to be another one of those boring lectures?” Riki demanded, with an exaggerated sigh.

“If you’re going for the punishment-free option, I wouldn’t advise insolence as your main style of discourse.”

“Whatever.”

Iason laughed softly. “You won’t last three days, pet. You’ll do something, won’t you? You’ll be naughty, yet again. And when I catch you, you’re going to get it, right on that sore bottom of yours.”

“Humph,” Riki snorted. “We’ll see about that.”

“Yes,” the Blondie agreed, with a smile, “we will.”

Of Whips and Chains

RIKI WAS HEADING TOWARD THE OBSERVATORY, robe in hand, preparing to soak in the hot tub. He was sore and grumpy from his paddling and had spent the night tossing and turning. As he passed through the great hall, Iason's voice stopped him. Riki turned to see the handsome Blondie standing by the window, both hands on his hips.

"Riki. Where are you going?"

"To...the Observatory."

"Why?"

"Because I want to use the hot tub," he snapped. "I can fucking hardly move."

"I don't recall giving you permission to do so."

"You've got to be kidding. Please tell me you're fucking kidding."

"Come here."

Sighing with exaggerated annoyance, the mongrel stomped toward his Master.

Iason reached down and took hold of his chin, leaning close. "How quickly you seem to forget that you, Riki, are *my pet*—and that I am your Master. So today you're going to have a lesson about what it means to be a pet."

Dragging him over to the special cabinet where his chains were kept, Iason quickly shackled him, and then cuffed himself to Riki via the long chain that attached to his collar.

Riki scowled, sulking as Iason attached the golden chain to his collar. He hated being cuffed and chained but was smart enough not to resist Iason, having finally learned that when it came to the chains—and everything else, for that matter—the Master of the house would, in the end, have his way.

"Where are we going?" he demanded, frowning.

“To a public whipping. It’s time you knew what happens to truly disobedient pets,” he answered, smiling at Riki’s obvious surprise and consternation at this announcement.

Riki, misunderstanding his Master’s meaning, now quickly changed his tone and demeanor.

“You’re...you’re going to have me whipped...in p-public?” he stammered, his eyes widening in a way that was completely endearing to the Blondie.

Iason laughed softly, then bent over and kissed his forehead. “Not you, pet,” he replied. “At least...not *today*.”

In fact, the Blondie had absolutely *no* intention of ever putting his pet through a public whipping; he preferred the intimacy of a private discipline session, and, out of personal preference, one that produced less blood and more erotic desserts. But it would be useful for Riki to see the possible consequences of disobedience; perhaps he would even come to appreciate his Master’s leniency, when he saw how other pets were disciplined.

The public whippings were held precisely for that purpose: to frighten recalcitrant pets, and sometimes even high-ranking servants, into obedience. One viewing was usually sufficient to curb even the most unruly pet, although Iason had his doubts as to what effect the experience would have on his intractable mongrel.

Nevertheless, they were going, if for one reason only—the administrator of this particular public whipping was none other than Raoul. Iason knew his pet would be mortified at the thought of being subjected to Raoul’s punishing arm in such a manner. And this was not the first time the Blondie had executed a public whipping. Raoul had a penchant for whippings and was quite skilled—and feared—at what he did. In truth, he was something of a performer. It would be a show his pet would never forget.

Once he realized he was in no immediate peril, Riki reverted back to his previous attitude—a hybrid of defiance and annoyance, plus a bit of sulking over having to wear chains in public, a humiliation that he absolutely abhorred.

Even before they left the penthouse, Iason had perceptibly shifted his own demeanor, and Riki realized by his stern aloofness that his

Master now had his “public” face on. Pulling firmly on his chain as though he needed coaxing, the Blondie communicated his authority and hinted as to the importance of obedience in public. They drove to the viewing mostly in silence, until they neared the site.

“What you’re about to see is not going to be pleasant,” he warned.

Riki gave a little snort of derision, as though he were completely unconcerned, although he was, in fact, a bit nervous about the event, and his heart began to beat a little faster.

The Blondie raised an eyebrow. “I see. You think this will be nothing, do you? Well, my pet. You’ll soon find out otherwise.”

“Whatever,” Riki mumbled, with a little laugh.

With that, Iason put the car into park, turned off the generator, then leaned close to him.

“You’d better wipe that smirk off your face, Riki. I’m not above putting you over my knee right now. Would you like that?” He paused for a moment to let his threat sink in. “I didn’t think so. Now, there’s going to be quite a crowd. You’ll be on your best behavior. And in case you don’t think I mean it,” now he moved aside his cloak, revealing the taming stick he had purposely brought along as a deterrent, “I won’t hesitate to tame you in public, despite your compromised state. I think you know that’s not an idle threat.”

Riki sighed, averting his eyes, though not particularly happy to see that Iason had brought the taming stick.

Iason took hold of his chin, demanding his attention. “Are you going to behave?”

“Yeah.”

“What was that?” he scolded sharply.

“Yes...*Master*.” His pet whispered these words, as always feeling uncomfortable when made to address Iason formally as someone with authority over him.

Satisfied, the Blondie let go of him and then got out of the vehicle. Riki followed him, forced to use the driver’s side since he was chained to him. Now for the first time the mongrel noticed that they were near the Emporium—it was across the street from the square. They were joining a sizeable crowd that had gathered around a platform where several Blondies were conversing. Also on the platform was a rather

distressed-looking pet, completely naked but for his manacles and chains. As they made their way a little closer, Riki was distracted by one of the Blondies there on the platform and caught his breath when he turned so that his profile was in view.

Raoul. It was *Raoul*.

What the fuck is he doing here? Riki wondered, barely catching himself before he uttered the words aloud. Iason sensed his surprise and smiled.

Riki stared at Raoul, puzzled, then saw he was holding a whip. The realization that Raoul was going to be administering the punishment now began to sink in. Slowly, he looked up at Iason, who was observing him carefully.

"That's right, pet," he confirmed. "Now you're going to see what Raoul is truly capable of."

As Riki stared uneasily at his nemesis, the great Blondie almost seemed to sense their presence. He turned and seeing Iason, smiled, acknowledging him with a slight nod of approval. Raoul was thrilled that Iason had brought his pet to the whipping; he had made the suggestion the previous day, hoping he would take his advice. His gaze moved to the mongrel, who glared back at him darkly before looking away.

Riki looked around and saw that most of the spectators were Blondies with their pets—all of them chained, as he was. He noticed, too, that the other pets seemed to share his apprehension about what was about to take place.

Now there was some movement on the platform as the Blondie whose pet was to be whipped removed his own wrist-cuff and then, leading his pet firmly to the pole, lifted him and positioned his chained hands above his head on a hook there. Setting him back down, he pushed his legs apart until his ankle chains were taut, then added a second set of cuffs above those, ones that were permanently attached to the platform and which chained him firmly to it.

Riki couldn't help but notice that the pet was quite attractive. His body was flawless, his skin fair and his hair and a soft reddish-brown, and he boasted a firm, enticingly curved bottom that he would have loved to have subjected to a good fucking.

Now the Blondie seemed to whisper something privately in his pet's ear, presumably reiterating his displeasure. This went on for a long moment, his Master apparently having plenty to say. Without meaning to, Riki shuddered, imagining what Iason would say to him, if he were in a similar place.

The Blondie moved a few steps away and nodded to Raoul.

"Pet! Your disobedience has brought you here today. Your duty is to obey, yet you chose instead to defy your Master."

Riki felt a small tug on his chain as Iason summoned him a little closer. He was aware that his Master had shifted positions and was now behind him, his body nearly touching his own.

"So," now Raoul cracked the whip menacingly, "you are about to be severely punished. This is what happens to pets," another crack of the whip, this time as Raoul addressed the frightened pets in the watching crowd, "who are disobedient."

Raoul's gaze fell on Riki, and he continued with a wicked smile, looking directly at him as he spoke.

"You deserve what's coming. I have no pity for you. You are a naughty, insolent pet and I won't spare my arm here today."

He cracked the whip harder this time, turning his attention back to the chained pet.

"B-540M. What I'm about to do to you will leave scars you'll carry for the rest of your life. This is part of your punishment; no one wants a marked pet."

Now Raoul removed his cloak. Yui, his eunuch, scurried to help him and then quietly retreated to the edge of the platform. In his close-fitting bodysuit, it was easy to see how well-built the Blondie was—tall, strong, and broad-shouldered, the muscles of his legs bulging through the thin fabric.

Raoul began pacing back and forth on the stage, cracking the whip as though attempting to fully terrorize the doomed pet before the punishment even began. His silence was almost as effective as his words had been, and even from his place in the crowd, Riki could see that the pet trembled, flinching every time the whip cracked. The mongrel shuddered again, his heart going out to the poor unruly pet, whose unnamed transgression had led to such dire consequences.

Suddenly, with lightning speed and a formidable crack, Raoul sent the whip flying into the exposed flesh of the pet, eliciting a scream and a brilliant streak of blood that dripped down his back in tiny crimson paths.

Raoul paced again and then, *CRACK!* The whip was unleashed with beautiful precision, as evidenced by the pet's even more alarming scream.

Thus commenced the pet's whipping under the merciless arm of Raoul Am, whose skill with the whip and formidable stage presence made his punishment nothing less than a work of art. The Blondie crouched down a bit as he released his fury, his thighs almost bursting through his tight bodysuit, his long golden hair swinging in an arc behind him. Sometimes he swung the whip over his head in a circle a few times before striking. Other times he picked out a pet in the crowd to frighten, smiling disconcertingly as he flipped the whip suggestively, before turning to strike with fearsome brutality once again. All the while the pet's screams pierced through the air, sending chills through Riki, as well as the other pets there, while the Blondies looked on impassively or with unveiled amusement and pleasure.

Blood was now streaming down the pet's back, vividly red against his fair skin, as Raoul wiped the sweat that now dripped from his own face with his arm—until Yui came rushing to him with a towel and a drink of water. The Blondie drank half the water and poured the rest on his face, shaking the wetness off like a great wild cat caught unexpectedly in the rain, his mane of hair swaying intoxicatingly. Then he threw the whip up into the air with a little spin just for show, catching it masterfully and immediately unleashing it again, this time striking like a snake on the pet's untouched buttocks, eliciting murmurs of approval and some laughter from the watching Blondies.

Riki was horrified. Without even realizing it, he had backed up, reaching behind him to clutch his Master's thigh, grabbing onto his body suit for reassurance.

Thrilled with his reaction, Iason moved even closer, repositioning his cloak so that no one could see just how close he was. His body now brushed against his pet, and he could feel Riki trembling.

He leaned down and whispered softly in his ear, "Are you frightened, pet?"

Riki's silence answered for him, and the Blondie smiled.

"Would you rather have that Blondie for your Master?"

Now Iason pressed himself up against the mongrel, having developed an erection from his pet's closeness and Raoul's showmanship. His mastery with a whip was something that Iason had always found attractive about Raoul, simply because he handled it so well. And now, Riki's shaking and his furtive grasping behind him had set his blood pounding.

When his Master began slowly rubbing up against him, Riki was, at first, startled, and then surprised, given the fact that they were in a public place. But then he realized that all eyes were on the platform, and that Iason was shielding him with his cloak. Iason's slight maneuvers against his bottom and lower back, while triggering some soreness, also had the embarrassing effect of making him aroused.

"I'm getting hard," he whispered. "Everyone will see."

"Your only concern should be what pleases me," came the Blondie's hushed reply.

Riki fell silent, closing his eyes. "What...would please you?"

"You'll find out soon enough. But I want to know...what do you think of the whipping?"

His pet grew quiet again, feeling a little sickened by all the blood, and yet aroused at the same time from Iason's erotic movements.

"What, you don't care for it? How very disappointing. To think I brought you here on a special trip and you aren't even enjoying yourself. And here Raoul wanted you to come, especially."

Riki flinched at this, watching Raoul's mesmerizing performance with a mixture of awe, hatred, and fear. He couldn't deny that the Blondie had a certain...flair...for what he did. And his brutal strength left no doubt that his punishment was more than just a good show—he inflicted pure pain, as evidenced by the reddened canvas of the pet's flesh and his agonized, gut-wrenching screams.

The show came to an abrupt end when the pet finally passed out. Raoul wiped his face with a fresh towel offered by Yui, draining a second canister of water as the pet was taken down from the pole by

his Master and his servants. The crowd began breaking up as the Elite escorted their frightened pets—some of them in tears—back home.

“Come, pet,” Iason whispered. “Let’s pay Raoul our respects.”

Mortified, Riki obeyed only because he had no choice, trying to use his chains to mask his erection. Raoul saw them approaching the platform and went to the edge, crouching down.

“Glad you could make it,” he greeted, smiling at Iason, immediately sensing his old lover’s arousal, and verifying it with a glance.

“My pleasure, Raoul. As always, you put on quite a show.”

“And what about you?” Raoul taunted, eyes gleaming as he acknowledged Riki, a little surprised to note his obvious arousal, and amused at the pet’s attempt to hide it. “Did you enjoy it, also?” Laughing when the mongrel failed to answer, he turned to Iason, “If you ever decide to do a public whipping, just let me know.”

“Will do. Although I hope that won’t be necessary,” the Blondie replied, giving Riki a pointed look.

Feeling as though he were sinking down into his shoes, Riki averted his eyes, silent.

Raoul laughed softly, thrilled with his consternation, and desperately hoping the mongrel would continue his disobedience so he could have the pleasure of disciplining him again—if not at a public whipping, then at the penthouse, like before. He had been actively fantasizing about doing so ever since he had punished Riki, lusting for the exceedingly tight grip of the mongrel, so unwillingly tendered. But of course, he wanted Iason even more.

“Iason,” he began, lowering his voice. “Come over tonight. I want to show you something.”

“What would that be?” Iason answered, knowing full well the Blondie wanted to lure him to his apartment for sexual domination.

“It’s...a surprise,” Raoul replied, with a mysterious smile.

“Not tonight,” Iason replied, after a pause. “Perhaps another time? Is it something you could show me at work?”

The disappointment on Raoul’s face was so transparent that Riki almost laughed.

“What are you smiling at?” Raoul demanded, glaring at him.

Iason pulled him a little closer by his chain. “Behave.”

Despite Iason's reprimand, Riki could not help but feel delighted, privately gloating over Raoul's rejection. With great difficulty, he suppressed his smile, wisely averting his eyes.

"Another time then," Raoul suggested, hopefully.

Iason acknowledged this remark ambiguously with a smile and a slight nod before turning to leave. Riki risked a final glance back at Raoul, who looked after Iason with such longing that the mongrel almost pitied him.

Inside the car, the Blondie immediately darkened the windows and leaned over to his pet to claim a long, slow, sensual kiss. He broke away only to offer tantalizing nibbles along Riki's neck, which the mongrel responded to with a series of gasps, his chains jangling as he adjusted himself and initiated a few self-pleasuring strokes.

Iason took his hand and, after unfastening his trousers, guided him to his own aching erection. Keeping his hand over his pet's, he demonstrated with a few erotic strokes how he wanted to be pleased. Riki obeyed, now beside himself with excitement.

"Are you gonna fuck me now?"

Closing his eyes with a slight shiver, the Blondie resisted the urge to do so with great difficulty, firmly pushing his pet's hand away and fastening his trousers.

"Not yet," he answered, his eyes betraying his lust. "But as soon as we get home, love, I intend to ravish you."

"Ravish me?" Riki grinned at the Blondie's word choice, though found himself anxious for whatever Iason had in mind, his erection now so hard that he was half afraid he'd stain his pants before they made it home.



DARYL TOOK ADVANTAGE OF IASON'S ABSENCE to contact Katze again from a public terminal, this time with full visual.

"I told you not to call me," Katze scolded, his voice a little hoarse.

"What's wrong with your voice?" Daryl demanded, frowning. "Are those bruises on your neck? Did Master Iason do that?"

Katze nodded, lighting up a smoke. "Thought the fucker was going to take me down for sure. But then he let me go."

"Oh, Katze! Because of Riki?"

"Yeah. He was pretty pissed off about it, I guess. Funny, I didn't realize how angry he was at first. It wasn't until later. You know how he is—he hides things. Kind of caught me off guard."

"But you're okay?"

"Yes. Like I said...he let me go. Scared the shit out of me, though."

"I knew he was going to do something like that! I just knew it!"

"Has he...talked to you at all, love?"

Daryl shook his head, frowning.

"All right. Daryl. I've got to tell you something. When he came over, before that happened, he—how shall I say this? He wanted certain things."

Daryl blinked at this, slowly comprehending what Katze was getting at. "What...exactly?"

"You really want to know?"

"Yes."

"At first he just wanted me to suck him off. Then—well, to be honest, after that he...he took me."

There was a long pause as Daryl digested this information.

"I see," he answered, feeling a little stab of jealousy.

"Hey." Katze noted his lover's expression with alarm. "Daryl. Don't look like that. I don't know why he made me do it."

"Did you like it?"

Katze paused for a moment. "I don't want to talk about this over videocom. Let's wait until we can be together."

"That makes it sound like...you have something to say," Daryl accused, his voice quivering.

"Oh Daryl," Katze groaned. "Please, love, don't be hurt. I love you so much. You *know* that. I just want you to believe, no matter what Iason tells you, what it says on that pendant is true. I'm yours. Always. All right? You're not going to wig out on me, are you?"

Daryl shook his head, forcing a smile. "No. I'm okay."

"Good." Katze sighed. "And I should tell you, I'm to be punished once these fractures are healed."

“Did he say what he would do?”

“He threatened me with a public whipping, but then he said he preferred to punish me at the penthouse.”

“That’s where they’ve gone—Iason and Riki, I mean. To a public whipping. Iason said he was going to teach Riki how to be a pet.”

Katze nodded. “Yeah, I heard about it on the channel. It’s one of Raoul’s whippings. And if I know Iason, my guess is he didn’t tell him it was Raoul beforehand.”

Daryl didn’t answer, now afraid for Katze. His threat to do a public whipping set the bar higher for the eunuch’s punishment.

Katze, sensing his uneasiness, tried to be nonchalant about it. “This won’t be the first time I’ve had to endure his arm. I can take it.”

“When will it happen?”

“He said he’d summon me, so I don’t know exactly. But I’m sure, whenever it happens, he’ll make *you* watch, so you should be prepared for it, love.”

Daryl sighed, knowing all too well that Katze was probably right.



AS THEY RODE THE LIFT UP TO THE TOP FLOOR of the Eos tower, Iason pushed Riki up against the elevator wall, probing his mouth open with his own as he slid a hand down Riki’s pants. The mongrel was trembling, his hot cock rigid and twitching in the Blondie’s hand. Both of them were so aroused it was almost painful.

The sight of Riki in chains always gave his Master a thrill, and the public whipping had excited him immensely. He was desperate for his pet and found he could hardly wait to get inside the penthouse.

When they reached his floor and exited the elevator, Iason strode so quickly toward their door that Riki was forced to nearly run to keep pace with the Blondie’s long stride, his chains jangling as he moved. As soon as they stepped inside, Iason pushed him up against the wall in the entryway, tugging down his trousers to reveal Riki’s erection.

With uncharacteristic initiative, the mongrel fumbled with Iason’s trouser flap, releasing his stiff organ. Iason allowed his pet to fondle

him for a few moments before leading him into the great hall, positioning him in front of a chair.

“Bend over. Hold onto the chair,” he commanded, pulling off his gloves and tossing them aside.

As Riki moved into position, Iason removed a vial from his pocket that he had correctly predicted would be wanted that afternoon, pouring the oil into his hand and then onto his hardened organ with a sharp intake of his breath. Spreading him apart with his hands, the Blondie inserted a finger, and then a second, both sliding in easily from the lubrication. Although Riki was still badly bruised and sore from his paddling, he didn’t seem to have the same painful sensitivity to his every touch, and there was no denying that the mongrel was anxious for release.

“Oh yeah,” he encouraged. “That feels nice.” He arched his back a little to show his interest, his portal offered more invitingly. “I want you inside me.” Then, with a teasing smile, he added, “Ravish me.”

The Blondie, though thrilled with his enthusiasm, needed no additional coercion to proceed with his coital agenda. Spreading him once again, he penetrated forcefully, and, finding no resistance, slid in so quickly his pelvis bumped up against the mongrel’s buttocks.

“Oh....pet,” he shuddered, the first few strokes so exquisite he feared he would ejaculate without meaning to. Riki accommodated him completely, yet still maintained a provocative tightness, his inner muscles gripping him like a hot, wet hand. He reached around and apprehended Riki’s erection, his own hand, still well-oiled, offering a hot, slippery sanctum for the mongrel’s anxious cock.

“Fucking Jupiter,” Riki breathed. “Yesss...that’s beautiful, Iason. Your hand...ohhhh...you’re so warm—that oil is brilliant...oh hell yeah. Right there! Just...like that! Fuck!”

The Blondie was entirely too aroused to last long as he had been fully ready for consummation since the public whipping. Iason loved taking his pet while he was in chains. He didn’t even really know why, only that he did. Riki’s enthusiasm only added to his stimulation. With surprising abandon, the Blondie now began vocalizing his pleasure with each thrust, his grunts and moans escalating as his excitement mounted.

The auditory stimulation provided by his Master's little sex song sent Riki over the edge.

"Yes...harder! Fuck me harder! That's it! Oh yeah...I'm gonna come. God yes...I'm coming...."

Iason's hand pumped him expertly, Riki's semen shooting out in arcs that rained in ivory trails to the floor.

Releasing his cock, the Blondie now grabbed hold of his hips, pulling him back firmly as he took him with almost violent urgency. He closed his eyes as he reached his critical point, his pleasure now beyond containment, Riki's chains jangling loudly with each thrust. From deep within his essence rose up, demanding release.

With a long, spine-tingling sex cry, Iason announced his arrival, his climax so intense he vocalized his pleasure through clenched teeth. Riki couldn't help but grin, thrilled to hear the Blondie so unrestrained in his passion.

Iason withdrew, watching his organ slide out of his pet with a profound sense of ownership, savoring the evidence of his acquisition that escaped from his portal like pearly tears.

Riki straightened up and turned around, holding his arms out as though expecting to be released from his chains.

Smiling, Iason fastened his trousers, then stood with his arms across his chest. "What are you doing, pet?"

"Waiting for you to take these bloody things off."

The Blondie laughed softly. "And what makes you think I was going to do that? You're going to wear those for awhile."

"What! Come on, Iason. Stop fucking around."

"I assure you, the time for *fucking* has passed...at least, for now."

"Why are you making me wear them?" Riki demanded.

"Because," the Blondie replied, softly, "I choose to."

"Take them off, dammit!"

"Oh my. You're getting dangerously close to being punished again, pet," he warned, arching a brow challengingly.

Riki fell silent, considering, then decided that Iason was deliberately provoking him to prove his "you can't last three days" theory. He dropped his arms, wondering how long he would be forced to wear the hated chains.

"There's a good boy," the Blondie praised, bending down to kiss him gently on the lips.

"Well, are you at least going to uncuff me from you?"

Iason answered that by removing his cuff and the chain attached to Riki's collar, but he left the collar on.

"Iason?"

"Yes, pet?"

"You wouldn't really have me whipped like that...by Raoul, would you?" Riki stared up at his Blondie Master, his dark eyes wide.

"That depends entirely on how disobedient you are," Iason replied, amused by his pet's obvious apprehensiveness.

The mongrel stared back defiantly. "I don't think you would."

"Oh? And what makes you so sure?"

His pet shrugged, looking suddenly, in that moment, almost like a little boy.

Iason laughed, bending down close to him. "What, you think you're so special that I wouldn't put you through that, is that it?"

"Yeah," he conceded.

Iason laughed again, this time loudly. "Come here," he demanded, sitting down in the chair and pulling his pet to him. Riki climbed onto his lap, resting his head on his chest as his Master held him close.

"You...*are*...special to me," he whispered, finally.

"Then how come...you won't take these chains off?"

"Because I like seeing you in them."

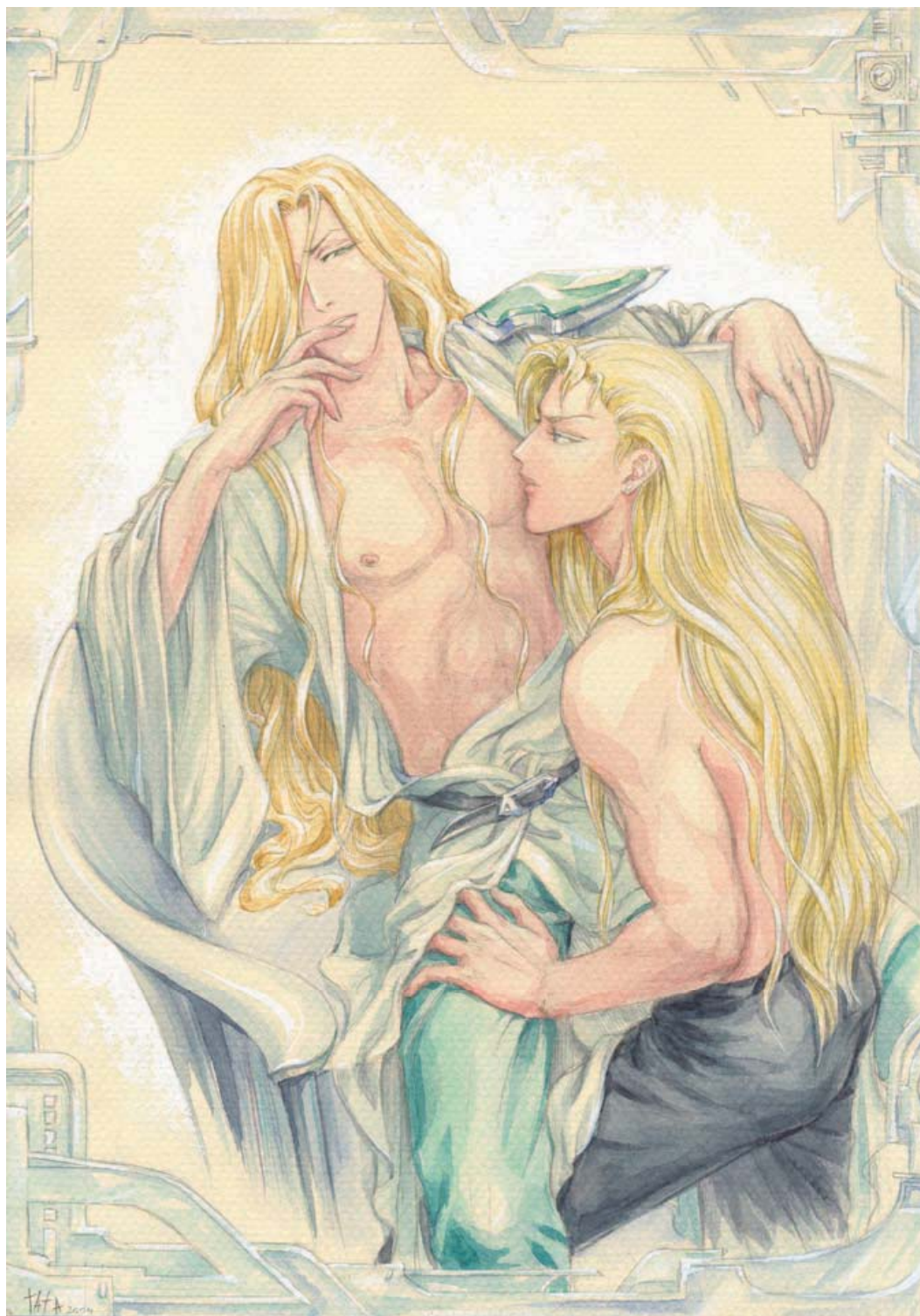
Riki sighed. "Pervert," he muttered.

His Master answered that by hoisting him onto his feet and giving him a spank, producing a yelp that sounded like a puppy's cry. Iason laughed. "That was a mongrel's yip," he teased.

"It's not funny!" Riki growled. "That *hurt*!"

"Ohhh," Iason breathed brokenly, pulling him back onto his lap. "I'm so tempted right now to turn you over my knee and give you a real spanking."

His pet grew quiet, unsure if he was serious. He snuggled up to his Master, sighing, hoping to win him over with his mongrel charm. Iason held him close, easily won over.



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Art by Tata

Raoul's Fantasy

HIS BODY STILL GLISTENING WET FROM HIS SHOWER, Raoul walked naked to his bedroom, closing the door behind him so as not to be disturbed. He was quite anxious to attend to a pressing need that had been tormenting him all day, and though he could have relieved himself earlier, he wanted to do it right—just the way he liked it, slowly, deliberately, relishing every sensation.

Getting comfortable on his bed, he spread his legs widely, both bent at the knees, and began stroking his already nearly erect organ, quickly achieving full arousal.

Closing his eyes, he let his thoughts drift back to the public whipping he'd administered two days before, the images encouraging his masturbatory project, especially with some minor editing to make Riki the recipient of his punishing arts. He could hear the mongrel begging Iason not to make him go through it, and Iason's firm, unwavering reply, "Not open for negotiation, pet. I warned you."

As he began whipping Riki, Raoul savored every scream, every lashing mark, every trickle of blood. Punishing Riki was so stimulating that the Blondie had to slow his pace to avoid ejaculating too soon, wanting to delay his pleasure a bit. Then, in a convenient erotic manipulation that transported the whipping post to his bedroom, he watched Iason take his pet down from the post and position him facedown on the bed.

"Do you want me to take him?" Raoul asked.

"Let me pleasure *you* first," Iason insisted, his eyes smoldering with lust.

His Blondie lover then knelt before him, his beautiful silken hair trailing on the floor, and pleased him with his tongue as Riki whimpered pathetically on the bed.

Raoul buried his hands in Iason's hair, thrusting into his mouth. "Oh, Iason," he moaned, letting his head drop back.

Then he pulled out and climbed onto the bed, forcing Riki's buttocks apart with his hands for a full visual of his entrance. His hands wet with the mongrel's blood, he plunged into him, eliciting more screams.

"Harder," Iason commanded. "Make him beg."

Raoul felt his old lover approach him from behind, spreading his ass cheeks apart with his hands to pleasure him with his hot tongue, the warm wetness, in concert with the exceptionally unyielding sanctum of the mongrel almost too much to bear. It was a deliciously brutal fuck, and Iason's rimming was pure heaven, and then....

And then....

"Ohhhhh," Raoul moaned, pumping harder for the last few strokes and then suddenly slowing his pace as his thick semen shot up in a white lusty fountain, dripping down his fingers and the back of his hand onto his thighs. The release was glorious, and for a moment Raoul didn't care that it was only a fantasy.

Then, as his senses returned, he immediately began to brood. Why had Iason put him off, after taking his suggestion to bring Riki to the whipping? True, he had fully intended to seduce Iason had he come over as he'd hoped. But...had he guessed his agenda? And Riki....

Raoul found that he was starting to obsess on the mongrel. His experience with Riki—having him over his knee at the mercy of his arm, and then raping him at Iason's instruction—had been one of the most erotic experiences of his life. Nor could he forget how unparalleled the acquisition had been—the mongrel's unbearably tight grip, how he had begged his Master futilely to make him stop.

He longed for a repeat of the night, desperately hoping Riki would commit some egregious error that required his correction, and that Iason would call him again. The Blondie had already told him about the new paddle, describing his punishment in a cruelly provocative way designed to make Raoul painfully aroused, or so he thought, and then teasing him with the offhand remark that he "would call him if he thought Riki needed to be paddled again."

Raoul was desperate to get his hands on it and burn new paths of pain on Riki's immensely punishable ass. He'd paddle him so hard, the mongrel would never be able to walk again. Smiling, Raoul began to wonder if he could devise a way to provoke Riki into committing an offense that Iason would deem worthy of the new implement of pain...and hopefully some hard fucking too, maybe this time with the unruly pet tied up and blindfolded....

Sighing, Raoul's eyes fell on the small multicolored vase that he had wanted to give Iason had he convinced him to come over after the public whipping. It was an authentic Vergatti, sculpted by one of Iason's favorite artists, and had cost him a small fortune, but he knew the Blondie would love it, especially the scented holographic flowers that swayed hypnotically as if in a breeze.

Perhaps he needed to try a more gallant route and pursue Iason with means other than sex for a time. He would send the vase over to him with a note. Iason, he knew, would not be able to accept such a lavish gift without paying him a visit in return. And then perhaps Raoul would surprise him by *not* trying to take him...perhaps he would invite him instead to a concert, or some other event. The Aristian Symphony was playing in Jupiter's Concert House in a few weeks; yes, that would be the perfect way to begin his new seduction strategy, Raoul decided. He needed to win Iason over again before he could pair with him without resistance.

Having come to this decision, he called in Yui, who brought him a small towel with perfect anticipation, keeping his eyes averted.

"Take this vase to Iason Mink," he ordered, pointing to the Vergatti. "Tell him it's from me—no, wait. Let me give you a note."

Raoul went to his desk and opened his inkwell, and then with long, beautiful strokes composed a note upon a sheet of fine parchment:

Thought you would appreciate this.

I know how you love Vergatti.

All my love,

Raoul

He blew on the parchment for a few seconds, waiting for the ink to dry, and folded the letter. Then, lighting a candle and melting a stick of seal-wax, he dripped the hot, blood-red wax onto the paper, stamping it with his seal. He handed the letter to Yui, with stern admonitions not to let anything happen to the vase or the letter.

“Yes, Master Raoul,” Yui replied, bowing.

“That vase is worth more than about ten of you,” Raoul continued. “If anything happens to it, I’ll cut off your fingers, one by one.”

Yui, quite accustomed to such threats from the Blondie, did not even flinch at these words, but merely bowed a little lower.

“Yes, Sir. I will guard it with my life, Master.”

Raoul nodded his approval, turning away without further comment.

Though his Master often threatened his attending servant with horrifying punishments such as this, he had never actually disciplined him; no, not even once had he raised a hand to him in his eleven years of service, probably because Yui was always careful to obey him with the utmost exactness, always trying to anticipate his every need. And though Raoul had never once thanked him—few Blondies ever acknowledged the attentions of their servants—Yui had often sensed his gratitude when he thought to bring him something without his asking, or when he prepared his favorite meals, or offered to rub out his shoulders.

While Raoul had never punished *him*, Yui had witnessed countless pets subjected to his arm. This was another reason that made him believe his Master regarded him as something more than a mere eunuch servant, because, at least in Yui’s understanding, *most* servants were punished by their Masters, at least occasionally.

And Raoul, especially, seemed to have a penchant for discipline. He truly seemed to enjoy punishing his pets for no reason other than his own pleasure, often using some trivial offense as an excuse to discipline them. But it had been several weeks now since Raoul had sold his most recent pet, and Yui wondered why he delayed acquiring a new one.

Yui had always secretly enjoyed watching his Master pleasure himself as his pets performed, and he missed it, especially as it seemed that lately the Blondie was more likely to shut himself up in

his room to pleasure himself, depriving him of the opportunity to witness his rapture.

For his part, Yui was proud that Raoul was his Master; the great Blondie was handsome and powerful, and a tremendous artist—perhaps the greatest artist alive.

Yui ached for him when he saw how much he pined after Iason Mink. It was one thing he could do nothing about. And in his opinion, there was something seriously wrong with this Iason, if he could not love Master Raoul, if the rumors were true and the Blondie loved his own mongrel pet instead.

Yui took the letter and vase and immediately departed on his errand, reaching Iason's penthouse apartment on the top floor in a matter of minutes. Daryl answered the door, giving him a little smile. Yui returned the smile. He had always liked Daryl, Iason's gentle, grey-eyed servant, who spoke with such soft kindness.

"Come in, Yui. May I get you something to drink?"

"No, thank you."

Yui was afraid to partake in anything without his Master's explicit permission, though a cold drink sounded tempting. Had Lord Mink offered it, he would have, of course, taken it.

"I'm here on business. This is for your Master, from mine. Be very careful with it," he warned. "And he sent a note."

With shaking fingers, Daryl accepted the vase, perceiving from Yui's manner that it was of some importance and probably quite expensive. He immediately placed it on the bar counter, anxious to have it out of his hands, and then took the note from Yui, carefully placing it next to the vase as though it, too, were priceless.

"Would you like to sit down for awhile, Yui?" he asked politely, knowing full well Raoul's obedient servant would decline, as he always did when Daryl tried to solicit his company.

"I thank you, but no. Master Raoul wants me back soon, I am sure."

Daryl nodded. Yui's perfect obedience was one of his most beguiling qualities. Of course, it was a given that Raoul's head attending servant would be obedient—the Blondie would have it no other way and would certainly not tolerate even the slightest infraction. But Yui was truly exceptional, not to mention beautiful to

look at, with a face as beguiling as that of any pet. His shoulder-length, light brown hair hung in intoxicating waves and half-curls, and his vividly green eyes gave him an unusual, exotic quality.

At Raoul's insistence, Yui wore a traditional, floor-length belted robe, and Daryl had always wondered what Yui looked like beneath his silk robes. Even though his body was covered, he could tell by his impressive height, broad shoulders, and narrow waist that the young man had an exceptional physique.

Katze often teased him about his "crush" on Yui, and Daryl was glad he did not seem to mind that he had always been a little attracted to Raoul's eunuch. One of the things Daryl loved about Katze was that he did not get angry over small things that were of no real consequence. Katze did not seem to get jealous—although, if Daryl was completely honest with himself, he wouldn't have minded seeing him get a *little* jealous once in awhile.

Yui sensed that Daryl was attracted to him; he had suspected it for some time. It always surprised him, and especially now, since it was common knowledge that Daryl and Katze were lovers. Yui found himself fascinated with this fact, wondering what exactly the two eunuchs did together. He knew, from a call Iason had put in to Raoul one night, that they'd been caught with Riki, engaged in a threesome—a transgression almost beyond comprehension. He also knew that, much as the thought intrigued him, he would never participate in such forbidden pleasures. It simply wasn't an option, at least for Yui.

Bowing slightly, he excused himself, departing and hurrying back to Raoul's suite.

Daryl gazed at the vase for a moment, marveling over the illusion of the holographic flowers and the realistic scent that permeated the room. Riki came wandering in, immediately intrigued by the vase.

"Cool," he exclaimed, putting his hand through the holographic image and smiling when he distorted it. "What the fuck is this?"

"It's for Master Iason. From Sir Raoul," Daryl whispered.

Now Riki's expression changed, and his eyes moved to the sealed note. "What's this?" he demanded, picking it up.

"That's for our Master—don't open it."

With a mischievous smile, Riki immediately broke the seal.

"Riki!" Daryl whispered, frantic. "You just *broke his seal!*"

"Oops." Riki read the note, smiling. "Oh. *All my love. Raoul,*" he proclaimed in an exaggerated, feminine voice. "Oh Iason I love you soooo much! Here are some flowers from me to you, lover boy!"

"You're gonna get it," Daryl warned.

"Fucking Raoul," Riki muttered, tossing the note over his shoulder and picking up the vase.

"Riki! Don't touch that! Put that back!"

Ignoring him, Riki immediately headed for the balcony.

"Riki! Stop! He'll kill you...you'll be in big trouble! That's...*really* expensive! It's for Master Iason! RIKI!"

Daryl ran after the mongrel, trying to step in front of him to prevent his obvious intent. But Riki sidestepped him and reached the ledge, just as a voice boomed from behind him.

"What are you doing?" Iason demanded, hands on hips. He had been in the Library when he heard a fuss and the telltale sounds of his pet in the act of disobedience. His gaze moved to the object in Riki's hands, which the mongrel now held over the edge.

"Don't you...*DARE*...drop that," the Blondie warned, his voice lowering threateningly as he annunciated each word.

For a moment, Master and pet gazed at one another, motionless, each wondering what the other would do. Then, with deliberate rebellion, Riki let go.

And that was the end of the Vergatti vase.

"That's it." Furious, Iason strode toward his unruly pet. "You're really in for it now, Riki." Grabbing his wrist, he turned to Daryl. "What was that?"

"It came from Lord Am. He...sent a note," Daryl answered, holding out the note he had retrieved after Riki had tossed it aside.

"The seal's broken," Iason observed. "Don't tell me you broke a Blondie's seal as well, pet?"

Before Riki could answer, the Blondie froze, reading the note with a sharp intake of his breath.

"That...was a *Vergatti*! Have you any idea—oh, Riki. Ohhh," he laughed brokenly, "you are going to regret this."

Dragging his pet back inside the penthouse, Iason released him for a moment and took off his belt, whipping it out angrily and then folding it in half. "Daryl. Go down and make sure no one was hurt by that vase," he ordered.

"Yes, Master," Daryl replied, shaking his head at Riki's stupidity.

The Blondie pushed Riki up against the wall and yanked down his trousers. Then, pinning his hands above his head, he whipped his pet with all his might, furious, eliciting surprised yelps and cries from his naughty pet.

"How dare you, Riki! How *dare* you defy me! What were you thinking? Have you any idea how much a Vergatti is worth?"

After a thorough belting, Iason was still so angry that he pulled Riki over to his chair, turning him over his knee.

"I knew you wouldn't last three days," he scolded, "but I didn't think you'd be that foolish. And how *dare* you break Raoul's seal!"

Taking off his glove with his teeth and tossing it aside, he continued punishing him with his bare hand. At first, Riki merely cried out from the smarting spans, yelping and protesting at each strike, but as the spanking continued, it became increasingly uncomfortable, and he began to squirm and cry out a little louder.

"This is nothing," Iason taunted, spanking him a bit harder. "You'll be really feeling this in about 10 minutes."

Ten minutes? Riki frowned, wincing and biting his lip as the Blondie continued to spank him—harder, it seemed, than before. His ass felt hot, Iason's hand coming down with loud, uncompromising smacks, one after the other, on and on until Riki began to panic, the cumulative effect of the belting and the spanking really starting to set it. He found himself kicking, struggling to escape his Master's hand, but Iason held him firmly over his knee, continuing to rain down strike after strike.

His eyes now stung as he tried to fight back tears, but it was too late—unbidden, the tears began streaming down his cheeks. The mongrel whimpered and squirmed, his cries eventually merging into one long, continuous wail, but his suffering seemed to have little effect on his Master's agenda, except to encourage him to continue the brutal spanking.

"Five more minutes," Iason warned.

"Noooo," Riki wailed, alarmed. The pain was already unbearable as it was. He couldn't take any more—not five minutes, not even five seconds. He bucked back with all his strength, but this only seemed to anger Iason.

"Daryl!"

Daryl rushed to his Master's side, anxious. "Yes, Sir?"

"Bring me the tawse."

The tawse? Riki, in a panic, now began to beg and plead. "Please, Master! I'm sorry! *Please* stop, I'll do whatever you say!"

Iason suddenly stopped the spanking, and his pet, mistakenly thinking he had decided to show mercy, began thanking him.

The Blondie laughed, for he had only stopped his punishment to retrieve the tawse, which Daryl now held. His own hand had begun to burn from the spanking, so he knew his pet was feeling it. "Did you think we were finished? No, pet. In fact, we're resetting the clock. Ten more minutes."

"What!" Riki's dismay and alarm at this declaration now produced anger, in addition to fear. "You sadistic bastard! You fuck!"

"Ohhhh, pet. You have a serious lack of good judgment when you are bent over my knee, it seems. Very well, for that remark, you'll take *twenty* minutes with the tawse."

Riki hardly had an opportunity to react to this extraordinary announcement, for his Master immediately began whipping him with the leather implement, which the mongrel remembered all too well from his punishment after the party at the Pet Academy. He whimpered and howled, squirmed and kicked, bargained, begged, and sobbed like a schoolboy as Iason delivered the full twenty minutes promised, sparing neither his arm or his tongue. He scolded him all the while, his fury over Riki's disobedience seeming to endow him with tireless energy, all of which he poured into the punishment of his miserable pet.

At the end of the twenty minutes, he finally stopped, setting him roughly on his feet. The mongrel struggled to regain his composure, wiping the tears from his face with the back of his hand.

“That’s punishment for breaking the seal. Keep those pants down. I’m not finished with you, pet,” he warned, rising.

Without further comment, took hold of Riki’s arm above the elbow, his fingers digging into his flesh in an uncomfortably tight grip as he forced him over to the communications center.

“What...are you doing?”

“We’re calling Raoul. He’ll be administering the rest of your punishment, pet. I promised you last time you misbehaved that you could expect another visit from Raoul if you continued on the path of disobedience. It seems you want him to discipline you today, and I’m quite sure he’ll be happy to oblige you.”

“No,” Riki protested, panicked. “Please, *Master*. I’m sorry! Honest, I’m truly sorry! *Please*...not him!”

“It’s too late for apologies and pleas now, pet. You should have known, before you did something so foolish, what the consequences would be.”

Raoul appeared on the screen. “Iason,” he nodded, smiling, though he was a bit disappointed that the Blondie had not come by in person. “I trust you received my gift?”

“Actually, Raoul, I’m sorry to say that I did *not* receive it. Riki took the liberty of destroying it before I even had a chance to see it.”

Raoul fell silent, stunned. Riki had truly destroyed a Vergatti? In his wildest dreams, he would never have imagined the mongrel doing anything so blatantly defiant...nor so stupid. His heart beat a little faster as the ramifications of Riki’s disobedience became clear—Iason’s pet was in for some serious punishment.

“Of course, I’ll reimburse you for your loss,” the Blondie continued, quickly. “But as additional compensation, perhaps you’d like to administer Riki’s punishment.”

Raoul felt as though he were dreaming. It was as if his fantasy had actually come true. “Don’t worry about the vase. But yes,” he added, eyes gleaming, “I *would* like to administer the punishment.”

“I’ve warmed him up a bit already, of course,” Iason replied, yanking Riki roughly in front of him to present his reddened backside to the watching Blondie. Raoul nearly came in his pants at the sight of Riki’s punished state and fought to conceal his utter delight.

"Go sit in that chair," Iason ordered, pushing Riki away, then turning back to Raoul. "Please accept my apologies, Raoul. I must confess, I don't know what else to say. It's simply unforgivable. A Vergatti...." Now his voice trailed off.

"No apologies are necessary. Mongrels will be mongrels," Raoul replied, deciding not to rub in what was no doubt now obvious to them both: that mongrels simply did not make appropriate pets. He had admonished Iason countless times on the point; now, finally, perhaps he had come to his senses. "When should I come by?"

"Tonight. Let's make it eight. I want him to fret about this all day."

Raoul nodded, smiling. One of the things he loved about Iason was his magnificent sadistic streak. Making Riki squirm all day, thinking about the looming punishment was just too brilliant.

"Should I bring anything?"

"Not necessary. I've already decided he's getting the paddle I told you about."

Riki, who had been listening to this conversation with a sinking feeling, closed his eyes and groaned upon learning his fate, kicking himself for once again acting without thinking. He didn't know why he did such things. It was as though he were compelled to rebel. And now, like a total idiot, he had secured another visit from Raoul...this time with the hated paddle his Master had acquired from Yousi's Bondage & Discipline Shop. He began wondering if there was any way he could escape the evening ahead.

Iason had terminated the call, and now stood, hands across his chest, staring down at his pet, who sat slouched in the chair with his pants still pulled down to his knees. "Get up," he commanded.

"Iason," Riki tried, in a pleading voice, "you're not going to let him fuck me again, are you?"

Now the Blondie grabbed hold of his hair, yanking him to his feet. "You're in no position to ask what's going to happen, pet. You'll take what's given, no questions or protests."

"Ow! But, I—"

Iason answered him with a hard slap to his face. "What did I just tell you? Hush."

Next he forced his pet into the Master bedroom, still holding him by the hair.

“Lie facedown on the bed.”

A little surprised by his roughness, Riki obeyed, his pants still submissively lowered to his knees. Iason drank in the sight of his well-spanked bottom, his lust suddenly spiking beyond control. He unfastened his trousers, not even bothering to get undressed, and then climbed on top of the mongrel.

“I’m going to loosen you up a bit,” he whispered, probing him until he gained entry, then opening him with violent, angry thrusts.

Riki voiced his discomfort with the Blondie’s harsh manner, begging him to be gentle. “I’m not even fighting you! You don’t have to...ram it like that! Fuck! That hurts!”

“You want me to be gentle? After you destroyed a *priceless* work of art—a Vergatti no less—that was sent to me as a gift? This is punishment, too, pet.”

“He only sent it to you because he wants to fuck you,” Riki retorted. “And you bloody well know it.”

“That’s none of your concern, pet, nor is it the point. You had no right even to break his seal. And to destroy the Vergatti...oh, Riki. I’m so furious with you I can hardly think straight.” Iason scolded him through clenched teeth, thrusting harder as he started to feel his essence rising.

“I can’t believe you invited him over again.”

“And I can’t believe you...disobeyed me again.” Now the Blondie began gasping, finding Riki, as usual, delightfully unyielding, his sanctum gripping his cock with hot resistance.

Riki started to speak again and Iason, tired of his complaints, covered his mouth with his hand and moved into his final stretch, grunting with each stroke as his need mounted precipitously. And then, with a low moan, he rode the waves of his release, his pleasure of such unbearable sweetness he felt transported to another realm.

He withdrew, basking in the glorious denouement of a hard-taken acquisition, and watched his pet reaching under his body to grope himself pathetically, now fully aroused despite Iason’s punishing trespass. The Blondie smiled as he stood up and fastened his trousers,

knowing that Riki would not be able to consummate his efforts because the pet ring restrictions were still activated.

"Please," Riki begged, "I need to come, Iason."

"Oh, you want relief, do you? What makes you think you deserve that privilege?"

Moaning, his pet writhed on the bed. "You're torturing me."

"I suggest you stop touching yourself. You're only making it worse."

"I can't...help it," Riki groaned, stroking his completely rigid erection and then thrusting pathetically into his hand. "Oh fuck! Let me come already!"

Iason smiled, taunting him with his seductive gaze. "Would you like me to pleasure you with my tongue for awhile?"

"Quit torturing me! Not if you won't let me come!"

"I think I will," the Blondie decided, moving onto the bed and crawling toward him like a sleek cat, licking his lips suggestively.

Riki moaned, offering his erection eagerly, despite himself. Iason slipped his hand around his shaft, his warm, firm grip sending shudders through him as he pleased him with erotic, tantalizing strokes. Then, pressing his tongue languidly on the tip of his pet's organ, he began slowly exploring him as Riki gasped, reaching out to bury his hands in the Blondie's soft hair.

Finally, Iason took him into his mouth, sucking him in a deliberate, unhurried fashion, confident that his arts would achieve the desired effect on his unhappy pet.

"Oh fuck, Iason. Have mercy! Let me come! Please. Oh god...let me come in your mouth...*please!*"

Savoring his pet's sexual anguish, the Blondie toyed with him a bit longer before withdrawing, taking some satisfaction in his misery. Riki deserved to be punished and he was going to use every method available to make this punishment his worst yet. He was looking forward to the evening ahead, couldn't wait to watch Raoul discipline him. He fully intended to let Raoul take Riki again, only this time he would have his pet pleasure him orally at the same time. It would be exquisite, and Iason could hardly wait for the night to begin.

With an anguished moan, Riki began pathetically wiggling on the bed, spreading his legs and desperately pumping himself.

"It's no use," Iason advised, fastening his trousers and slipping his glove back on. "You can't ejaculate until I let you."

"Fuck you, you sadistic bastard," Riki shot back, furious.

At this, his Master grabbed him by the hair and yanked him off the bed onto his feet. "You must really *want* to be punished today, is that it?" he whispered in his ear. "You're just begging for it. Unfortunately for you, pet, you're going to get your wish. You just wait until Raoul gets here."

Next, he dragged Riki into the great hall, where he proceeded to undress him completely, quite against his will. He put him in his chains, fastening him by his collar chain to the iron hook on the wall.

Then, pouring himself a glass of wine, the Blondie made himself comfortable in his favorite chair. He watched his pet pace restlessly, angrily pulling on his chains as though hoping to free himself.

He laughed softly. "You can't escape from those chains, Riki, as you well know. I suggest you calm yourself."

"Shut up, you fucking asshole!"

"My second bit of advice to you," Iason continued, sipping his wine, "is that you refrain from insulting me before I've decided on the extent of your punishment. It's completely up to me what's going to happen tonight. Sometimes you really are quite simple-minded, pet."

Riki fell silent, knowing his Master was right and hating him for it. Yet he was so angry he found it difficult to restrain himself.

Iason chuckled. "You really are quite adorable when you're angry."

His pet glared at him, furious.

"So. It seems I was right. You couldn't last three days, could you? And now you're in for the punishment of your life."

After a moment, Riki changed his tone, attempting to persuade the Blondie into modifying his sentence. "Master Iason," he purred, sweetly, "I know I was a...naughty pet." Now his voice changed, as he genuinely pleaded with his Master. "But...please, *please* don't let him punish me with that fucking paddle. What about the G-strap?"

Iason smiled at his pet's transparent obsequiousness. "You are in no position to negotiate the terms of your punishment, pet. I've already decided you're to be paddled, just like I promised you when you were punished the last time."

"But can't *you* do it?" Riki begged. "Why does it have to be *him*?"

"Because Raoul was the one most harmed by your ridiculous antics. Riki, it's already settled that he's going to punish you tonight, *with the paddle*, so there's nothing else to discuss."

"But—"

"Not open for negotiation, pet," he stated firmly.

Riki sulked at this, retreating to the corner. He sat down, pulling his legs up and burying his face on his arms.

"So, now you're pouting," the Blondie observed. "This might be a good time for you to reflect that you brought this on yourself. You act as though I'm being unfair, when I made it perfectly clear to you what would happen if you disobeyed me again. No one forced you to break that seal and throw a priceless work of art off the balcony. You chose disobedience and therefore, you chose the consequences."

"All right. Enough!" Riki snapped. "I fucking get it. Why don't you shut up already."

"Again, your timing for insults astonishes me. Or perhaps you're hoping for even more punishment than I had originally intended to dole out?"

Now his pet grew quiet, forcing himself to bite his tongue before he got himself into further trouble.

Iason continued to berate him and scold him, hour after hour. He had always believed that correction began with verbal admonitions backed up by physical discipline, and he rather enjoyed scolding his pet and frightening him about the impending punishment.

"You're really going to wish you'd listened to me," he warned, sipping his wine. "Raoul's going to do some damage with that paddle. Have you forgotten already how much you hated it? How much you begged me to stop? What did I tell you was going to happen, if I had to call Raoul?"

Riki shrugged, feigning disinterest.

"I told you I'd let him strike you as many times as he wanted. And if I know Raoul—and I think that I do—you're in big trouble, Riki."

His pet shuddered, despite himself. He desperately wished Iason would stop talking about what was going to happen.

“And I must say, I’m certainly going to enjoy watching you get what you deserve,” the Blondie whispered.

That’s because you’re a fucking pervert, Riki thought, but managed to keep the thought to himself. He was thinking ahead now to the night. There was nothing he could do about the paddling, but now he was recollecting how much it had hurt when Raoul had taken him before. If there was some way he could prepare himself for that....

“Master?”

“Yes?” Iason could not help but smile at Riki’s attempts to placate him by calling him “Master,” thoroughly enjoying this rarely donned, more submissive face.

“May I...*hold* the taming stick for awhile?”

Iason blinked. “Why?”

“I want to ponder my transgressions and...reflect on how lucky I was that you didn’t tame me with it.”

The Blondie studied him for a moment, intrigued. His pet was up to something, but he wasn’t sure what. Deciding to humor him, he rose and retrieved the taming stick, walking over to his pet and, very slowly, handing it to him.

Riki took the stick, gazing up at him with wide eyes. “And...could I have some oil?”

Now Iason threw back his head and laughed. “I see. So you intend to prepare yourself for tonight, is that it?”

“He’s got the biggest fucking prick on Amoi,” Riki muttered. “Bigger than *you*, even.”

“So what you told me just now was a complete lie about pondering your transgressions.”

“Not exactly,” Riki protested. “I just wanna ponder all that while I stick this up my ass a bit.”

The Blondie, deciding that it would be amusing to watch his pet’s pathetic attempts to prepare himself for Raoul, gave Riki the vial of oil and sat back down to watch the show.

His pet carefully oiled the handle of the stick and then, unable to resist, stroked himself a bit, shuddering and moaning. He wanted to climax so badly, he could hardly stand it. Forcing his hand away from his tormented cock, he simply sat for a moment, his erection

throbbing almost comically as he clenched his teeth, trying to rein in his arousal. Then, laying onto his back and pulling his legs up to his chest, he slowly inserted the handle of the taming stick, wincing a bit, still sore from Iason's afternoon sex.

His Master watched his self-insertion project with fascination, feeling a renewed surge of carnal interest as Riki began pleasuring himself with the taming stick, his erection rock hard and twitching, his chains jangling with his every movement. The Blondie adjusted himself several times, tempted to masturbate but deciding to save his lust for the evening ahead.

Whether his pet's attempts to loosen himself for Raoul were effective was uncertain, but in the process Riki had managed to completely torture himself with unconsummated lust.

"Please, Iason," he pleaded, pathetically. "I'm begging you. Let me come. I'll do *anything*."

"No, pet," he answered, softly. He looked at the clock on the mantel. "He'll be here in any minute."

With an anguished groan, Riki removed the taming stick and tossed it into the corner. "You might...wanna wash that at some point," he advised.

Smiling at his pet's sense of humor at the twelfth hour, Iason held out his empty wine glass. "Daryl. Red Emperor."

"Yes, Master." Daryl uncorked a fresh bottle of the fine Aristian import, Iason's favorite, a *very* expensive, rare red wine, and one he usually only saved for special occasions.

As he filled Iason's glass, the door buzzed, and Daryl scurried to answer it, admitting the waiting Blondie.

"Come in," Iason beckoned, rising to greet him.

"Iason." Raoul nodded, his gaze then moving to Riki, thrilled to see the mongrel naked and in chains.

He walked toward Riki, slowly, his dark blue cloak swaying with each step, his boots sounding with a smart clip on the marble floor.

"So, mongrel," he taunted, his eyes glimmering, "is it true you destroyed my Vergatti?"

"He threw it off the edge of the balcony," Iason clarified.

Raoul smiled slightly at this. "How very dramatic." He turned to Iason. "Have you an agenda for tonight?"

"Would you like a drink while we discuss it? I've just opened a bottle of Red Emperor—it's quite good, I must say."

"A cognac would be perfect," Raoul answered, smiling. "I wouldn't dare sample your favorite, Iason. I'm surprised to see you drinking it—you always wanted to save your Aristian wines for some grand occasion that never came, if I might be so bold to say so."

Iason laughed at this. "Yes, well. Some things have changed, in all these years. I drink it more often these days."

"Oh? Is it still half a million credits a bottle?"

"At least. A good year can easily run well over a million."

"I'm impressed. I should imagine you're the wealthiest Blondie on Amoi now, Iason."

"Perhaps. Although Heiku, I'm told, has amassed quite a fortune. He snatched up one of the paintings I truly wanted at the Art Exhibit—a lovely rendering of an ancient battleship in a fjord. From Alpha Zen, I believe."

"Yes, Heiku has turned out to be quite the entrepreneur. His Royal Suites are all the rage among the ambassadors from the border planets, I've heard. And Omaki Ghan appears to be doing well with his Taming Tower enterprise."

"Ah yes. The Taming Tower. Now there's something only Omaki would think up."

Raoul laughed. "Yes, quite appropriate."

"But surely, with all your art, you must be doing well these days yourself, Raoul. Though you don't seem to be spending any of it."

"I assure you, I've spent a fortune on my wardrobe. Though, it's true, I'm saving the bulk of it. I want Megala to build a seaside estate for me. Have you seen the mansion he designed for Xanthus Kahn?"

"Once. I stopped by for his Midsummer Cotillion, though I didn't stay long; as you know, I loathe dancing of any sort, although the music was quite good—he brought in a live orchestra from Aristia."

"That's a shame, you know, how you avoid the cotillions. You were always so light on your feet at the Academy."

"I haven't the patience for it. I can't turn down an offer, no matter how unpleasant."

"Yes, well, I'm quite envious of his estate. Xanthus, that is. He has *four* fountains and an indoor, stroll-through garden."

"Forgive me, where are my manners? Please, Raoul. Sit down." Iason motioned to the chair near him. "So, what did you want, then? Cognac, wasn't it?"

"I'll have Ambrosia, if you still have it."

"Of course. Daryl."

Daryl moved to retrieve the wanted potable and the Blondies sat down, comfortably chatting as though the visit was purely social.

"Speaking of Alpha Zen, Heiku was telling me about a young Commander there that's apparently become something of a phenomenon. He didn't remember his name, but he has an army and air fleet at his command now. Have you heard about this?"

Iason shook his head. "I've been too busy planning for the Trade Convention. I confess, I usually just file the incomings from the Quadrants. I haven't read the news in ages."

There was a slight pause in the conversation; the jangling of Riki's chains secured the attention of the Blondies, who both turned to look at him.

"So. The paddle, then?"

"That's my thinking. He seemed to find it quite unpleasant. Actually," Iason answered, with a little laugh, "I'm rather surprised he's disobeyed me this quickly, considering how much begging he did the last time I used it."

Raoul smiled, enjoying this imagery. "I've told you, Iason. You can't tame a mongrel. But...I'll certainly give it a try. Can I see it?"

"Lord Am," Daryl whispered, offering him the cognac, which Raoul took without acknowledging him.

"Daryl. Bring me the paddle," Iason ordered.

Bowing his acquiescence, the grey-eyed youth went to retrieve the wanted implement, hesitating before picking it up. He shivered, feeling sympathy for Riki despite his ill-conceived balcony debacle. He delivered the massive, intimidating paddle to his Master, who took it with a smile, showing it to Raoul.

Raoul laughed. "That should do nicely." He was surprised that Iason had made such a formidable acquisition.

"Actually, Riki picked it out himself."

"Is that so?"

Now both Blondies acknowledged Riki again, who had watched this exchange with an uncomfortable sense of foreboding. Raoul was not a little impressed with the mongrel's choice, knowing that such a selection betrayed an untamed remnant of pride, pride that Raoul couldn't wait to beat out of him. He held out his hand to Iason, arching a brow.

"Let me see it."

Iason handed him the paddle, and Raoul turned it over in his hands, examining it. The holes were ingenious. He smacked it against his thigh, smiling at the sting, and then spun it around a few times and caught it, taking a few practice swings through the air. Riki sulked as he watched this performance, desperate to be anywhere else but where he happened to be at that moment, about to come under the arm of one of Tanagura's most feared Masters of pain.

"How many strikes?" the Blondie asked.

"Let's just play it by ear." Iason took a sip of wine, fully cognizant of his pet's discomfort and enjoying every minute of it.

"And...afterwards?"

"I was thinking something similar to last time. He seemed to find that particularly distasteful."

Raoul nodded, trying to hide his glee. It was going to be a night of pure bliss. Just thinking of the evening ahead was arousing him; he spread his legs a little further apart and was forced to adjust himself, a movement not lost on Iason, who smiled, similarly affected.

Iason leaned forward and spoke to Raoul in a low voice, and though Riki strained to overhear, he could not make out what was said. Raoul's low laugh was hardly comforting, however, and he flinched whenever the Blondie looked in his direction.

The mongrel was in the mortifying position of having a permanent erection despite his growing dread of the punishment in store for him. His arousal was confusing him. He buried his head in his arms, pulling his legs closer to his body.

Raoul studied him for a moment, then leaned toward Iason. "He's aroused," he whispered, puzzled and intrigued.

"I have his ring restrictions activated. He's been begging for release all day."

With a low laugh, Raoul communicated his delight with Iason's barbaric sadism. Riki glared at him, decidedly unamused.

The Blondie returned his gaze, his manner now serious, eyes glimmering menacingly. He took another sip of his cognac and set it down, firmly, then swatted his thigh suggestively with the paddle.

"Well then. Shall we begin?"

Rising to show his consent, Iason walked toward Riki, who remained in the corner, eyeing him with a look of dread and fear. "On your feet, pet. It's time for your punishment."

When the mongrel hesitated, Iason strode over to him, forcing him to his feet by his neck chain. "When I tell you to do something, you'll do it," he warned.

"Please," Riki whispered, "don't let him do this. Please...Master." He pleaded with Iason for several minutes, his voice wavering, as the Blondie stared down at him impassively, one hand on his hip.

Raoul laughed. "Is he begging already? What happened to all that mongrel pride?" He removed his cloak, his thin bodysuit revealing every bulging muscle in his beautiful body. Raoul had pumped up before coming over and the fabric strained to contain him.

"Surely you didn't think I'd let you off just because you started begging," Iason replied, noting his pet's trembling with pleasure. "There's nothing you could say or do that would save you now, pet."

He unfastened Riki's collar chain from the post and led him over to the dining room table.

"Bend over," he commanded, helping his pet with this task by pushing his chest firmly onto the table.

Iason retrieved his wine and found a seat where he had a good side view of his pet. He wanted to watch Raoul as well as see Riki's face.

He nodded to Raoul. "All yours."

"Pet!" Raoul bellowed so loudly that Riki jumped, turning to look back at him. The Blondie held the paddle in both hands, swinging through the air as though practicing.

“Do you know who Zavo Vergatti is? He happens to be one of the most sought-after artists of our day. Each of his pieces is unique, irreplaceable—and *very* expensive. The vase you broke so maliciously cost more than two million credits. So...you can imagine my complete *SHOCK*,” now Raoul moved close to Riki and swung with all his might, striking his bottom with a loud *WHACK!* that elicited a long, anguished wail from the mongrel, “when Iason informed me you had destroyed it.”

“Oh fuck,” Riki cried, unable to believe the pain Raoul had generated with just one swing.

WHACK!

The mongrel cried out again, terrified, his bottom burning and tingling as if the paddle had been on fire.

“So that’s why I’m having a little difficulty determining just how I can adequately punish you.”

WHACK!

Riki screamed in complete agony, turning imploringly to Iason. “Please help me! Please!”

WHACK!

“Master, please!”

“Pet, I’ve told you. I warned you what would happen.” Iason took a sip of his wine as if completely unaffected by his pet’s misery.

WHACK!

“Pleeaasse! Oh god!”

Raoul was exulting in his anguish, thrilled with his appeals to his Master for help. Unable to even think straight, Riki suddenly darted, trying to escape Raoul’s brutal arm. The Blondie easily restrained him, and Iason rose and came to his assistance, pinning his pet’s arms to the table.

“Now you’re really in for it,” Raoul warned.

Both hands gripping the paddle for maximum force, he whipped his arms back and swung with deadly aim, delivering one excruciating blow after another to the mongrel’s unfortunate backside.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

Riki screams frightened Daryl, who stood quietly in the shadows of the great hall, his hands over his ears.

Iason now watched his pet carefully, beginning to feel a little pity for him. Raoul continued to swing mercilessly, his body twisting to deliver maximum impact, the muscles in his thighs and arms bulging with each strike.

WHACK!

"Jealous," Riki sobbed, looking up into Iason's eyes.

"Raoul." Iason held up his hand to stop the punishment. Raoul, who was breathing hard, was glad for the rest, though a little disappointed that the paddling had halted. He turned the paddle around in his hand, smiling at his handiwork—the mongrel's ass was raw, red as an apple, the skin beginning to welt.

"What did you say, pet?" Iason demanded.

"I...was...just...jealous," Riki replied, through choked sobs, trying to regain his composure but unable to.

"Jealous?" Iason smiled. "Of Raoul?"

"Yeah." His pet looked so pathetic, bent over the table in chains, face tear-stained, bottom newly paddled by his nemesis.

Iason was thrilled that he had admitted his disobedience was due to jealousy. Suddenly he felt ready to move onto the next phase of the evening. "Let's take him into the bedroom now."

Raoul hesitated only momentarily. After administering such deliciously brutal punishment, and then hearing that Riki was jealous of him, he was now painfully aroused, eager to discipline Iason's pet in more intimate ways. Tossing the paddle aside and pulling the mongrel to his feet, he led him roughly to the bedroom.

For all his fear of Raoul, Riki now found that he was excited, anxious for the "bedroom" part of his punishment to commence, and desperately hoping his Master would have mercy on him and let him release his painfully pent-up lust.

His excitement did not go unnoticed by the Blondies, who exchanged amused glances as they began undressing. Riki stole a look at Raoul, impressed with the Blondie's physique, and understanding from the size of his bulging muscles how he had delivered so much pain. His erection twitched in response to the visual stimulation of his punisher's naked body and he looked away, ashamed that Raoul had garnered his admiration.

Raoul picked him up and tossed him onto the bed, the mongrel's chains jangling noisily, then slid him to the edge, flipping him onto his stomach and pulling his hips up.

"On your knees," he instructed.

Then, pushing Riki's legs apart with his knee to position him exactly where he wanted him, Raoul stood behind him and spread him apart firmly to reveal his entrance. The mongrel's ass was hot and reddened beautifully from his paddling, the marks of his punishment giving the Blondie an additional thrill.

He glanced up at Iason, who gave him a nod, and then, clenching his teeth, penetrated him fully, groaning from Riki's tight and surprisingly lubricated grip, which caused him to slide in quickly, without resistance.

"Ohhh," he breathed, withdrawing and then thrusting, hard, again. Surprisingly, although Riki cried out, it did not seem to be from pain. While part of him was disappointed, Raoul was intrigued by the mongrel, who—unless he was wildly mistaken—appeared to be bucking back against him, inviting entry.

He would never have admitted it to anyone, but he rather liked the idea of Riki soliciting his sex, submitting to his authority. The Blondie had been sexually attracted to Riki since the day he had serviced him after Iason's poisoning. Though he was exceedingly jealous of Iason's fascination for him, he had also struggled with his own feelings for the mongrel, who aroused him in ways no pet ever had before. In the privacy of his heart, Raoul had fantasized about taking Riki countless times, and found his submission now intensely exciting.

Iason, who had moved in front of Riki to study his facial expressions, knew even better than Raoul that his pet was aroused and soliciting Raoul's sex. The mongrel's eyes were glazed over with lust, his mouth was open, and now he offered his Master an unmistakably provocative look. Shivering, Iason got onto the bed and positioned himself in front of his pet.

"We seem to have a problem, Raoul," Iason remarked, softly. "Riki is enjoying this too much for it to be punishment." He pressed his own rigid erection against his pet's lips, gasping when Riki pleased him with exaggerated licks, obviously eager to please him.

Raoul closed his eyes, feeling overwhelmed with the eroticism of the situation, naked with Iason and fucking his mongrel pet who, bewilderingly, seemed to want it—this same pet who so recently wept when Raoul took him for the first time. Although the Blondie had initially hoped for more tears and resistance, he now found Riki's arousal even more satisfying, feeling as though he had secured the ultimate triumph—the mongrel's submission to him.

Digging his nails into his hips, Raoul plunged in deeper, feeling as though he couldn't get enough of him. And Iason's moans sent shivers through him. The Blondie was kneeling before his pet on the bed, thrusting into his mouth. Taking it from both ends, Riki almost went out of his mind, desperate for release. He wiggled and bucked against Raoul, and used every trick he knew to pleasure Iason with his mouth—sucking, licking, wiggling, blowing, humming. His Master rewarded his efforts by stroking his hair, moaning softly.

“Good boy,” he whispered, his voice shaking with excitement.

The punishment session seemed to have been completely forgotten as Riki cooperated fully and pleased both Blondies with surprisingly unfeigned enthusiasm.

Iason leaned back, offering himself more intimately to his pet. Then he reached behind him, grabbing his ankles and arching his back, achieving a position few could, and one that clenched his muscles in just the right way to increase the intensity of his orgasm, which the Blondie knew was quickly approaching.

The sight of Iason's head thrown back, revealing the enticing hollows of his throat, his back arched and his hair trailing on the bed, was fatal for Raoul. And then Iason began his sex cry—a low moan that increased in volume and magnitude to become the single most erotic vocalization he'd ever heard in his life. Raoul gifted Riki with a few more violent thrusts, the glimpses of his paddled ass providing just the stimulation he needed to join Iason; he grunted loudly through clenched teeth, snarling like a wild animal as his seed shot into the mongrel's tight passage.

Iason, withdrawing, studied Raoul's expression, and the way his hands trembled as he loosened his grip on Riki's hips, stroking him with his thumbs. He suddenly wondered if perhaps the Blondie was

enjoying himself a little *too* much. At that moment, he decided that this would be the last time he invited Raoul over to “punish” Riki. It was now evident that his pet had been a willing participant in the entire affair, his only punishment being the fact that his own arousal remained unconsummated.

From Riki’s perspective, this unfulfilled need to release his lust was nothing short of torture. He had participated greedily in the sex because he had never felt so horny in his life, despite the fact that it was Raoul who took him from behind. Hell, he wanted Raoul to fuck him...he probably would have wanted just about anyone to do so, if only it meant he could get off. And of course, he loved pleasuring Iason—and his Master nearly drove him out of his mind with his spine-tingling moans.

Unable to resist, Riki now stroked himself openly, gasping and nearly whimpering. He wanted to beg for release but was afraid to, for fear he would jeopardize his chances.

“What do you say, Raoul? Shall we reward him for his efforts and bring his suffering to an end?”

Amazingly, Raoul smiled. “Do you want to do it, or shall I?”

“Go ahead.” Iason felt a little surprised at Raoul’s offer, but intrigued. He lay back on the bed to watch.

Riki, slightly alarmed by this turn of events, looked to his Master for reassurance. He was not completely sure he wanted to be relieved—much as he desperately wanted release—by Raoul. It was all too confusing psychologically. And yet, he was simply too aroused to resist—not that he would have been allowed to resist.

“Lie back,” Raoul commanded.

Then, as Riki obeyed, after looking over at Iason once again with a questioning look, he pushed the mongrel’s legs apart at the knees, moving between his legs.

The sight of his nemesis so close to his most sensitive and precious region suddenly filled Riki with panic. He bolted, trying to get away, but was easily restrained by both Blondies, who laughed at him. Iason then held his arms above his head by his chains, while Raoul pushed his legs further apart and held them there.

Riki continued to struggle.

"Why are you being so difficult?" Iason scolded softly. "We're trying to give you what you want."

The mongrel swallowed, afraid to say that he didn't want to experience this particular intimacy with Raoul, partly out of primal fear of what he might do, and partly because he didn't want Raoul to be the one to make him come; he didn't want to give the Blondie that power over him. The sex had been bad enough. He had *enjoyed* Raoul. Now, to climax in his mouth...it was simply too much.

Riki's struggling only made Raoul more eager to pleasure him. Unlike Iason, he knew exactly what the mongrel was thinking, and he relished the thought that he could force Riki to copulate with him. He wanted to make him beg for completion.

His eyes dark with purpose, Raoul took hold of the mongrel's erection with one hand, noting how wet he was already, and almost pitying him, as hard and swollen as he was. Riki, unable now to manage any sort of restraint, groaned loudly. The Blondie smiled, then flicked his tongue along the head and the ridge, eliciting more enthusiastic vocalizations from Iason's excited pet.

Sucking him gently, Raoul took him partway in his mouth, then moved his tongue ever so slightly.

"Oh fuck!" Riki cried. "Fuck yes!"

Although it was not necessary to restrain him now, Iason continued to hold him down, simply because he found the sight arousing. Despite having climaxed only moments before, the Blondie was quickly becoming interested in this new situation—what had started out as a punishment session and now turned into a three-way, extremely erotic sexual encounter.

Riki was beside himself with pleasure, but desperate for release. He looked up at Iason. "Please," he begged.

Smiling, his Master tapped open the sapphire on his ring and deactivated Riki's pet ring restriction.

"Ohhhhh," Riki moaned, immediately feeling the difference. "Oh yeah." Excited, he began making little thrusts into Raoul's mouth, who obliged him by taking him in fully, sucking him as he withdrew.

"I like that," the mongrel breathed. "Just...like that."

Iason, while initially aroused by his pet's moans, now began to feel a little uncomfortable with how much Riki was enjoying Raoul's pleasuring arts.

"Yes!" Riki cried. "God yes!"

A sharp stab of jealousy suddenly spoiled the experience for Iason, who decided he'd had enough.

"Stop, Raoul," he commanded sharply.

Surprised, Raoul withdrew, looking up at his old lover questioningly.

"What!" Riki cried, utterly dismayed.

"I'll take it from here."

Shrugging, Raoul got up and moved away, sensing that Iason was jealous but misinterpreting it, believing that his old pairing partner hadn't wanted *him* to enjoy Riki so much. And it was true—he *had* been enjoying the mongrel, much to his own bewilderment and private shame.

When Riki realized his Master was going to take him to completion, he was overjoyed—his delight transparent in his expressions. Iason softened when he saw how happy Riki was.

"I wanna come *now*," Riki whispered, excited. "I can't wait...just take me in your mouth and—oh yeah!" now the mongrel cried out, as he immediately ejaculated the moment Iason's wet tongue touched his engorged flesh. "Oh fuck yeah," he cried, his eyes rolling back with ecstasy. "Holy shit! Oh my god, yes! Fuck yes!"

The orgasm was so intense that Riki was almost in pain, his semen shooting in rhythmic jerks into the hot mouth of the Blondie, who captured what he could with his tongue and swallowed, the rest having splattered across his beautiful face.

The sight of Riki coming onto Iason's face now convinced Raoul that it was time for round two. He had been lusting over Iason and the irresistible view of his portal as the Blondie bent over to pleasure Riki, straddling him on the bed with his ass in the air. Raoul had slowly repositioned himself to watch him perform fellatio, groaning when the mongrel ejaculated onto Iason's face and tongue.

Stroking himself, Raoul now moved again behind Iason, running his hands down his back and between his legs, reaching up to touch the Blondie's own developing erection. Arching his back, Iason moaned,

giving in to his masterful technique. Sensing his acquiescence, Raoul knelt down, spreading him with both hands and exploring him eagerly with his tongue, in exactly the places he knew Iason loved it best.

Riki, having just experienced the orgasm of his life, not to mention having enjoyed some immensely pleasurable moments with both Blondies, was strangely fascinated with this new round of sexual discourse between Iason and Raoul. And, because he had delayed gratification for so long, he found that he was not completely spent, and so began fondling himself, enjoying the show.

Iason had his eyes closed, parting his lips to gasp when Raoul pleased him from behind. Inserting a few fingers into him, the Blondie began thrusting with just the amount of force that he knew got his old lover eager for more intimate penetration.

"That's it," Iason purred. "Now fuck me."

Raoul shivered, having never heard him use these words before. No doubt this was Riki's influence, he thought. Smiling, he stood up and obliged him, taking him hard from behind.

Riki, now quite aroused, began to pump himself, eyes fixed on Iason's face, his chains jangling with each stroke. When his Master opened his eyes to watch him, his heart beat faster.

"Come here, pet," Iason whispered urgently.

Immediately obeying, Riki crawled toward him. "What do you want me to do?"

"Bring me to orgasm with your hand—and your mouth."

The mongrel did so, turning around and sliding underneath the Blondie, with his head toward the foot of the bed. Then, he began pleasuring his Master—and himself—chains jangling wildly—bringing them both to completion at almost the same instant, their cries mingling with Raoul's groans as he climaxed on hearing them.

Some minutes passed before anyone spoke. None of them had ever experienced anything like what they had just shared together, and they were all a bit confused by it.

Iason was the first to move, rising to retrieve the clean, moist towels that Daryl had discreetly left just inside the room.

As he began dressing, Raoul moved toward him, pushing back his hair to look at his face. "I never got to kiss you," he murmured.

Now that the passion was gone, Riki felt a return of his jealousy, and watched to see what Iason would do, pouting.

"We all need to cool off a bit, Raoul," the Blondie replied softly.

Hurt, Raoul pulled back. Riki grinned and, when Raoul caught his look, he glared at him. "You won't be grinning like that tomorrow when you wake up," he remarked, confident that he had done sufficient damage to validate his assertion.

Riki, knowing this was probably true, and suddenly remembering why Raoul had come over in the first place, quickly veiled his expression and averted his eyes, hoping that more punishment wasn't on the way.

But his Master appeared to be finished with the punishment. After Raoul dressed, he thanked him, rather formally, for his assistance.

Raoul stared at him, hand on one hip, looking decidedly put off. "What? Now you're going to be like this? I don't understand. You just shut me off, like you went cold."

Iason closed his eyes for a moment. "Don't ask me to explain what I can't understand myself."

Sighing, Raoul shook his head. "You're so elusive, Iason. I just don't get you. But," now he straightened up, remembering his plan to seduce him via more gallant tactics, "as you wish. I'll be off now and, if you need me again, you know you can call."

Relieved when Raoul recovered his composure, Iason smiled. With an inexplicable, brooding glance at Riki, the Blondie departed, leaving Master and pet to stare at one another in silence.

Then Iason walked into the great hall and picked up the paddle, turning it in his hands thoughtfully as Riki watched from the bedroom. "So, pet. I trust you were sufficiently punished."

Riki stared at him for a moment. "What the fuck does that mean? He paddled the shit out of me! Of course I was sufficiently punished!"

"Don't take that tone with me," Iason replied sharply, moving to sit down in his favorite chair by the fire. "Come here."

Since he was still holding the paddle, Riki hesitated, as if contemplating an escape route.

Iason laughed. "Come here this instant or I *will* paddle you."

Sighing, the mongrel moved off the bed and crept toward him, his chains dragging on the floor.

Iason pointed to his lap. "Sit."

Riki climbed onto his lap, wincing a little as he sat. He eyed the paddle suspiciously. "Why...are you holding that?"

"I want you to take a good look at it, Riki. Because—now listen to me," he took hold of Riki's chin to get his attention—if you EVER do anything like what you did today, I'm going to paddle you until you pass out. Just like the pet at the public whipping."

"No, you wouldn't," the mongrel asserted bravely.

Iason raised an eyebrow. "Oh, you think I wouldn't? And what makes you think I wouldn't?"

"Because you'd get Raoul to do it."

Staring at him expressionless for a moment, Iason suddenly burst out laughing, hugging his pet to him. Suddenly overwhelmed with feelings of love for his naughty pet, he nuzzled his cheek, closing his eyes. "You were very good in the bedroom," he whispered. "I was...actually quite pleased."

"I was fucking horny as hell," came the mongrel's blunt reply.

"I think you surprised Raoul."

"Yeah," Riki conceded, "he fucked me pretty hard, too."

"You enjoyed it, didn't you?"

Riki paused before answering, unsure what to say. If he admitted that he'd gotten off on the whole experience, would Iason be angry?

"Answer me, pet."

"Maybe a little," he confessed, hanging his head.

Finding himself jealous to hear his pet actually admit to it, Iason now determined, once again, he would never again allow Raoul to be intimate with Riki. Sighing, he tossed the paddle aside and pulled the mongrel against his body, stroking his hair. Comforted by the familiar gentleness of his embrace, his pet sighed, burying his face in the Blondie's hair.

They remained thus for a long while, clinging to one another, while the first snow of winter began to fall, the wet flakes clinging to the panes of the great arched window overlooking Tanagura.

Iason's Angst

IASON CONTINUED TO STROKE HIS PET'S HAIR for some time. "Now," he announced, finally, "we need to clean you up a bit."

"Noooo," Riki whined, burying his face in Iason's chest unhappily.

"Hush. You're not going to be naughty again already, are you?"

"But I *hate* that shit he puts on me."

Iason smiled, then summoned Daryl, who appeared instantly, already prepared with the first aid kit. "Take Riki to his room and tend to any open wounds. Be sure you use antiseptic."

Riki groaned.

"All right now. Get up," Iason said firmly, giving his pet a little pat on his thigh.

Obeying with obvious reluctance, Riki slid painfully from the Blondie's lap and trudged after Daryl, his chains dragging along the floor. Iason noted his backside with some concern—the paddling had left him raw, his skin broken in a few places. He would have to monitor the healing process carefully.

Shaking his head at Riki's disobedience, he picked up a book and then slipped on his new spectacles—a small wire-rimmed pair that had just been specially made for him. Iason had been having difficulty focusing over the past month or so, especially when reading. He had put off doing anything about it because it was so unusual for a Blondie to have vision problems; but then, he now acknowledged, he had always been something of a deviant.

He settled back in his chair, smiling when he heard Riki's loud objections to Daryl's medical attention.

Suddenly, Riki came running into the room, streaking around naked as Daryl chased him with a cloth and a bottle of antiseptic. He ran in pathetic circle around Iason's chair, his chains hindering his progress.

Trying to hide his amusement at his pet's pitiful attempt to escape Daryl, Iason slammed his book shut. "Pet!" he commanded, sternly. "Come here."

Riki stopped, looking surprised to see Iason, as though he had not even noticed his Master still sitting there. His eyes widened when he saw Iason in his spectacles—he had never seen him wear them before, and he gaped at the sight of the Blondie in them now, a lopsided smile creeping onto his face.

"You look really...*cute* in those," he whispered.

Flattered by his pet's compliment, but wanting to maintain some semblance of authority, Iason disregarded the remark, reproaching him. "What did I tell you? You are to allow Daryl to do whatever's necessary to clean you up."

"But he keeps trying to put that...*stuff* on it that stings like hell," Riki lamented.

"As he most certainly should," Iason replied. "Otherwise you'll get an infection."

"But it...*hurts*." Sulking, Riki gazed at his Master, his eyes wide and forlorn like those of a puppy.

Iason couldn't resist a smile at his pet's ploy to avoid the necessary first aid. Sighing, he removed his spectacles and rose to his feet. "All right. It looks as though I must do this myself."

Disappointed with this announcement, Riki sighed, defeated.

"I'm sorry, Iason-sama," Daryl stammered, mortified that his Master was assuming his duties.

"It's no fault of yours," Iason replied, giving Riki a pointed look. He held out his hand to retrieve the bottle and cloth and then led his pet by his collar chain to the Master bedroom. "Lie down."

With an exaggerated sigh, the mongrel climbed onto the bed, flopping onto his stomach with a pout. Iason examined him, shaking his head. No wonder his pet resisted being treated—the antiseptic would certainly be excruciating on his broken skin. He poured some of it onto the cloth and then, using one hand to pin Riki firmly to the bed, began applying it to the needed areas. His pet cried out his anguish, squirming in a futile attempt to escape his Master's hand.

“What a fuss,” Iason scolded, though feeling some sympathy for Riki’s misery.

“Just bloody kill me,” the mongrel moaned.

Smiling, Iason continued to apply the necessary antiseptic. “Perhaps next time you’ll remember how much this hurts before you do something foolish.”

Sighing loudly, Riki made his views on Iason’s admonishment clear.

“Might I remind you,” his Master added, in a low voice, “that you are in a very vulnerable position, pet.”

This elicited a few moments of silence from the mongrel, but the hiatus was short-lived. As Iason applied an ointment to his torn flesh, he wailed anew.

“Daryl!” Iason called.

Daryl rushed into the room.

“Go down to the pavilion and ask Yousi for an Accelerator with a mild opiate release.”

“Yes, Sir.” Daryl left immediately to retrieve the wanted medicine.

Perking up at the word “opiate,” Riki now changed his tone. “What’s an Accelerator with...whatever you just said?” he asked sweetly.

“It’s an accelerated antibiotic that will help you heal quickly and prevent any scarring.”

“But what was the part about...the opiate?”

“I won’t lie to you, pet. It’s going to be quite painful when I apply it. But you’ll feel much better by tomorrow, both from the opiate and the accelerated healing.”

“How much is it going to hurt?” his pet demanded grumpily.

“As much as it’s going to,” came the Blondie’s matter-of-fact reply.

Riki pouted. “Why do we have to put that on, too?”

“Fussy little pet,” Iason sighed, under his breath. “Stop being so naughty and you won’t have to worry so much about your precious bottom. Might I remind you that you tossed a *two million credit* Vergatti off the balcony today? You’re lucky I stopped Raoul before he paddled you raw.”

“He *did* paddle me raw,” Riki protested.

“Ohhh no, pet,” Iason laughed, brokenly, “I assure you, he could have done much more damage. I must say, I’m a little disappointed.

That public whipping didn't deter you from your disobedience in the least, did it?"

Riki fell silent, remembering the horrible display of pure torture he had witnessed, the bloody whipping of the unfortunate pet who had somehow incurred his Master's wrath.

"What did that pet do to deserve a public whipping?"

"He disobeyed his Master."

"Yeah, but...what *exactly* did he do?"

The Blondie leaned close to his pet. "He pestered his Master with naughty questions."

"Okay, real funny," Riki muttered. "You don't even know, do you?"

"As a matter of fact, pet, I *do* know. But I choose not to tell you."

"Why?"

"Because it's enough to know he was disobedient. But I *will* tell you, Riki, that you should consider yourself lucky—you've committed far more serious transgressions and gotten off with much slimmer punishment. You ought to be thanking my leniency."

The dark-haired mongrel was hardly in the mood to be thanking his Master for his "lenient" punishments, considering the current state of his tender backside. However, as Iason tended to his tormented flesh, he felt some comfort in the unhurried manner of his touch, and the obvious care and attention he gave his wounds. Even the Blondie's low, soft reprimands were reassuring in some way, because his concern and love for his pet lay quietly beneath his words.

Finished with the ointment, Iason decided to pour himself some wine and left his pet for a moment, wandering toward the bar. As he passed the great window, he happened to look down and see Daryl by the pavilion, using one of the public terminals.

Surprised, he wondered only momentarily what the eunuch was doing, almost immediately surmising what he was up to. He walked over to his terminal and punched in Daryl's ID to retrieve his purchase logs, pulling up a list of calls made in the last week or so...all to Katze.

He sighed.

So. Daryl had been disobeying him all the while. He shook his head, almost laughing at himself. He had checked the penthouse call

logs but not Daryl's purchase logs—something he should have reviewed long before. He had foolishly trusted his servant of twelve years, despite recent challenges to his authority.

Iason still had not dealt with Daryl concerning his part in the deception at Serendipity; perhaps that was why he had so boldly defied his Master's explicit command not to contact Katze.

Despite his anger and disappointment, part of him almost admired Daryl's initiative and courage. The boy was clever—though not clever enough. But something that had been eating away at him for some time now became impossible to ignore: Daryl was no longer fit to be his servant, not if he couldn't be trusted. He had begun to notice that, for some time, he had been defying him in small ways; or perhaps it was more correct to say that he no longer cowered before him, obeying his every demand and anticipating his every need.

The truth of the matter was, Daryl no longer feared him.

The Blondie knew this was Riki's influence, as well as Katze's. He might have been more disappointed, had he not taken this as a definitive sign that it was time for Daryl to move into a new role—much in the same way that he had redirected Katze—a move that he had been pondering for several months. And ever since the day Daryl had gained unauthorized entry into his ring command program, he had been contemplating how the boy's computer skills could be fully utilized...especially now.

Iason already knew he could use him for Syndicate jobs, but there was something even more important he had in mind—a dangerous, profoundly far-reaching project that had been consuming him for some time, in which Daryl's skills might prove particularly useful.

It was an operation of unprecedented proportions—foolish most likely, but not, Iason was now convinced, impossible.

The idea had its conception in the security breaches that had required reprogramming the entire security grid. Iason had puzzled over this for some time, bothered by one critical question: why had Jupiter failed to halt or even acknowledge the security violation? The breach had suggested to the Blondie a second, more compelling question—what if Jupiter could be overthrown, and Tanagura returned to mortal control?

Iason knew the peril involved in even contemplating such an idea. And, even should such a rebellion succeed, the chaos it would unleash would be unprecedented, at least since the days of the Revolution. It would be trading order for disorder, certainty for uncertainty, government for anarchy. Yet it would also mean freedom from Jupiter's oppression. The possibility of this alternative future for Amoi had been weighing heavily on the Blondie for some time, and was starting to tax him physically as well as emotionally.

He knew that he alone possessed the power and influence to make such an overthrow possible, and it was a burden that now pressed into his consciousness all too often. Even considering it now was giving Iason another splitting headache. Sighing, he logged off the terminal and sat down for a moment, his head in his hands.

So. The only thing he was certain of was that Daryl's days as his servant were coming to an end. It was time for a new household member...someone who would fear him and obey him without question or hesitation. Someone he could trust not to solicit sexual favors from his pet. Someone young, preferably newly broken. Someone more like Daryl used to be.

As he considered this, the image of Xian Sami's pet, Juthian, came to mind—the unfortunate pet that had been publicly whipped by Raoul. He knew that Xian was planning to sell him, and a newly punished pet was an ideal convert to eunuch. All it would take was a call to Xian and the boy would be his.

His mind made up, Iason put in the outgoing beacon to Lord Sami, who picked up immediately and greeted him warmly, thrilled to be contacted by Tanagura's leading Blondie. Although they had been friends at the Academy, it had been many years since Iason had personally called him.

"Iason. A pleasure. What can I do for you?"

"I'm calling about your pet—B-540M, isn't it? If you're still planning to sell him, I'd like to purchase him from you, provided you can perform a modification first."

"You want Juthian for your servant?" Xian seemed astonished at this, but then continued eagerly. "Certainly. Of course that can be arranged—absolutely. When did you want him?"

"In two weeks. I'll call for him. And I'll agree to your terms, whatever they are."

"Oh, no, please...consider it a gift, Iason," Lord Sami answered hurriedly. "I positively insist. It would be an honor." The Blondie was already bursting with pride, anxious to spread the word that his pet was to become the attending servant of Iason Mink. He wondered why the Blondie wanted Juthian, a pet that had been so recently publicly humiliated and ruined.

But then, as everyone knew, Iason had unusual tastes.

"How is he?" Iason asked.

Xian paused for a moment. "How is he?" he blinked, as if unsure how to answer. "You mean, is he healing?"

"How is...his spirit?"

"Oh!" Xian laughed. "Quite broken, I assure you. He's rather dismayed that I've decided to sell him. I'm certain his days of rebellion are over."

Iason smiled at Lord Sami's phrase, "days of rebellion," privately comparing Juthian's behavior to that of Riki's. He knew full well the extent of Juthian's transgressions. The pet had been punished for the most ridiculous infraction—opening the Forbidden Chest.

The Forbidden Chest was a device used by some Masters to test the loyalty of pets and their ability to obey commands in the face of temptation and curiosity. The chest was kept in a special place in the household and the pet was instructed never to open it. Any pet that violated this mandate found a message inside informing them that their Master had just been alerted of their disobedience.

The technique of the Forbidden Chest was ancient in origin yet continued to be used because its deception was guarded with the utmost secrecy—pets and servants who dared reveal its true secret were severely punished.

At that moment a tortured groan sounded in the penthouse, emanating from the Master bedroom.

"Bloody antiseptics," the unhappy pet growled, adding to this proclamation a stream of mongrel vulgarities that would have shocked most Blondies.

But Iason could not help but smile at Riki's rather typical vocalization. The Blondie had no doubt that, had he acquired a Forbidden Chest to test his own unruly pet, it would have been opened before the end of the first day.

"Very good. I trust all is well at the Sami estate?" Iason continued, politely. Although he was now anxious to end the call, having secured what he wanted, Iason was a master in the art of social intercourse and knew that that some additional conversation was in order.

"Ah, yes. Quite well," Xian replied, pleased to have been asked. "I have embarked on a new enterprise. It's a pet brothel, actually, called the Dark Horse. Do you know it?"

"Of course. In Midas. I can see the tower from my window. So, you purchased it, then?"

"Yes. I thought it was time I joined the rest of you—I seem to be the only one from our class that has yet to take on a venture."

Iason laughed softly at this. And it was true enough; all the Blondies who had graduated from the Academy the same year as Iason and Xian had acquired fortunes through private enterprises, though none of them came close to matching Iason's estate.

"I'm sure that will work out well for you. You have the drive and tenacity it takes to make anything succeed."

"How kind of you," Xian replied, thrilled with the praise.

"Then, I'll call for Juthian in two weeks. Thank you, Xian."

"My pleasure. Call any time."

Iason gave a smile and a nod before disconnecting. He was, in fact, pleased with his acquisition. The fact that Juthian had been punished mostly for curiosity, or perhaps stupidity, and not for some horrible transgression, made him an ideal candidate for training. The whipping would serve as sufficient deterrent so that additional punishment would probably be unnecessary, in the same way it had for Daryl, but for the occasional infraction requiring firm correction.

And, in truth, Iason felt some sympathy for Xian's pet, who had endured one of the most barbaric whippings he had ever witnessed at the hands of Raoul. Iason privately felt that the Blondie's choice of punishment had been far too severe for the crime. And he had been impressed that Juthian had not begged for mercy, although his cries

had been spine-tingling. Finally, Iason simply liked the looks of the boy—his fair skin and light hair that hung in soft waves past his shoulders, the ends curling provocatively, his blue-green eyes the hue of the Amoian sea, his slender, slight build. It was a shame that Xian had ruined him as a pet with a whipping that would leave horrible scars. But the boy was still beautiful to look at and would make a perfect attending servant.

And as for Daryl, Iason had already settled on his punishment. He and Katze would be disciplined together. He would have to be severe on them because he wanted to entrust more responsibility to them both, and unless he could ensure their loyalty, he could never trust them with what he had in mind. It would serve as a reminder that no matter how much freedom Iason granted them, they must still ultimately obey him in all matters, without hesitation or question.



“HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU not to call me?” Katze bellowed, furious that Daryl had once again risked contacting him. “You heard what Iason said! No contact for a month!”

“But I miss you...and I wanted to tell you about what happened earlier. Raoul came over and punished Riki, and then the three of them had sex together. It was amazing.”

“Much as that intrigues me,” Katze replied, privately eager to learn the details, “it’s no excuse, Daryl. Don’t underestimate Iason. He’s going to find out.”

“I don’t care.”

Katze shook his head. “You naughty boy. Next time we’re together, you’re getting spanked.”

“Promise?”

“And that’s not all. I can’t get into it now, but I have a surprise for you...and you’re going to love it.”

“A surprise?” Daryl was delighted, all but jumping up and down like a child. “What is it?”

"You'll have to wait and see, love. But for now, you get your ass back home. And don't you *dare* call me again. I'm serious, Daryl."

"How are your injuries?"

"Almost healed. That shit they made me go through hurt like hell but the results are pretty amazing."

"Oh." Daryl was a little disappointed, knowing this meant the time for Katze's punishment was drawing near.

"Now don't start with that face. I'm a big boy; I can take what's coming. You know I deserve whatever's on the agenda."

"I can't stand to see you suffer," Daryl whispered.

"Don't worry. I fully intend to pump myself up with opiates first," Katze grinned. "Now, I'm hanging up, so here's a kiss. Goodbye, love."

"Bye, Katze," Daryl replied, just catching the eunuch's wink before he cut the transmission.

Katze stared at the blank screen, worried. He knew Iason; there was no way the Blondie wouldn't eventually find out what Daryl was up to, and there was nothing Katze could do to protect him when that happened. No matter how many times he scolded Daryl and warned him about this, he simply ignored him.

But at least he had an exciting surprise for his lover.

He'd gotten the idea after Daryl had told him about the time Iason punished him with a G-strap.

"It hurt pretty awful at first," he admitted. "But then something interesting happened."

"What...do you mean?" Katze whispered.

"I started feeling weird. I had all these sexual images, and strange sensations. It felt like my body got warm and tingly."

Katze blinked at this. "You mean...you got horny?"

"Not exactly. Well, yes, in a way. I don't know, I was also in a lot of pain so it was confusing."

"It must have been that G-wave technology," Katze breathed, pondering the implications. He had decided then that he would do a little research and see what he could find about utilizing G-waves to enhance sexual pleasure.

And what he found on the Black Market nearly blew his mind. He discovered that there was an entire industry, mostly centered around

Alpha Zen imports, that used G-wave technology to pleasure those without sexual function—including eunuchs. A strap-on stimulation device was worn around the pelvis, emitting G-waves at 10,000 times the level of a pet ring or G-strap, and could literally produce a replication of the pleasure achieved at orgasm. The units could also be fitted with “toys” or organ simulators for even more authentic sexual experiences. Katze had immediately acquired two such units and, unable to wait until he saw Daryl again, experimented with the stimulator, experiencing for the first time since his modification the pleasure of sexual gratification.

It had nearly brought him to tears.

He couldn’t wait to give Daryl the experience, couldn’t wait for both of them to experiment together. The only drawback, a rather unfortunate one, was that the devices were deemed to be dangerous—the high-level exposure to G-waves was hazardous to Amoians. For this reason, they were technically forbidden on Amoi. It was this, and this alone, that had prevented Katze from stimulating himself around the clock when he first acquired the amazing device.

But now, to have a means to pleasure Daryl and show him his love in a physical way, was like a fantasy come true for Katze. It was even better than what he had in mind when he had concocted the ill-fated plan to use Riki as a surrogate lover. He knew that Daryl had never even had an orgasm, and he couldn’t wait to see his lover’s face contort with pleasure when he experienced it for the first time.

So, even though he knew he would soon have to face Iason’s punishment, at least he had something to look forward to afterwards.



THE DOOR HUMMED OPEN and Daryl finally rushed in. “Here it is, Master Iason,” he announced, bringing the wanted medicine to Iason.

The Blondie took it from him, observing him closely. “That took a bit longer than I expected,” he remarked softly, knowing full well the call probably had not taken more than a few minutes, but that Daryl would be guilty about it.

"Oh. Yes," Daryl stammered, "and that is my fault. I was distracted by all the punishment devices."

Iason smiled at his lie.

"Yes, there is quite a selection, wouldn't you say? It just serves to remind one how many ways disobedience can be punished."

Daryl shifted his weight, looking uneasy.

Iason laughed softly. "Come with me," he ordered, returning to the Master bedroom. His pet was moaning a little, and his eyes snapped darkly when he saw his Master.

"That stuff you put on me really stings," he complained. "It just gets worse and worse."

"Well, pet. Prepare yourself for more pain," Iason replied, holding up the can of Accelerator. "This won't take long, but you won't like it."

"That's just fucking great!" Riki wailed, furious. "Like I can really take any more of this shit!"

"That's enough, Riki," the Blondie chided. "Let's remember how you got that naughty bottom of yours paddled in the first place. It's because you were deliberately disobedient, isn't that so? Or have you already forgotten your transgressions?"

Sighing with exaggerated weariness, his pet fell silent. Iason sat down on the bed next to him.

"Daryl. Hold his arms down," he instructed. As Daryl obeyed, he pinned Riki's back to the bed with one hand while he sprayed on the Accelerator with the other, eliciting screams from his pet.

"Fucking stop, Iason! Oh help me!! Shit!"

Although the administration of the Accelerator was excruciating, it only lasted a few minutes.

"I hate you!" Riki cried. "You're torturing me on purpose!"

"Now, now," Iason whispered, gently, forgiving Riki his angry words. "It's over now, pet. You should start feeling quite a bit better by tomorrow."

He reached out and began stroking his pet's hair and back.

Soothed by his Master's reassuring touch, Riki calmed, and after a few moments apologized. "I don't really hate you," he murmured.

"I'm glad to hear it," Iason smiled.

Then, much to his pet's relief, he finally removed Riki's chains, encouraging him to remain naked for his own comfort.

Later that night, the Blondie woke to the sound of his pet crying. He snuggled up to him, kissing his tears. "Are you hurting, pet?" he asked, softly.

"Yeah."

Iason reached out and stroked his hair for a few moments. "All right." He got up and retrieved an Opiate-6 to ease the suffering of his pet and allow them both to get some sleep.

"Take this," he ordered, offering the pill along with some water.

Riki took one look at the pill, seeing the tiny O-6 inscribed on it, and gazed up at Iason with wide eyes. "You're really giving me this?" he asked, his relief transparent.

"Yes, pet. I can't have you keeping me up all night with your moaning," the Blondie replied, smiling at his pet's obvious delight.

"Oh," Riki exclaimed, after swallowing the pill, "that's...like the nicest bleeding thing you've ever done." He reached up and kissed Iason enthusiastically, then lay back down, smiling up at him sweetly.

Iason looked down at him, suddenly feeling a stirring from Riki's affection. "Doesn't it hurt lying on your back like that?" he whispered.

"Yeah, kinda."

"Then...why don't you roll onto your side."

As he did so, Iason pressed his body up against him, being careful not to push too hard against his sore region. His need was now stronger, and he nuzzled up against his pet's cheek, running his hand down his naked body to his hip. "Pet," he whispered in his ear, "I don't want to hurt you. But...I want you."

Riki was quiet for a moment, surprised that his Master seemed to almost be asking his permission to take him. He smiled at this, pleased that Iason cared how he felt. Feeling inclined to reward him for the O-6, he responded by nuzzling back.

"Do you want me to pleasure you some before you take me? I'll suck you and lick you just how you like."

Releasing his held breath with a little moan, Iason began kissing his neck, excitedly. "You're being such a good little pet tonight."

He reached down and fondled him, the mongrel responding immediately to his touch.

Suddenly feeling raunchy, Riki rolled over, pushing Iason onto his back. "Want me to love you?"

Closing his eyes for a moment at his pet's choice of words, Iason opened them slowly and replied, "Yes, Riki. I want you to love me."

The mongrel answered this by biting and sucking on Iason's throat aggressively, eliciting shivers and gasps. Then, pleasuring him more gently, he left a trail of soft kisses along his throat up to his mouth, and then prodded open his Master's mouth with his tongue. He proceeded to kiss him using all his erotic arts, a project which brought them both into full arousal.

He felt Iason's hands on his waist, his fingers gently stroking his sides in a tantalizing manner; his Master would have usually explored his backside more thoroughly, squeezing and spreading him firmly, but avoided doing so for fear of hurting him. Riki moved down and began sucking on Iason's nipples, rolling the hard buds around on his tongue as he scraped his hands sensually down the Blondie's hard body. Iason closed his eyes, his lips parting as he enjoyed his pet's every move.

Sliding down further, Riki tantalized him with soft kisses to his stomach, inserting his tongue suggestively into his navel, causing Iason's muscles to instinctively contract. He got up on his knees, straddling him, and for several moments simply took in the beautiful body of his Master, savoring every line and hollow, every well-sculpted muscle that rippled beneath his hot flesh. His own erection twitching eagerly as he ran his hands down Iason's chest to his waist, Riki shuddered, wishing desperately to be inside him, longing for the Tantric squeeze of the Blondie's inner sanctum.

He slid his fingers expertly to the hollow below his pelvic bone, the place that he knew excited Iason most. The Blondie moaned, his eyes glimmering with lust. He reached for him and Riki, with a naughty smile, grabbed his wrists and pinned them to the bed. Iason, thrilled with his pet's playful spirit, but desperately wanting to touch him, glared at him with mock sternness.

“Someone wants another spanking,” he threatened. “Release me or face the consequences.”

“Are you saying you can’t get away? What happened to all that famous Blondie strength?”

Iason immediately escaped Riki’s grip and grabbed him by the wrists, pulling him down for a kiss. “I warned you, pet,” he whispered. “You’ll get that spanking. But I’ll just wait a day or so to claim it—when you least expect it.”

“Oh yeah?” Riki taunted, flicking his tongue tantalizingly into his Master’s mouth.

The Blondie moaned, pulling him close.

“You like this, don’t you? How about if I do this...somewhere else? Want me to fuck you with my tongue?”

Iason shivered from his pet’s provocative words. “Oh, Riki.”

“I’ll take that as a yes. Turn over. I want you where I can spread you good.”

Smiling at Riki’s confident commands, his Master obeyed, drawing in his breath sharply when he felt his pet’s hands sliding down his back to his buttocks and then spreading him, his thumbs resting provocatively on his portal.

“Open your legs more. Wider...yeah. Just like that.”

Using both hands, the mongrel pushed the Blondie’s glutes apart firmly, gazing at him for a moment, then began exploring him with his tongue. Iason’s moans and gasps told him his efforts were well received, as he began unconsciously wiggling and pushing back against him, craving more stimulation.

Riki teased his portal with slow circles until Iason finally called out his name, almost angrily. Trying to fight back a laugh, the mongrel then began thrusting his tongue inside his Master, as deeply as he could, eliciting increasingly excited vocalizations.

“Oh Riki...that’s it,” Iason gasped, in complete ecstasy. “Keep doing that.”

Slipping in a finger as he continued to pleasure him, Riki now was so aroused that the temptation of having his Master’s hot, wet, twitching sanctum within his complete control was too powerful to resist. His own erection demanded attention, begging him for passage

into the Blondie's inner realms. He withdrew his tongue, continuing to thrust with his fingers, and moaned, biting his lip.

"Iason," he pleaded, "let me fuck you."

"Not now, pet," the Blondie answered, sounding almost irritated. "Keep doing what you were before."

Riki, with his Master's ass invitingly positioned only a few inches from his face, was completely overcome with lust. He groaned again, even more loudly.

"Riki!"

"I can't...*help* it," his pet complained, suddenly leaping up and repositioning himself. Without hesitating, he thrust with all his strength into the Blondie, crying out from the pleasure of his grip.

Surprised, Iason turned to look back, as though not quite believing his pet's audacity. "Pet! How dare you disobey me!"

"Just let me come!" Riki begged, thrusting faster, as though somehow thinking he could climax before Iason stopped him.

But Iason was in no mood for games this time, and easily dismounted the unruly mongrel, pinning him facedown on the bed.

"You naughty little mongrel," he whispered, stroking himself as he took in the delicious presentation of his pet, arms pinned behind his back, bottom bruised and so thoroughly, uncompromisingly, delightfully paddled. Now there was no question as to which position he would choose to ravish his naughty pet. Only one position would do, his favorite—the position of domination.

Straddling him as he pushed Riki's legs together, Iason pressed himself up to Riki's portal, demanding entry with a few forceful thrusts as the mongrel winced and then cried out.

He ignored Riki's yelps of pain, the sight of his phallus sinking into the depths of his punished flesh arousing beyond measure. He sucked in his breath sharply.

"Ahhhhhh yes," he breathed, his lip curling in a snarl. "What a naughty boy you are...paddled again so soon." The imagery of Raoul, gripping the paddle with both hands as he administered the punishing blows to Riki's bare bottom now flashed before his eyes, pushing him to new heights.

"You're hurting me!"

“So...you thought you could take me without any consequences, is that it? When I specifically told you no?”

“You let me do it...that one time,” his pet protested.

“Pet,” Iason scolded, with a hard thrust, “when I give you an order in bed, I expect you to obey it. Is that understood?”

“Yow! Don’t...ram it so hard!”

“I said,” Iason repeated, this time thrusting even harder, “IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?”

“Yeah! I fucking get it already! Shit!”

Now breathing harder, Iason closed his eyes, enjoying his pet’s hot tightness and even his protests, and feeling quite ready to climax. Deciding not to prolong matters, he allowed himself to ascend toward completion, vocalizing his pleasure with each thrust as he undulated erotically against his prostrate pet.

“Ohhhh,” he breathed, throwing his head back and biting his lip. Then, he reached the critical point, his lust spilling past the point of no return, his essence shooting rhythmically into the wet embrace of the mongrel, as he unleashed a groan quite unlike one Riki had ever heard before.

The mongrel groaned, too, from frustration. After a few moments, Iason pulled out, then lay on his side, his hand on Riki’s back.

His anger evaporating now that his needs were fulfilled, Iason smiled at his pet’s pathetic hip thrusts into the bed. “Would you like to take me now, Riki?”

Bolting up, Riki looked at him in disbelief. “For real?” he cried, pumping himself excitedly.

Answering with a smile, Iason turned over, offering himself by spreading his legs tantalizingly.

Riki stared at the beautiful Blondie positioned so invitingly on the bed, his heart racing as he considered the perfect curve of his buttocks, enticingly framing his waiting portal.

“Oh yeah,” he moaned, pressing himself eagerly up to his Master’s entrance, and then penetrating fully.

“Iason, shit. You’re so amazingly tight,” he hissed, his eyes rolling back with ecstasy. “You’re...unbelievable.”

He held himself up by his arms so he could watch his cock moving in and out of the Blondie.

"Lie on top of me. I want to feel you, Riki."

"But I like it this way. I can see you better like this."

"Don't tell me you're going to disobey a direct order, pet?"

"You should let me film you like this. Oh! Do you have a holo-recorder? That could be really kinky!"

"Riki," Iason reproached, "do as I say. I want you closer."

"Oh, all right," the mongrel sighed, repositioning himself to lie on the Blondie. "Mmmm. You do feel nice and warm, though. But will you let me film you sometime?"

"Certainly not. Who knows where the footage would end up."

"I wouldn't let anyone else see it," Riki protested. "It would be way better than those pet magazines I have."

"What pet magazines?" Iason demanded.

"I mean...magazines I *used* to have. Ahh! This feels good!"

"Where did you get the magazines? Did Katze get them for you?"

"Are you feeling this at all?"

"Answer me, pet."

"Oh! Now's not the time to be lecturing me, you know that? Maybe *you're* not feeling anything, but I sure as hell am!"

"I'll have those magazines," Iason warned. "And I'll have to punish you as well."

Riki slowed his pace, frowning. "What the hell for? You never said I couldn't look at magazines! Sheesh! It's bad enough you don't even let me come half the time with this stupid cock ring!"

Iason considered this for a moment. "Perhaps I didn't make that clear. So I'll give you a reprieve, this time. But you'll turn them over, this very night, Riki. Every last one."

"What? You're jealous of paper?" Riki teased. "And you didn't answer me. Are you feeling this? You're starting to hurt my ego, here."

"Yes, it feels very nice," the Blondie replied, distracted.

"Geez, you really know how to lather on the praise."

Iason laughed at this. "I'm sorry, pet. I mean, of course it feels wonderful. I always love everything we do together."

“Yeah? What about *this*?” Now Riki began thrusting a little faster and deeper, at the same time nuzzling and kissing his Master’s back.

“Mmmm. That feels good.”

“You’d be more fun to fuck if you let me have a go *first*, before you’re all used up.”

Iason was quiet for a moment. “Riki,” he asked, after a moment, “what sort of pets...were you looking at? Males or females?”

Riki smiled at his Master’s transparent jealousy. “Both.”

“And which do you prefer?”

“Oh, Iason. I’m getting close. Oh yes, you’re doing it! Keep doing that! Oh god, yes!”

Riki was already so aroused that once Iason began squeezing him, he was unable to hold back, his body shaking as his semen shot into the Blondie’s grip.

“Fuck yeah,” he whispered, hoarsely, feeling almost dizzy from the simultaneous sensations of his ejaculation and the opiate starting to take effect.

Trembling, he held onto Iason’s back for a moment before he withdrew and rolled onto his side, feeling disoriented but amazingly wonderful. “Ohhhhh.”

Iason smiled. “Starting to feel better now?”

“Hell yes.”

“Good. Now answer my question about the pets.”

“Hmmm?” Riki opened one eye, gazing up at Iason with a bewildered look.

“Which do you prefer, males or females?”

“Are you still going on about that?” Riki laughed. “I told you. I prefer *you*. That’s why I want to film you.”

Iason smiled slightly at this, pulling him close. “I want those magazines, Riki.”

“Fine. Can I give them to you tomorrow? Cuz right now I’m so tired, I can’t move.”

The Blondie sighed, closing his eyes. “Very well.”

Both Master and pet quickly drifted off into a deep, contented sleep.



RIKI WANDERED INTO THE GREAT HALL, yawning. "What's for breakfast?" he demanded, peering at Iason's plate.

Iason, who had only consumed about half his food, now sat at the table, sipping some coffee and reading the Tanagura Quarterly, which was laying across his lap. He was wearing his spectacles, as he always did now whenever he did his reading.

"Mmmm. Bacon!" Riki climbed onto the Blondie's lap, making himself comfortable as he finished his Master's breakfast.

"Riki," Iason scolded, pulling his periodical out from under the mongrel's rump. "You just sat on my journal."

"Oh, sorry. Yum! Hey, Daryl! Bring me more bacon!"

"Coming, Riki," Daryl replied, rushing to the table with a plate of food for him. "Here's your breakfast."

"Good. I'm starving! I feel like I could eat a Gardanian camel! Oh! I need coffee. Black. *Strong*."

Iason, despite having his journal crumpled by his pet, was nevertheless glad of Riki's affection, and pulled him close when the mongrel attempted to slide from his lap.

"Hey!" Riki protested, eyeing the plate Daryl had left by his own chair. "My food will get cold!"

"I'm not letting you go until you give me a kiss."

"Oh. Sure." Riki turned around, dutifully giving his Master a peck on the cheek. "You look so cute in those," he whispered, touching a finger to Iason's spectacles. "I really want to fuck you in those sometime. Can I?"

"We'll see."

"Really?" Riki grinned at the thought as he jumped from Iason's lap, sliding into his chair and immediately tearing into his breakfast.

"Slow down, pet. You'll choke," Iason chided.

"I can't help it," Riki replied, his mouth full of food. "I'm so bloody hungry! Mmmm, Daryl, this is awesome!"

Daryl bowed, smiling, pleased that at least Riki was enthusiastic about his cooking. Iason so rarely ate all of his food that the eunuch was beginning to wonder if perhaps there was something wrong with the meals he'd been preparing.

“Riki,” the Blondie scolded. “You know better than to talk with your mouth full.”

“All you do is bitch at me day in and day out,” the mongrel complained, though he slowed his pace and attempted to eat in a more civilized fashion.

“That’s because you always need correction. As for your appetite, that’s probably from the Accelerator.”

“Hey! My ass *does* feel better,” Riki exclaimed. “That shit really works! It stings like hell when you put it on, though.”

“After breakfast, Riki, I want you to bring me those magazines we discussed,” Iason instructed.

“Huh? Oh. Yeah. If I even still have those.”

“Pet. I know you have them. In fact, I’ll have you go get them now. You can finish your breakfast *after* you bring them to me.”

“But I’m *hungry*,” Riki whined.

“Then I suggest you hurry. And bring *all* of them.”

Scowling, Riki got up from the table and went to his room, muttering to himself the whole way. He returned in a few moments, tossing two magazines onto the table.

“I said all of them, Riki.”

“That *is* all of them,” the mongrel replied defensively. “You think they’d look so beat up if I had more? I must have jacked off to those a thousand times before you put the restrictions on my ring.”

Iason frowned at this, picking up one of the well-used magazines and thumbing through it. “This is pure filth,” he murmured. “Pet. I can’t believe you’d enjoy such garbage.”

“What? Isn’t that put out by the Syndicate? Besides, what’s in there that you haven’t made *me* do?” Riki protested, narrowing his eyes.

Daryl bit his lip to keep from smiling at this, the small movement drawing Iason’s attention.

“Daryl. Go sit until I call you.”

“Yes, Master,” the boy murmured, backing away.

“It is most certainly *not* put out by the Syndicate,” Iason corrected. “These are underground, unsanctioned productions. Jupiter forbids images such as these of pre-auction Academy pets.”

"Well, I didn't *take* the pictures. Besides, you can get those on any street corner in Ceres."

"That hardly surprises me. I should get to the bottom of this. I wonder who's behind it."

"Iason. There have been photos like these available for as long as I can remember. This is nothing new. Besides, I'm sure it drives up the bidding at the auctions. Isn't that all you Blondies care about?"

Now Iason found one particular image that had the corners earmarked and he frowned, studying it. It was a picture of a female pet, on all fours, looking back over her shoulder suggestively, her undergarments pulled down to her thighs, revealing all her intimate offerings. She had a tiny silver ring piercing one of her labia.

"This is one you liked particularly," he remarked. "I remember her—she was just auctioned. A-987F. Quite a beauty. She's Heiku's pet now, I believe."

Riki shrugged, careful not to look in the Blondie's direction, and hoping that Iason would not realize she was the same female that he had been flirting with at the Academy party. He was curious as to who this "Heiku" was and whether he would ever have a chance to meet the naughty little pet again, but didn't dare ask.

"It's just a picture. Sheesh."

Iason found another image, this one of two very pretty males, one standing, and the other pleasuring him orally, down on his knees.

"And this one," he continued, looking rather displeased.

"Are you really jealous over some stupid pictures?" Riki demanded. "Like you haven't masturbated a million times watching pets. Come on!"

Iason tossed the magazines back onto the table, gazing at his pet for a moment before speaking. "What if I had you pair with another pet. What would you think of that?"

Riki kept his eyes locked on his plate. "Um...."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you? A pretty female, perhaps? Heiku's pet? You seemed to especially like her."

Iason sounded angry, and Riki very wisely gave no real response, realizing that the offer was not genuine. He shrugged, munching on a piece of toast. "If you want me to."

The Blondie sighed, bringing a hand to his head. He could feel another headache coming on.

Now Riki watched him, concerned. He took a sip of his coffee. "Are you getting another headache, Iason?"

"A touch."

"Want me to rub your shoulders?"

"Yes, love."

Riki got up, and stood behind the Blondie for a few minutes, working out the knots in his shoulders. "You get these whenever you get upset about something," he remarked. Then he leaned down to whisper, "You don't have anything to be jealous about. I don't give a shit about the pets in those pictures, or any pets. I hadn't even looked at those magazines in months—maybe even a year or more."

Iason reached back and took hold of Riki's hand. "Come here."

The mongrel dutifully straddled him, and Iason slid his hands down to his hips, sighing.

"Riki," he began, softly. "Is it so terrible, being my pet?"

The mongrel blinked, surprised by the sudden turn of the conversation. "No, not really. I mean, of course I'd rather I wasn't *anyone's* pet. But you know that."

Iason seemed to be considering something, his brow furrowing. "I think...I satisfy you sexually. Isn't that so?"

Riki could not help but smile at this. "If you're so sure, why are you asking me?"

Now the Blondie frowned. "Are you saying I don't satisfy you?"

The mongrel leaned forward. "Jealous?"

"Yes. I want you all to myself. I want you to only solicit my sexual favor," Iason replied, firmly.

"Solicit your sexual favor?" Riki repeated, snickering at Iason's phrasing. "If that's true, then why did you allow Raoul to take me?"

The Blondie fell silent for a moment, lowering his eyes before answering. "That was an error."

"Hmmm. It was pretty kinky, though."

Iason looked up at him, frowning. "So, you enjoyed it?"

Riki laughed. "Of course I enjoyed it! I was so fucking horny—you're the one who wouldn't let me come all day. Don't get me wrong;

I still think Raoul is the biggest dickhead on the planet and I hope you don't plan on inviting him over again any time soon."

"I can promise you that much. I'll not be using Raoul to discipline you again. If you require correction, I'll administer it myself."

"You're so sexy in those glasses," Riki replied, leaning down to impart a soft kiss. Iason responded with more passion than he expected, pulling him close and kissing him long and hard.

After a moment Riki broke away, grinning. "Yes, you satisfy me," he whispered. "But I'd like it even *more* if you let me take you more often. And maybe if you'd let me tie you up and stuff. You know. Get a little kinky. I like having fun in bed."

Iason smiled at this, putting his arms around him and pulling him close. "Oh, Riki," he sighed, closing his eyes. "You are so precious to me. Can't you tell me you love me, just once?"

"If you force me to tell you, you'll never know if I really mean it," Riki replied, submitting to Iason's embrace. "But I'll tell you this much. I love having sex with you. That's what I meant when I said you don't have anything to worry about. You're the best fuck I've ever had, and I've had plenty."

Laughing, Iason held him even tighter. "You little mongrel. You refuse to say it. Very well. I will tell you. I love you, Riki, with all my heart. And I always will."

Riki closed his eyes, smiling, enjoying the gentle warmth of his Master's arms and the Blondie's profession of love, feeling, in his heart, that he loved Iason, too, even if he could not yet bring himself to confess it.

Punishment and Revenge

“IASON. LET ME COME IN.” Raoul stood outside Iason’s chambers, speaking into the intercom.

“Can it wait, Raoul?”

“Stop putting me off. I want to talk to you.”

It had been two days since Riki’s punishment at Raoul’s hand, and now Raoul was convinced Iason was deliberately avoiding him.

The door hummed open and he entered, finding Iason at the bar, pouring himself some wine.

“Cognac?” Iason asked.

Nodding almost dismissively, he walked toward his old lover, frowning when Iason refused to even make prolonged eye contact.

“Iason. You deposited two and half million credits into my portfolio.”

“I told you I would reimburse you, Raoul.”

“And I told you not to worry about it,” he shot back, his voice rising. “That Vergatti was a gift—not something I wanted you to pay me for!”

“I couldn’t have accepted it. I would have given it back or else insisted on paying you.”

Iason handed him a glass of cognac, motioning to the set of comfortable-looking chairs near the window.

“Let’s sit.”

Raoul took the drink, following Iason reluctantly, wanting instead to take him into his arms and make love to him, right there in the office. He was frustrated and angry with Iason, who had been obviously avoiding him ever since his visit to the penthouse, which, ironically, had been one of the most erotic nights of his life. Just when he finally thought he was making progress with his old lover, when he felt some semblance of control, Iason had shut him out again.

The Blondie sat down gracefully, looking at Raoul with a sigh. "Raoul. I know I'm to blame for...giving you false ideas about us. But now I want to make it perfectly clear to you. You're a dear friend. And once, yes, you were my lover. But, despite everything that's happened recently, you and I are not lovers now, and are not going to be lovers. I won't be soliciting your...assistance...with Riki ever again. It was a foolish mistake, one that I now regret."

Listening in disbelief, Raoul shook his head. "No. You can't just cut me off like this. I'm not a toy, Iason."

Iason sighed. "You have every right to be angry. I know I gave you mixed signals."

"Yes. Yes you did," Raoul agreed, his voice quivering with anger. "And you can't deny, Iason—you can't say you didn't enjoy the sex. We both know you did."

"I freely admit it. I've told you before...my body still loves you."

"But...your heart doesn't," Raoul finished, furious. "So who is this mystery lover who's captured your affections? Why do I never see you with anyone? And why the hell does he let you pair with your old lover, not to mention your pet? Or perhaps you're lying to me, making him up just to put me off?"

"I have not lied," Iason replied, softly.

"Then tell me. I deserve that much. You know I do."

Iason looked away, silent.

Now Raoul hurled his glass against the wall, shattering it, and stood up, grabbing Iason and forcing him to his feet. "Tell me!"

Iason lowered his eyes. "All right. If you must know."

Raoul waited, his heart beating faster.

Now Iason met Raoul's gaze, his sea-blue eyes cold with resolve. "It's Riki."

Raoul gave a little laugh, his brow creasing in a questioning manner. "What? Are you...joking?"

He studied him for a moment and then, realizing with horror that Iason spoke the truth, he shook his head in disbelief.

"No. That can't be. Are you...out of your MIND?" Nearly screaming the last word, Raoul shook him like a naughty child. "Have you any idea what will happen if—"

"Hush," Iason cautioned, sharply.

"I can't let you throw everything away. Not for *him*!"

"Keep your voice down, Raoul," Iason hissed.

"I'll speak as LOUD AS I FUCKING FEEL LIKE!" Raoul yelled, cursing in an uncharacteristic way that surprised Iason, reminding him, rather ironically, of Riki.

Now Iason's communication center lit up.

"Excuse me, Lord Mink?" Odi, the new security guard on the floor, had buzzed him. "Is everything all right? I heard screaming."

"Yes, yes. Raoul and I are simply having a difference of opinion."

"Are you sure? Do you require any assistance?"

"No. Please, Odi. Everything is fine."

"Everyone is...concerned. I thought you should know your conversation may not be entirely private."

"Thank you for alerting me. That will be all."

Iason cut the transmission, then sent out an outgoing message that he was currently busy.

"Aristian Concerto in D Minor, level 8," he commanded, the music immediately coming on to mask any further loud conversation from curious bystanders.

Raoul, cooling down a little, sat back down in his chair, his face in his hands. Iason approached him slowly, having never seen him look so upset. He crouched down beside him, putting his hand on his knee.

"Don't...touch me," Raoul snarled, grabbing his wrist. "Unless you want me to take you right here and now."

Iason paused for a moment, considering.

"Would that compensate you?"

"What...what are you saying?"

"My offer is this: my body, as compensation for your grievance against me. Whatever you want to do to me."

"My grievance against you?" Raoul repeated, hurt. "Iason, all I've ever wanted is for you to love me back. You put things so coldly. You made me think you had feelings for me again. And now you tell me the most impossible thing, that you prefer a *mongrel* to my love. If that's what you mean by my grievance, then nothing you can do will ever compensate for it!"

“Very well.” Now Iason rose to his feet.

Raoul grabbed his wrist, standing up slowly. “Not so fast.”

For a long moment, Raoul stared at him, feeling almost angry with his offer. It was just like him to suggest something incredibly provocative like using his body to release his frustration. And that was exactly why Raoul loved him so much.

“But this is the *last* time we will be together,” Iason warned.

“You,” Raoul started to speak and then fell silent, unable to find the words to express the myriad emotions that swelled up in his heart.

Then, it was as if a fury was suddenly unleashed from within. Raoul pulled him close, his mouth coming down hard on the Blondie’s lips, his kiss furious. He broke away, then grabbed Iason by the hair, pulling his head back. Removing a glove with his teeth, he proceeded to strike the Blondie across the face—hard, and then once again. Iason submitted to it, silent, though the second strike made his lip bleed.

“You’ve played me for the fool!” he hissed angrily.

Next Raoul dragged him over to the desk, clearing it with a sweeping arm, and then unzipped his body suit with one angry motion, yanking it off to get to the Blondie’s naked body. Slamming him down onto the desk, he spread Iason’s legs and, without further prelude, penetrated him violently, relishing the Blondie’s winces.

“This can’t possibly hurt you...as much as you’ve hurt me,” he whispered, his voice thick with emotion.

He had Iason’s hair in one hand and pulled his head back painfully. With his other hand, he smacked Iason’s right hip and buttocks every so often, as hard as he could.

Iason didn’t answer, but endured Raoul’s brutal acquisition without resistance, hoping that it would help him accept the termination of their relationship. And he felt that he deserved a little punishment. He had certainly used Raoul; there was no getting around it.

Raoul was beside himself with hurt and rage. He couldn’t believe that Iason could be so cold as to play with him so heartlessly. And then to find out that it had been Riki, all this time, who Iason referred to when he spoke of someone stealing his heart...it was too much.

This wasn't going to be the end of it. He was going to get his revenge on Iason's mongrel...even if it meant he had to kill him.



RIKI WOKE UP LATE, FINDING that Iason had already left for the day. He sighed, stretching, relieved to discover his pain almost completely gone. Iason had been right—the combination of the Accelerator and the opiate had done wonders for his soreness. He'd already felt better the day before, and today he felt almost as good as new. He jumped up and went over to the floor-length mirror that hung on one wall, trying to look at the damage on his backside, and gasping when he saw how much he had healed in two nights.

"That's fucking amazing," he muttered.

"You're finally up." Daryl was standing in the doorway, smiling at the way Riki was examining himself.

"Can you see this?" Riki exclaimed.

"Yes. Your bottom is...very lovely," Daryl answered saucily.

"Smartass!" Riki grinned. "Seriously, I've never seen anything like it...how fast it healed, I mean."

Daryl nodded. "That's the Accelerator."

"That's...fucking awesome."

"You didn't seem to care much for it when we put it on."

"That's because it hurt like hell. But I guess...it was worth it."

"You think so? Or maybe Iason just healed you faster so he could dole out more punishment." Daryl cocked his head, smiling.

"What are you in such a good mood about?" Riki demanded, as he got dressed.

"Nothing...just that...Katze has a surprise for me."

"You're not calling Katze from here are you?"

Daryl shook his head. "From the pavilion."

"You're an idiot. Iason will find out."

"You're...calling ME an idiot?" Daryl laughed. "After all the shit you've pulled?"

Riki stared at him for a moment, marveling over his relaxed, confident manner.

“You sure have changed, Daryl. I still...can’t quite get over it.”

Daryl shrugged, leaning back against the doorframe. “Have I?”

“Yeah. Most definitely,” Riki replied. *You’re more like Katze*, he thought, privately. “So...how’s Katze doing?”

“His injuries are mostly healed.”

“So I guess...that means,” Riki started, then stopped.

“Yes. Master Iason already called him. His punishment is set for tomorrow night.”

They both fell silent for a moment.

“At least you’ll get to see him,” Riki said softly.

Daryl hung his head. “Yeah,” he whispered. “I just can’t stand the thought...of watching him suffer.”

“If I know Katze, he’ll practically overdose on opiates before he gets here.”

“That’s exactly what he said he’d do,” he answered, smiling.

The sound of the front door opening startled them both. It was unusual for Iason to come home in the middle of the day, and they both rushed to greet him.

Daryl gasped when he saw him, and Riki stopped dead in his tracks. The Blondie’s face was slightly bruised, his lip cut and a little swollen.

“What happened?” Riki demanded.

“Nothing you need to be concerned about,” Iason replied.

“Can I get you something, Master Iason?” Daryl asked.

“Wine, Daryl.”

Daryl rushed to retrieve the wanted drink, while Riki stepped in front of Iason, hands on hips.

“Who did this? Was it Raoul?”

The Blondie shot him a look that answered his guess.

“That fucking bastard! I’m gonna kill him!” Riki yelled.

Now Iason reached down and grabbed hold of his chin, bending down close to his face.

“You most certainly will *not*. Riki. Mark my words. You are not to go near Raoul. I cannot protect you if you assault a Blondie.”

He released his pet and moved toward the great hall.

“Did he...what else did he do?” The mongrel’s eyes flashed darkly, as his fury began rising from deep within.

Iason whipped around. “Pet. Let it go,” he commanded, firmly.

“No. No, I will NOT let it go.” His pet stared back at him defiantly.

“You WILL.” Now Iason’s voice rose, along with his anger.

“But he...he *hurt* you!”

“I let him hurt me.”

Riki shook his head, mystified. “What the fuck are you talking about? Do you mean you played a sex game with him?”

“Riki. This discussion is OVER.”

“It’s not over!” Furious, Riki kicked over an end-table, sending Iason’s books crashing to the floor.

The Blondie grabbed his wrists, and then twisted them behind him as he pressed up against his back, restraining him. “Calm down,” he commanded, as Riki struggled.

“I’m gonna...hack his prick off,” Riki growled.

Now that Riki could not see him, Iason smiled, thrilled with his pet’s protectiveness and rage. But he knew he had to discourage any form of retaliation or his pet would be in serious danger. Though Riki may have been the most feared mongrel in Ceres, he was simply no match for Raoul. Therefore, he would have to be harsh with him, for his own good.

“Pet,” he whispered in his ear, “I am giving you *one* more opportunity to settle down and obey me. If you persist with this behavior, I’ll be forced to punish you. So we are finished discussing what happened with Raoul, and you are not to go near him or contact him in any way. Is that quite clear?”

Furious, Riki remained silent.

“Answer me, Riki! Are you going to obey me?”

“No, I am not,” Riki replied, coldly. “I’m gonna kill him, like I said—or at least fuck him up like he deserves. And nothing you can do will stop me.”

“Is that so?”

Now Iason’s voice was firm, uncompromising—the tone of voice he always used before disciplining his pet—the voice that meant Riki could no longer talk his way out of being punished.

“Wouldn’t my keeping you chained up stop you? Are you saying a hard spanking wouldn’t stop you? Let’s see about that.”

The Blondie dragged him over to his chair and turned him over his knees, removing his glove and tossing it aside as he kept Riki’s arms pinned behind his back with one hand. He tugged down his pants, noting the healed flesh with some relief, knowing he could unleash his discipline without restraint, though the bruises meant it would be more painful. That was good; he wanted Riki to hurt, because he was afraid his pet would seriously go after Raoul, a scenario he knew would end in disaster for the mongrel.

“I gave you an opportunity to avoid this, Riki,” Iason admonished, in a low voice. “Maybe next time you’ll take it.”

Hardening himself against what he knew would be heart-wrenching cries, he proceeded to give Riki a thorough spanking, his hand burning all the while. Riki was completely surprised by the severity of his punishment, wailing from the pain and, from his view, the injustice of being disciplined simply for caring about his Master’s well-being.

The mongrel hated being spanked. Not only was it humiliating, a child’s punishment, it was an unassailable truth that being spanked by a Blondie *hurt*. Iason had given him many spankings—some delivered as warnings, some playful, some as prelude to further punishment, others hard and brutal. And this spanking was among the very worst, for no matter how much Riki pleaded with him, promising finally to obey him, Iason simply wouldn’t stop.

The Blondie gave him the full force of his arm, pushing past his own pain as his muscles cramped and his hand burned and ached. Drops of sweat rolled down his face from his brow, and still the spanking continued without reprieve.

In utter agony, Riki began desperately squirming and kicking to escape his punishment, but was unable to do so, though his body language, as well as his brutally red bottom, told his Master that his arm was keenly felt. Finally, when the mongrel’s screams became almost eerie, Iason brought the spanking to a halt, but kept his pet bent over his knees.

“So pet. Did that spanking change your agenda? Or do I need to spank you some more?”

“Please,” Riki sobbed. “No more. I won’t do anything. I promise.”

“I thought as much. A proper spanking can be quite persuasive, wouldn’t you agree?”

His pet answered this with a tearful, incomprehensible reply. Feeling pity for him, but not wanting to dilute the effect of his punishment, Iason set him on his feet roughly. “Go to your room,” he ordered. “If you disobey me again, you’ll be right back over my knee, and I’ll chain you up again. I think you know that’s not an idle threat.”

Eyes filled with misery, confusion, and hurt, Riki shot him a pathetic, dejected look before trotting off as ordered, not even bothering to pull up his pants.

Suddenly wishing he could gather him up in his arms, Iason stared after him, comforting himself with the knowledge that Riki would probably not carry out his threat to hurt Raoul.

It wasn’t so much that he cared what happened to Raoul—it was that he worried about what would happen to Riki. His pet’s threats to kill Raoul had been precious, and this made the Blondie feel even worse that he had been forced to discipline him so severely. Now Riki would be angry with him, which was the last thing he wanted.

Feeling irritated and now wanting to dole out more punishment, Iason called Daryl, who had been lurking nearby with his wine. The boy brought him his wine and turned to go.

“Daryl. Don’t you have something you want to tell me?”

Surprised, Daryl just stopped and looked at him, speechless.

“Perhaps I’ll give you a hint. Would you like to explain why you’ve been calling Katze, defying my explicit orders?”

The eunuch hung his head, wondering how Iason had uncovered his deception. “I’m sorry, Sir.”

“You know you’re in for some serious punishment.”

“Yes, Master Iason.”

Iason sighed. “Why, Daryl? After all this time? Why disobey me?”

The youth shook his head. “It wasn’t...like that. It’s just that I missed Katze so much.”

“So much that you were willing to risk my displeasure and certain punishment? Have you any idea what’s in store for you?”

Standing a little straighter, Daryl summoned the courage to look into his Master’s eyes. “I’m ready to be punished.”

Laughing softly, the Blondie considered him for a moment. He almost admired the boy’s willingness to face his wrath, simply to talk to his lover. But his disobedience could not be tolerated.

“Is that so? I don’t think you can possibly be ready for what I have in mind for you.”

Shivering a little at this threat, Daryl remained silent, waiting to learn his fate.

“You’re going to be punished with Katze. I’m going to whip you both, with a full-size whip, one right after the other. Each of you will watch the other suffer.”

Dismayed, Daryl felt his face grow hot, his eyes stinging with tears he fought desperately not to shed—more for Katze than for himself—but some for himself, too. He knew all too well the pain of a whipping, and could not believe he would have to face it again, as well as witness Katze subjected to it.

Iason noted his tears impassively, sipping his wine. “Perhaps you should have weighed the consequences more carefully before you acted so disobediently.”

Daryl nodded. “Yes, Sir.” When Iason remained silent, he added, “Shall I go now, Master Iason?”

“No. That’s not all I have to tell you.”

The youth waited, puzzled with the inexplicable look on his Master’s face.

The Blondie took another sip of his wine, studying him for a moment, then sighed. “I’ve decided that you will no longer be my attending servant, Daryl.”

Surprised, the grey-eyed youth stared at him in alarm. Serving Iason had been his life—and now he was to be dismissed? He could not even get his mind around it, could not believe his Master was so angry with him as to let him go.

“Please, Master Iason,” he pleaded, “please...forgive me. Give me another chance.” Daryl was terrified at the prospect of serving a new

Master, devastated at the thought of leaving Iason, who he had come, in a very real way, to actually care for.

Pleased with Daryl's reluctance to leave him, Iason smiled, his anger softening. "It is not just your disobedience that's at issue. I have not decided on this to punish you. It is simply a fact that you are no longer suitable as my servant. The incident between you, Katze, and Riki was enough to convince me of that, but I delayed acting out of...perhaps a foolish affection for you."

Daryl blinked at these words. Iason had never, in all the time he had served him, suggested that he harbored any sort of fondness for him. He felt flattered and, at the same time, distressed that this revelation came now, when his Master was dismissing him.

"Your recent insubordination drove the point home. But, as I said, it was not just your disobedience that motivated my decision. I see something in you—a talent—that I think would be better utilized in a position more like Katze's."

"A position...like Katze's?" His eyes wide, Daryl listened to his Master, not quite able to believe what he was hearing.

"Yes. You would still serve me, but in other ways. I'm interested in putting your computer skills to better use."

"Would I still live at the penthouse?"

"No. I'll arrange an apartment for you in the city, or perhaps in Midas. Unless of course," he added with a knowing smile, "you can find your own accommodations."

Impossibly, it seemed Iason was telling Daryl that he was allowing him to live with Katze, if he so chose. His knees suddenly going weak, Daryl stepped back, clutching the bar counter.

"I...don't know what to say."

"Of course, this won't happen right away. First, you'll be training my new servant." Now Iason sighed, as he contemplated what would be involved. "That will take several months, no doubt, because he'll be quite useless initially. He's still a pet, at the moment, about to undergo modification."

"I see."

Daryl wondered who this new attending servant was, this unfortunate pet about to lose his pampered status in exchange for

domestic servanthood, and what he had done to deserve it. His mind was a jumble of emotions; though initially he had despaired at Iason's announcement, now he began to see it in a new light—a chance for greater freedom and responsibility, and most of all, a chance to be with Katze. It hardly seemed possible that Iason was giving him this news after he had just promised to punish him so severely.

“Thank you, Master Iason.”

“You may go.” The Blondie now turned and gazed out the window, suddenly tired of the conversation, a new headache coming on.

It had been a trying day. Raoul had left work in a rage, and Iason, aware of the attention their argument had generated, had thought it prudent to leave before his appearance caused even more gossip. He was, in truth, a bit sore from the fury Raoul had unleashed on him; he hadn't expected him to take his offer quite so enthusiastically.

Raoul had embraced the opportunity with relish, expressing physically all his anger and frustration with Iason, and while it had given him some release, the spurned Blondie was in no way ready to let matters rest as they were.

Later, at home, Raoul had paced his apartment restlessly, occasionally pounding the wall with his fist, or hurling an object across the room. Yui watched all this with concern, having never witnessed his Master in such a state. He was certain it had something to do with Iason Mink, but he knew better than to approach him about it, simply waiting for Raoul to notice him and want something. If he could have seen into the Blondie's mind, he would have shuddered at what he saw.

All Raoul could think about was how he could hurt Riki; how he would go about it, when he could get to the mongrel, how far he would take it. It was simply beyond his comprehension that Iason could be in love with him. Though he had finally come to understand something of his old lover's sexual appetite for his rebellious pet, it was impossible that Iason actually *preferred* Riki to him. It was inconceivable, not to mention an abomination—and Raoul intended to do something about it.



RIKI WOKE UP WITH A START, realizing that he was in his room, though it was late at night. Iason had not called for him; this was one of the few nights he had not slept with his Master since the Blondie began taking him.

He winced as he got up, his bottom tender and sore. Quietly, he wandered through the penthouse in search of Iason, who wasn't in his bedroom or in the great hall. Next he tried the Library, and found his Master there, asleep in a chair, a book on his lap.

He smiled, adoring how Iason looked in his spectacles, fast asleep. But he also noted the bruising on his cheek with concern—and not a little anger.

Fucking Raoul.

Iason may have prevented him from doing anything immediately, but Riki was resolved to pay the Blondie back somehow. He wondered what had happened between them and why Iason refused to tell him about it.

Settling down at his feet, he laid his head against his Master's thigh, desperate for some affection. He had spent the afternoon and evening alone in his room, his bottom smarting from his spanking, and gone through an entire symphony of emotions, from hurt and anger, to confusion and betrayal, to misery, loneliness, and despair. Hour after hour, Iason did not come, and he had been wounded by that, more than anything, though he also obsessed over his hatred for Raoul. Finally, he had drifted off into a fitful, troubled sleep.

Iason opened his eyes, finding Riki snuggled up against his leg in a manner so endearing he couldn't help but smile. The Blondie had just awoken from an erotic dream involving the dark-haired mongrel who now curled up at his feet. He reached down, stroking his hair.

Riki looked up at him, eyes wide. "Are you still mad at me?"

"No, pet. As long as you obey me." Iason removed his glasses, and his gloves, setting them down on the end table next to him, along with his book.

The mongrel sighed. "I'm hungry. I didn't get any dinner."

“Daryl left something for you in the kitchen. But...don’t go yet.”
Iason caressed his face for a moment with his thumb, silent.

His pet gazed back at him, trying to ascertain his mood. “Do you...want something?”

“Yes,” he whispered, eyes shining.

His pet waited, his eyes instinctively lowering to determine exactly how much his Master wanted it. The Blondie’s arousal clearly evident, Riki watched as Iason slowly unfastened his trousers, revealing his impressive erection as he spread his legs apart suggestively. He gazed down at his pet, his eyes smoldering with undeniable intent.

With deliberate, unhurried firmness, he took hold of Riki’s hand, guiding it to his shaft, then showing him with a few strokes how he wanted to be pleased. Iason appeared to be in an unusual mood, wanting something a little different—the pace slower than usual—tantalizingly sensual and intense.

Riki complied, eager to please Iason and earn his praise, still stinging from his Master’s discipline—his heart, perhaps, even more than his body. Iason’s erotic manner excited him, the way he was staring down at him so intently, his head resting on the back of his chair, his thighs spread apart comfortably, his immense organ twitching with Riki’s every stroke.

The Blondie did not speak, but as Riki touched him, he continued to run his fingers through his hair and then caress his face gently, his warm fingers moving to press against his lips. Then, he slid his hand around to the back of his head, drawing him closer, making his desire clear. With one hand around the base of his shaft, he pressed himself up to Riki’s lips.

“Just relax,” Iason instructed. “Let me do it.”

“Do you want me to,” Riki began, then stopped, uncertain.

“I’ll tell you what to do.”

The Blondie rubbed the tip of his erection against Riki’s lips, parting them slowly.

“Open your mouth a little,” he whispered.

His pet obeyed, intrigued with this new method of oral exploration.

Iason grabbed hold of the mongrel’s soft, dark hair, pulling his head back gently. “Just let me press against your tongue.” Now Iason

drew his breath in sharply, “Yes, love, just like that. Now, close your mouth around me...that’s it. Yes.”

Now Riki was desperate to begin sucking and pleasuring Iason in the way he was accustomed to, yet delighted in his Master’s game of controlled stimulation. Feeling his own lust mounting, he reached down and adjusted himself.

Thrusting very slightly against his tongue, Iason now had the head of his cock in his pet’s mouth. “Suck me...gently.”

Riki obeyed, moving his hands up to Iason’s thighs and raking them across his skin-tight body suit, delighting in the rock-hard muscles beneath and the way his Master spread his legs so widely.

“Move your tongue.”

Finally allowed to practice his pleasuring arts, Riki unleashed an erotic lingual dance on his Master’s intoxicatingly hard cock, desperate for the Blondie to penetrate him completely, deeply, wanting to feel him bump up against the back of this throat where he could hook him and bring him quickly to completion.

Now Iason parted his lips, breathing a little more deeply. “Ohhh, pet,” he murmured, closing his eyes. Releasing his hair and placing both hands on his head, he began thrusting a little deeper into the mongrel’s mouth, groaning with each thrust.

Riki now slid a hand down his pants and began stroking himself, anxious for release.

“Relax your head in my hands—don’t move,” he commanded, opening his eyes, as he began thrusting at the pace he desired, enjoying, as always, a good fuck in the mongrel’s mouth.

His pet, hoping his Master’s command did not pertain to his masturbatory manipulations, continued to pleasure himself.

“I told you not to move,” the Blondie chided. “Stop touching yourself.” Then, more softly, he added, “I’ll take care of you when I’m finished, love.”

Appeased and stimulated by his Master’s promise to “take care of him,” Riki moved his hands up to Iason’s thighs again. He ran his hands across them, longing to touch his bare flesh, to have his nude body pressed close to his own.

“Suck a little harder—just a bit,” Iason demanded, then moaned. “Ohhh, yes. That’s it. Perfect...just like that.” He moved now more violently and deeply into his pet’s mouth, his need rising with each thrust, his pleasure spiraling out of his control, the warm wetness of the mongrel’s mouth too delicious to resist any longer. With a series of gasps and exclamations announcing his imminent release, the Blondie closed his eyes and then, groaning, he ejaculated, his semen filling the mongrel’s mouth.

“Swallow me,” he commanded, through half-closed eyes, vocalizing his pleasure with a soft moan as he withdrew. Riki obliged him, savoring his Master’s essence, and licking the tip of his organ to recover any remnants of his release.

“Riki,” Iason murmured softly, almost sighing.

“Was that acceptable, Master Iason?” Riki replied, a little saucily.

The Blondie smiled at his pet’s teasing by calling him, as he properly should yet rarely did, *Master*. “It was quite satisfactory.”

“What the fuck does that mean?” Riki demanded, frowning. “Satisfactory, that’s it?”

Iason laughed, pulling Riki closer so he could kiss him. “It was perfect, my darling pet,” he answered, then kissed him slowly, enjoying the taste of himself still in the mongrel’s mouth.

Riki responded to this kiss eagerly, running his hand through Iason’s soft hair, anxious to be “taken care of.”

The Blondie took hold of his chin, looking into his eyes. “Now. What would you like, my love?”

The mongrel thought for a moment. He had wanted to get into bed with Iason, but suddenly realized he was far too aroused—he needed immediate release.

“I want the same as you,” he decided, finally. “Except...I won’t last as long.”

Iason smiled at this, knowing full well how easily Riki became aroused and how quickly he reached completion. It was one of the things he loved about him. There was now never any doubt that his pet would be an enthusiastic partner when it came to sex, although, of course, it had not always been that way in the very beginning. Yet even when the mongrel had been forced to perform for him in their

early days together, Riki had aroused and released himself with astonishing speed...and frequency.

He rose, exchanging places with Riki, who had already unzipped his pants and pulled them down a little to reveal his considerable arousal. His pet sat down in the chair, smiling, as Iason positioned himself between his legs.

Then, without even understanding why he did it, Iason firmly spread Riki's legs apart, pulling him down to position him better in the chair as he gazed purposefully at him, exactly replicating Katze's distinctive style. His pet gasped—partly from the sliding trauma to his sore bottom—but even more so from Iason's move, which he immediately recognized as Katze's.

For a long moment, Master and pet gazed at one another, Riki slowly comprehending that Iason had been with Katze, and that this was his way of letting him know. The Blondie saw from his look that his pet had definitely remembered Katze's erotic arts, had recognized the move, and therefore, had been affected by it when he had first experienced it.

Neither of them spoke about it, but in that moment something was communicated between them, something powerful—each of them looking into the heart of the other with nothing to restrict their view, if only for that brief moment. Each of them saw hurt, jealousy, and the strength of their attachment to one another—a bond that each day seemed to thicken anew, like the chains that joined them together when they ventured out in public.

Iason broke the gaze first, taking hold of him and fondling him with experienced ease, just the way he knew his pet liked it. Excited, Riki let his hands rest on the Blondie's head, ready for the wet stimulation of his mouth. His Master answered this by flicking his tongue along his head and its ridge, and up and down his shaft.

"Yeah," Riki encouraged. "That's nice."

The Blondie continued this for a while as Riki buried his hands in his hair, releasing long, sharp breaths that communicated his pleasure. When Iason finally took him into his mouth, the mongrel groaned, nearly spilling his seed from the stimulation.

“Hold on,” he cautioned, prompting Iason to remain still while he attempted to regain control, biting his lip.

Riki stared down at the beautiful Blondie who knelt before him, sitting back gracefully on his heels, his long hair trailing exotically on the floor around him.

“Okay,” Riki announced, finally, moaning loudly as Iason resumed pleasuring him with his mouth. “Fuck it,” he muttered, deciding there was no way he could make things last in his aroused state. There was no point in holding back.

He celebrated this decision by thrusting eagerly into his Master’s mouth, groaning from the delicious stimulation. “Holy shit,” he breathed. “You feel so...oh fuck...yeah, right there, right there! Just like that—ohhhhh!”

With sudden urgency, he climaxed violently into the warm, wet mouth of the handsome Master who had punished him so relentlessly just hours before. As Riki watched the Blondie lick up his sex, he suddenly felt inexplicably sad.

The dark-haired, dark-eyed mongrel from the slums had no idea how he had come to this point in his life, so shamelessly seeking the affection and sexual attention of Iason Mink—the Blondie who had torn him from the only world he knew, whipping him into submission, demanding his obedience and love.

“What is it, pet?” Iason asked, softly, studying his anguished expression with concern.

Riki looked away, shaking his head.

Iason rose up on his knees, forcing his pet’s attention. “Tell me. Didn’t you enjoy that?”

The mongrel stared back at him for a moment. “I don’t want to love you,” he stated, finally.

A little surprised by this remark, Iason considered it for a moment. “Does that mean you *do* love me?”

“No,” Riki shot back, a little too quickly.

“And why, pet, is it so terrible a thing for you to love me?”

“Because you’re...a fucking asshole. You’re always hurting me.”

“If you mean I’m always punishing you, that’s because you need correction,” Iason countered, though with surprising gentleness.

"Like this morning? That was so unfair, Iason. Just because I cared about you. It was only natural that I'd want to do something. And you...really hurt me."

"You're forgetting once again," Iason sighed, "that you are my *pet*."

"How could I possibly forget that! You remind me every bloody day!"

"Calm down," the Blondie scolded, sternly. "Don't raise your voice to me."

"That's exactly what I'm talking about! You're always...putting me in my place."

Iason laughed softly. "Perhaps, pet, if you stayed in your place, there would be less putting you there."

The mongrel attempted to look away, and Iason firmly held his chin, forcing his attention.

"Look at me. Riki. You ARE my pet. As such, I am responsible for your behavior. If you need correction, make no mistake—I *will* punish you. With as much force as it takes. Surely you know that by now. Why you persist in defying me after all this time is simply beyond me."

"I don't want to be your pet. I want to be...your lover."

Smiling at the mongrel's bold declaration, Iason softened a little. "Is that so? You want to be my lover?" Amused, he laughed softly.

"What's so fucking funny about that?" his pet demanded.

"Because pet, you want to be my lover, but you don't want to love me. These seem like contradictory aspirations, in my view."

His pet fell silent, feeling a little foolish. He slumped down in the chair, sulking.

"Come now. What brought all this on?"

Now Riki gazed at him steadily. "When did it happen? When were you with him? You know who I mean."

Iason rose to his feet, realizing now that Riki was upset about Katze. "So. Is that what this is about?" He smiled. "Don't tell me my pet is jealous?"

"When did it happen?"

"I don't have to give an accounting to you, pet."

Riki pouted, annoyed.

"Might I remind you, Riki, that you were the first to open that door."

Unable to dispute this fact, his pet remained silent. So. Now he knew it had happened after he had been with Katze. But why had Iason pursued Katze? Simply to hurt him? Or out of curiosity? Revenge? And what about...Daryl? The mongrel pondered his Master's actions, trying to uncover his motivations.

The Blondie sighed. "Go eat your dinner."

Riki obeyed, rising to leave the room. But as he brushed past Iason, the Blondie suddenly seized him, pulling him close. Still angry, Riki stubbornly refused to embrace him, his arms hanging limply by his side.

"I wanted to know what you experienced," Iason whispered in his ear. "I had to understand why you wanted him."

Melting at his Master's confession, Riki now threw his arms around him, burying his head in his chest. "Iason. Don't you get it? That was the night you were with Raoul. I was so...hurt."

For a long moment, the two of them stood together, holding each other, their embrace and shared secrets somehow soothing deep wounds, much like the Accelerator had healed Riki's punished flesh.



RIKI WAS ON THE BALCONY, SMOKING, thinking about the evening ahead. Katze and Daryl were both to be punished that night—severely punished. He still could not believe Iason was going to whip them both. For all his transgressions, Riki had never been whipped by his Master—except by a kasey-whip, which hardly counted.

And not only were they to be punished...apparently Daryl was being dismissed as Iason's servant. Riki was especially upset about this; he had come to truly enjoy the boy's company. But at the same time he knew Iason was giving him an extraordinary gift—greater freedom, and, above all else, the chance to be with Katze.

Almost as though Daryl sensed he was the subject of Riki's thoughts, he wandered onto the balcony.

"So. Today's the big day," Riki remarked. "You scared?"

“Oh yes,” Daryl nodded. “But as you said...at least I’ll get to see Katze...though not in the circumstances either of us would like.”

The mongrel took a long drag, pondering whether he should bring up the matter that had been eating away at him. Deciding that Daryl had a right to know, he exhaled, looking directly at him. “There’s something...I want to ask you.”

“What is it?”

“I wonder if you knew...that Iason...and Katze,” Riki stopped, uncertain of how to proceed.

“Yeah,” Daryl replied, softly. “I know. Katze told me.”

“What did he say?”

“He said...that Iason made him service him. We didn’t go into details. He...wanted to wait until we could be together to discuss it.”

Riki considered this, curious about this last detail.

Daryl shook his head. “I’m not sure exactly what happened. It was the same day Iason found out about the two of you—the day he paddled you. Katze said he tried to strangle him.”

“What!” Riki exclaimed. All this was news to him. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Because...I didn’t want to talk about it,” Daryl admitted.

“Oh.” Riki tossed his cigarette over the ledge.

“You should really put that out before you discard it like that,” Daryl chided. “What if it hits someone down there, still lit?”

Riki giggled, delighted with this thought, imagining Raoul walking under the balcony at precisely that moment.

Daryl shook his head. “You’re...incorrigible. I’m just wondering what you’ll do next to get into trouble. What will it be...dropping something else over the ledge, or maybe destroying Iason’s art collection again?”

The mongrel blinked for a moment, suddenly seized with an extraordinarily naughty idea. His eyes widening, he grinned at Daryl and then dashed from the balcony, darting through the penthouse.

Recognizing Riki’s mischievous look with alarm, Daryl took off after him. Riki had already made his way to the hidden door that led to the Observatory.

“No! Riki!” Daryl cried out, immediately suspecting what the mongrel had in mind.

Grinning, Riki opened the door and scrambled up the steps. Daryl picked up his pace, hoping to catch him before he committed another foolish transgression.

“Don’t do it! Don’t even think about it! Riki! You’ll regret it!”

But Riki, now having thought of a way to get back at Raoul for hurting Iason, had made his way into the Observatory, dashing across the floor to the wall where the immense painting hung, depicting Ios and Erphanes in the exact likenesses of Iason and Raoul.

Without hesitating, the mongrel flipped on his lighter, holding it up to Raoul’s face, watching it distort and melt. Then, he moved the flame down to the Blondie’s ridiculously immense—though admittedly accurate—organ, subjecting it to a similar fate. The net effect of Riki’s artistic commentary was comical, yet given the fact that he had just vandalized a great work of art, horrifying.

Daryl reached the Observatory and apprehended Riki’s handiwork with disbelief.

“Riki!” he scolded, furious. “Are you completely insane? Iason’s going to kill you!”

“What are you so mad about? I’m just expressing myself artistically. Pretty funny, huh?”

“That was actually...a *beautiful* painting, and you just ruined it,” Daryl lamented. “You’re really going to be in for it this time. He’s probably going to whip you, along with Katze and me.”

“No, he won’t,” Riki replied, confidently. “He doesn’t want to leave any scars. He’s too much of a pervert to mess up my body.”

“Stupid! He’s going to beat you within an inch of your life! That painting was worth millions! Not to mention the fact that Raoul painted it!”

“I don’t fucking care,” the mongrel retorted defiantly, thrilled with his revenge on Raoul.

Exasperated, Daryl grabbed him by his wrist, dragging him back down the stairs.

“What the hell are you doing?” Riki demanded, trying to escape his punishing grip, a bit surprised at Daryl’s sudden strength.

“Hush.”

Laughing at Daryl’s Master-like manner, Riki allowed him to successfully drag him to the great hall, then to the cabinet where his chains were kept.

“Oh come on! You’re not seriously going to chain me up!”

Daryl answered this by snapping on his collar, leading him by the chain over to the wall hook in the corner of the hall. Riki giggled furiously, finding Daryl’s manner decidedly amusing.

When the grey-eyed youth fastened him to the hook, however, he suddenly realized Daryl wasn’t playing a game.

“Hey! What the fuck! Let me go, dammit!”

“No, Riki. Master Iason is going to be furious with you. It’s my responsibility to make sure you don’t get into any more trouble. I’m doing this for your sake, too.”

“What! Daryl!”

Firm in his decision, Daryl returned to the kitchen, leaving Riki to howl his outrage. Once it became clear that he wasn’t going to budge on the issue, the mongrel sat down, smiling at Daryl’s resolve. He was still pleased with his decision to destroy Raoul’s painting, though in the back of his mind he knew he was in for some serious punishment when Iason discovered what he’d done.

When the Blondie finally came home, he froze in his tracks upon apprehending Riki chained in the hall. He turned to Daryl, who had come to greet him.

“Why is Riki in chains?”

“Forgive me, Master Iason. Riki has done something that will most certainly displease you, and I felt he needed restraining to prevent further...mischief.”

“Is that so?” Hands on hips, Iason’s voice rose, betraying his anger. “And what did he do this time?”

“He...damaged the painting Raoul made for you.”

“He,” Iason started, and then stopped, falling silent. He strode toward the Observatory, shooting Riki a withering look as he passed him. “Daryl had better be horribly mistaken,” he warned.

Now feeling a little less exuberant over his accomplishment, Riki tried to remain calm as he waited for the inevitable.

Iason ascended the stairs quickly, his heart pounding as he entered the Observatory. His first glance confirmed Daryl's assertion; as he walked toward the painting, he shook his head in disbelief when he saw Raoul's masterpiece so maliciously defaced. While he knew Riki had done it out of jealousy and anger, he felt as though something extraordinary had been lost forever, and for that, his pet was going to pay.

Returning downstairs, he went straightway to the special drawer where he kept his instruments of discipline, opening it with a slam of his fist and retrieving the taming stick. He walked toward Riki, his eyes dark with anger.

"On your feet," he ordered sternly.

Determined to maintain his dignity, Riki obeyed, rising, meeting his Master's menacing gaze with defiance.

"Lower your pants."

The mongrel unzipped his pants and then hesitated, eyeing the taming stick that the Blondie had begun slapping against his gloved hand in a threatening manner.

Impatient with his pet's procrastination, Iason grabbed hold of his trousers and tugged them down, roughly, flipping him over and shoving him up against the wall. He pinned his hands over his head, beginning to reprimand him.

"You're in for it this time, Riki. I've had it. What you did is unconscionable. So prepare yourself for pain—and you deserve every single stroke." Iason was so furious his voice shook, as did his body.

Without further warning, the Blondie swung the taming stick, striking Riki's bare bottom—still sore from the previous day's spanking—with merciless force, using the full range of his arm to generate velocity and increase the pain of impact. Despite all his plans to remain cool and detached during the punishment, Riki screamed, now remembering all too well the agony of the taming stick. Iason's cloak swirled rhythmically as he struck his recalcitrant pet over and over, his hair swaying as he leaned over to deliver the punishing blows to Riki's most tender region.

Daryl watched Riki's punishment from the hall, standing with his feet apart and his arms crossed on his chest, feeling some sympathy

for him, but at the same time believing Iason was completely justified in disciplining him. He was actually a little angry with Riki for what he'd done; Raoul's painting had been one of the most beautiful things he'd ever seen, reminding him of the day Katze had taken him to the ocean where they loved each other in the tides under the twin moons.

The painting had meaning for him, and Riki had, in a moment of ridiculous mischief, ruined it forever. And when Raoul found out...Daryl shuddered, wondering what the Blondie would do when he learned how his masterpiece had been destroyed...and by whom.

To say that Riki had been thoroughly tamed was an understatement. Iason had caned him to the point where his pet's legs buckled and he was being held up completely by Iason, who continued to pin his wrists to the wall above his head.

Iason was so angry with Riki, he couldn't stop striking him. Now he began to punctuate his punishment with a sharp tongue-lashing. "How does this feel? Perhaps now you regret your utter idiocy? Stupid, foolish pet! Shame on you! I'm furious with you, Riki. Oh, you think begging is going to save you? It's too late for that. Naughty pet! No, I'm not going to stop. You're not getting off that easy. I'm not finished until you fully regret what you've done."

Ignoring Riki's pathetic begging, his piercing screams, and anguished sobs, the Blondie continued to punish his pet until his fury had run its course, which was unfortunate for the mongrel, since Iason's fury was long-winded and unrelenting.

When at last he stopped, Riki slid to the floor, sobbing so hard he choked on his tears, coughing and gasping. His Master stood over him, staring down at him with both hands on his hips, one hand still wielding the taming stick.

"I've been too easy on you, pet," he admonished. "Now you know what real punishment feels like. And this is what you can expect in the future should you disobey me again. Or perhaps next time I'll use the paddle. Would you like that?"

"No," Riki whispered, wiping his tears with the back of his hand.

"What's that?" Iason demanded, loudly. When Riki failed to reply, he grabbed his hair, pulling his head back. "Answer me!"

“No, Master,” his pet answered, softly, feeling completely defeated and beaten into submission.

“You will address me as Master from now on. Is that understood?”

Riki bit his lip to keep from yelling out his views on this.

“I said,” Iason repeated, annunciating each word as he leaned in close to Riki’s face, “IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?”

“Yes, Master,” the mongrel replied, averting his eyes.

“Every time you fail to do so, you’ll get three strikes with the taming stick. Is that perfectly clear?”

Riki sighed. “Yes, Master.”

As if to demonstrate the validity of this threat, Iason retrieved the taming stick belt and put it on, sliding the stick into its sheath. It was something, he realized now, that he should have done long ago. He had allowed his pet to become too familiar, had given him too many liberties, and Riki had paid him back with a never-ending series of transgressions that no Blondie would tolerate as he had. With a new servant coming into his household, he would have to rein in his unruly pet if he had any chance of training Juthian properly.

Now Iason turned and regarded Daryl, nodding at him. “Well done,” he said, simply, before retreating to the Library.

For Daryl, it was a moment he had waited for, for twelve years—praise from his Master. That it should come on the very day he was to be severely punished by Iason, on the eve of his dismissal, struck him as ironic. He could only assume the Blondie was referring to his having restrained Riki when he proffered his two-word approbation. Daryl shook his head, puzzling over the unpredictability of life.



“I’M GOING OUT. TO THE PAVILION,” Iason announced, keeping his eyes averted as Daryl accompanied him to the door. “I’ll be back soon.”

“Yes, Sir.” Daryl knew why his Master was going to the pavilion. He was going to purchase a whip. One that would be used in a few hours on him...and on Katze.

Riki lay on the floor in the corner of the hall, miserable. He had managed to get his pants back up, but his bottom burned so badly he was tempted to pull them back down. Only his pride prevented him from doing so. Iason had brought Raoul's painting down from the Observatory and it leaned against the wall, just out of Riki's grasp, as a reminder to him of his transgression. Iason had wanted it there as a reminder to himself, as well, so that he would not forget what Riki had done.

But now that Iason was gone, Riki found the painting amusing, and giggled at the comical rendering of Raoul, feeling some relief to be distracted from his suffering.

"You'd better not let Iason catch you laughing like that," Daryl advised, shaking his head.

"I'm not that stupid," the mongrel retorted.

"Hmmm."

"Prick!" Riki teased.

At that moment, the door buzzed, and Daryl went to answer it, surprised to see that it was Raoul.

"Master Iason is not here at the present, Lord Am," Daryl explained nervously, worried. Raoul's painting was in plain view.

"I'll wait," Raoul replied, moving as if to enter.

Daryl moved in front of him.

"How dare you block my way!" Raoul bellowed.

"I have...good reason."

Raoul hesitated. "Iason's orders?"

"No, but—"

"Move aside, boy!" Raoul pushed him aside angrily, striding into the penthouse as if he owned it.

On seeing Riki in chains, and then the painting next to him, he stopped, frozen, staring at his defaced image in disbelief. At that moment, all his good intentions to try and talk things out with Iason were swept away. In an instant, his previous plan to seek his revenge on the mongrel reasserted itself.

"You're dead," Raoul hissed, lunging toward the mongrel. Riki leapt to his feet, but was essentially defenseless, not to mention restricted by his neck-chain.

The Blondie unleashed a hard punch to Riki's face, then his stomach. The mongrel bent over, gasping for breath, and before he could recover, Raoul picked him up and threw him against the wall. Daryl instinctively ran and jumped on Raoul's back, and—not knowing how to fight—bit down as hard as he could on the Blondie's ear. Raoul howled in rage and pain, flinging Daryl from him, kicking him several times, and then picked him up and threw him against a wall, knocking him unconscious.

Riki was able to use this distraction to get to his feet and now fought back with all his strength, managing to get in a few good punches of his own before Raoul overcame him with his brutal strength. The mongrel saw Daryl lying on the ground, blood coming from the boy's mouth, and he wished for Iason to come and save them. It was his last thought before he lost consciousness.

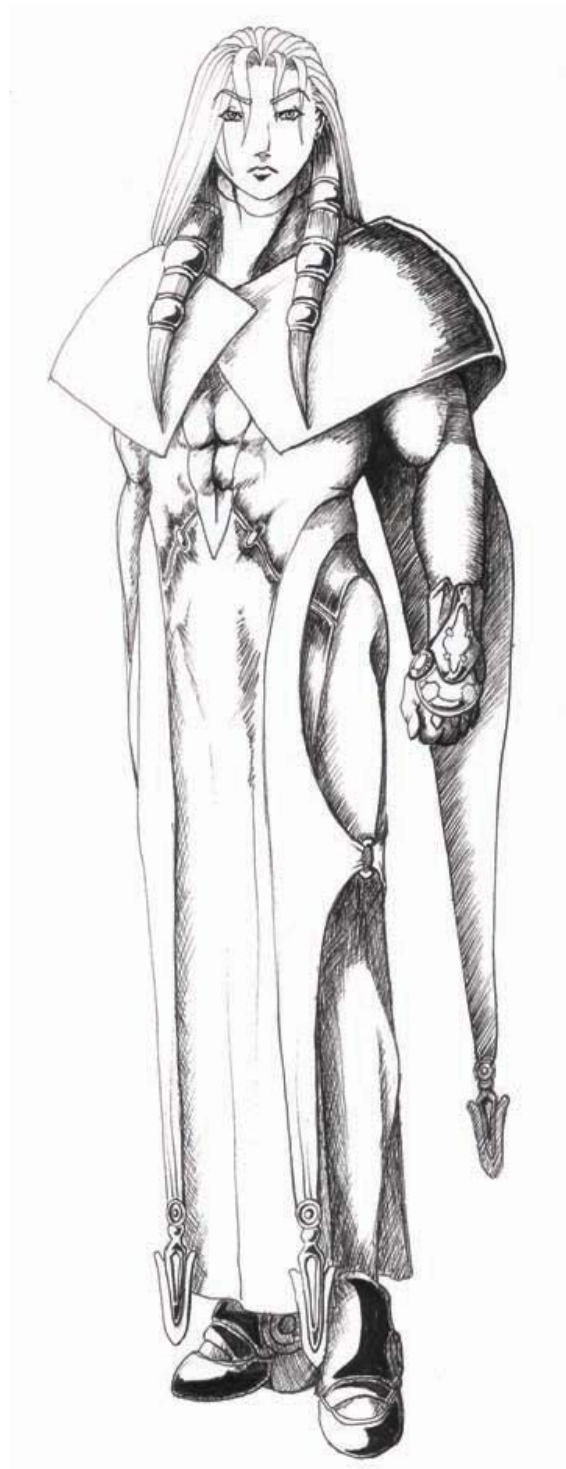
When he awoke, he was in an unfamiliar, dark place. Raoul stood over him, his face bruised and bloody, arms folded across his chest.

“Good. You're awake. Now we can get down to business. You're all mine, mongrel. And I'm going to make sure your last few hours of life are pure hell.”

To be Continued...in *Taming Riki* Vol. 1, Part II

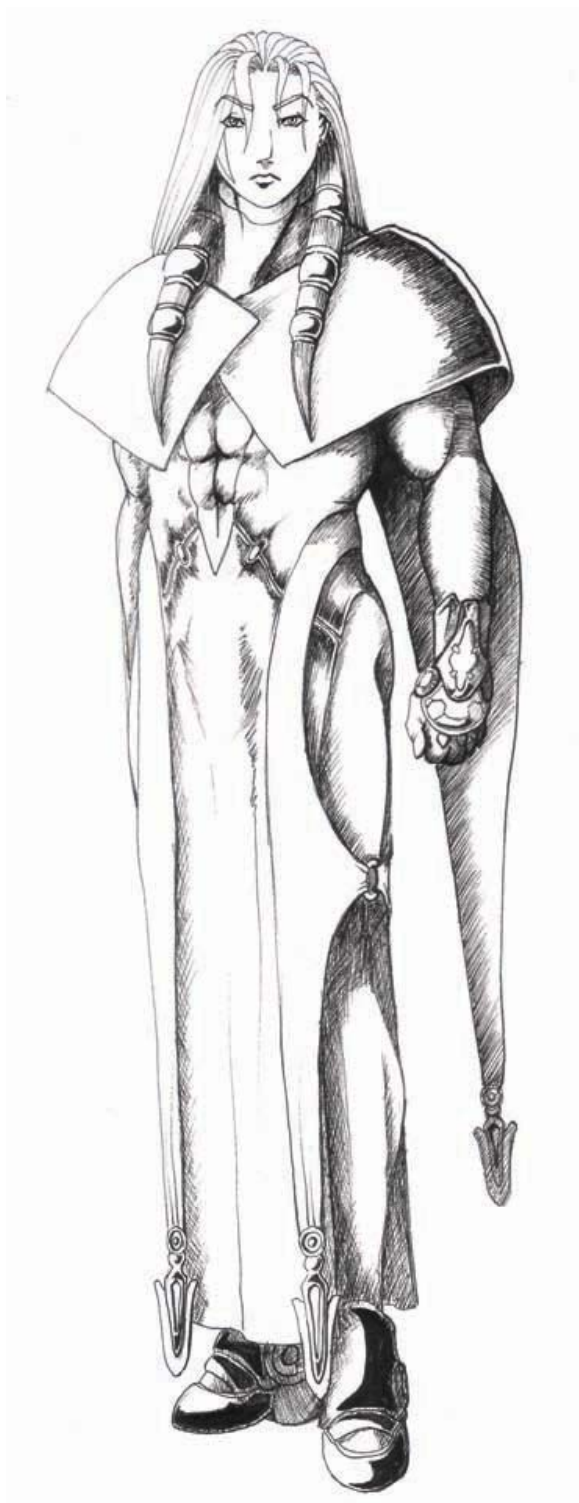
A Guide to Kira Takenouchi's Taming Riki

With Illustrations by Ulla Nissinen



❖ Characters ❖

The House of Mink



Iason Mink

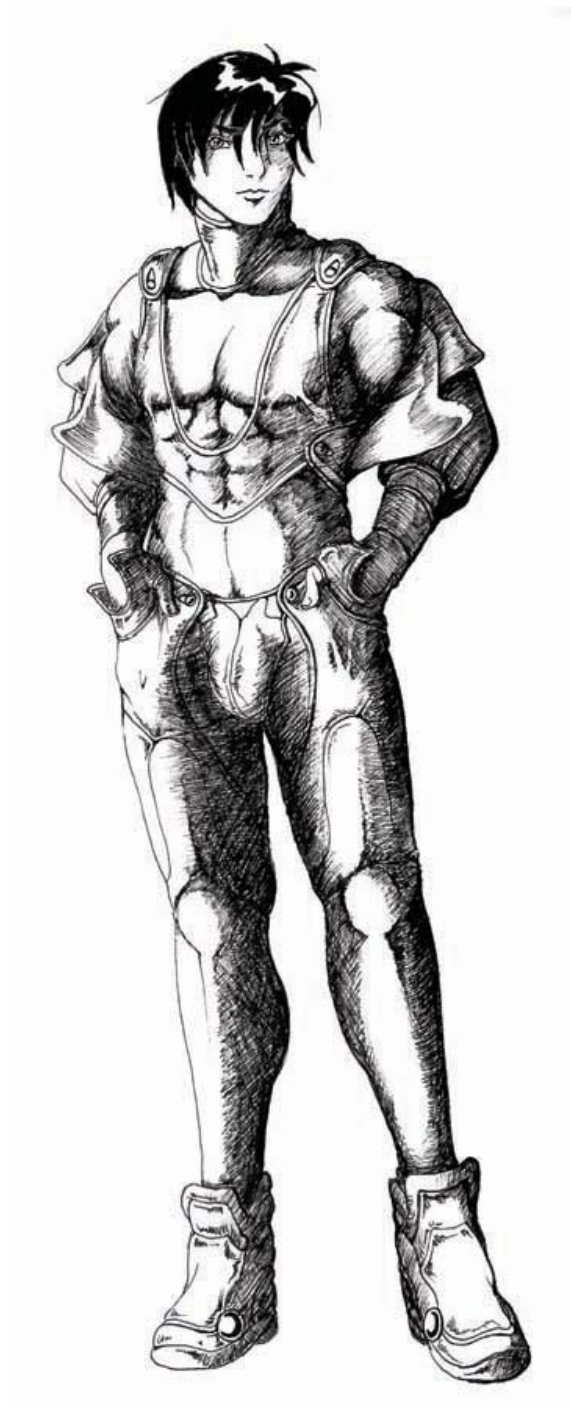
A Blondie, Iason is Head of the Syndicate, reporting directly to Jupiter.

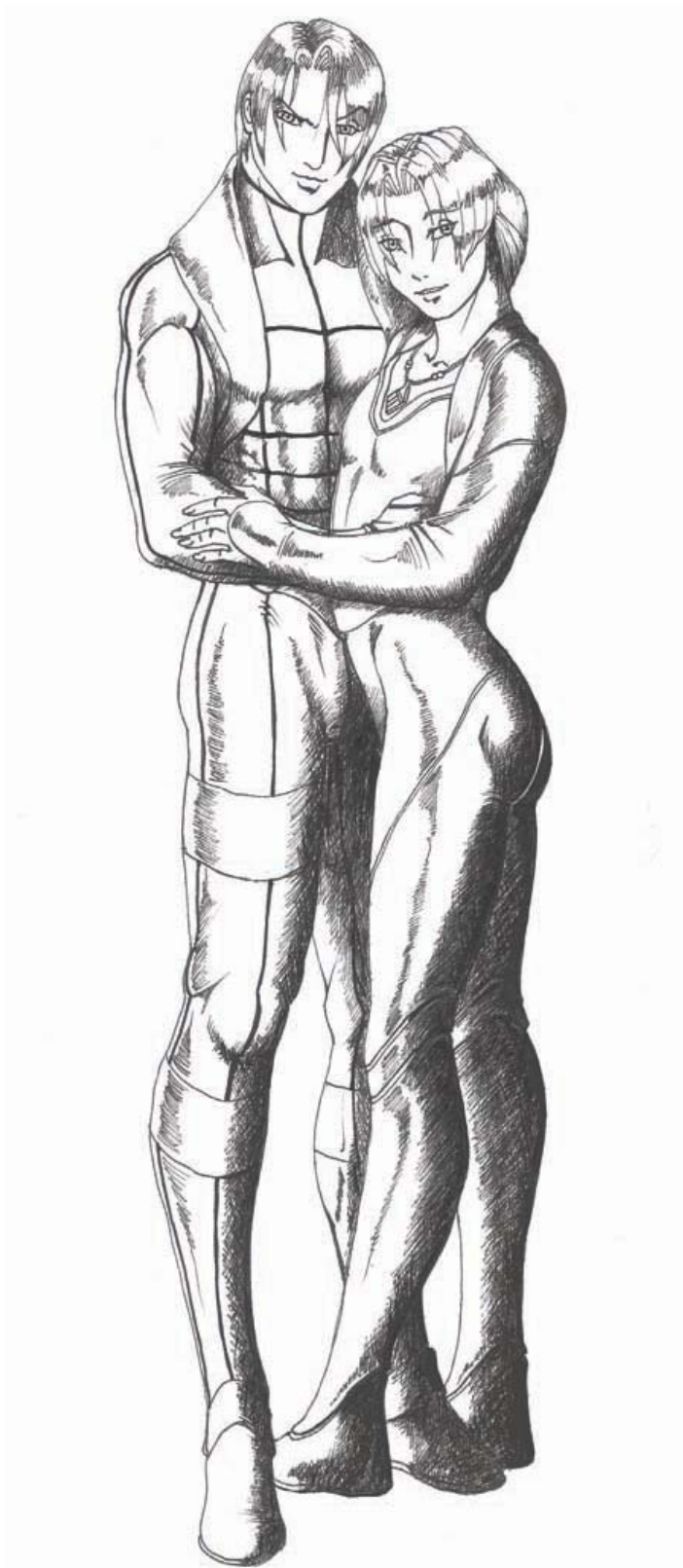
At the helm of Tanagura's prosperous trade enterprise, the Syndicate, Iason supervises the export of pets to the border planets and beyond and oversees the pet auctions on Amoi. He is the Prefect of Eos and also manages the underground Black Market serving Ceres—the slum area of Midas where non-citizens (mongrels) reside.

Riki the Dark

A mongrel, Iason's pet, and former leader of Bison—a notorious gang in Ceres.

Known as the “Prince of Midas,” Riki was abandoned by his mother when he was very young and quickly learned to fend for himself on the wild streets of the slums.



**Katze**

Iason's former servant, Katze (left) is a eunuch who runs the underground Black Market that serves the slums of Midas and the border planets.

Daryl

Iason's attending servant. Daryl (right) was once the servant of Elusius Puck, a notorious Blondie known for his cruelty to his servants and pets.

The House of Ghan

Omaki Ghan

A Blondie. Omaki (left) is the Prefect of Apatia, a province located in Midas. He is also the proprietor of the Taming Tower. Omaki is famous for courting to the tastes of more deviant Blondies.

Aki

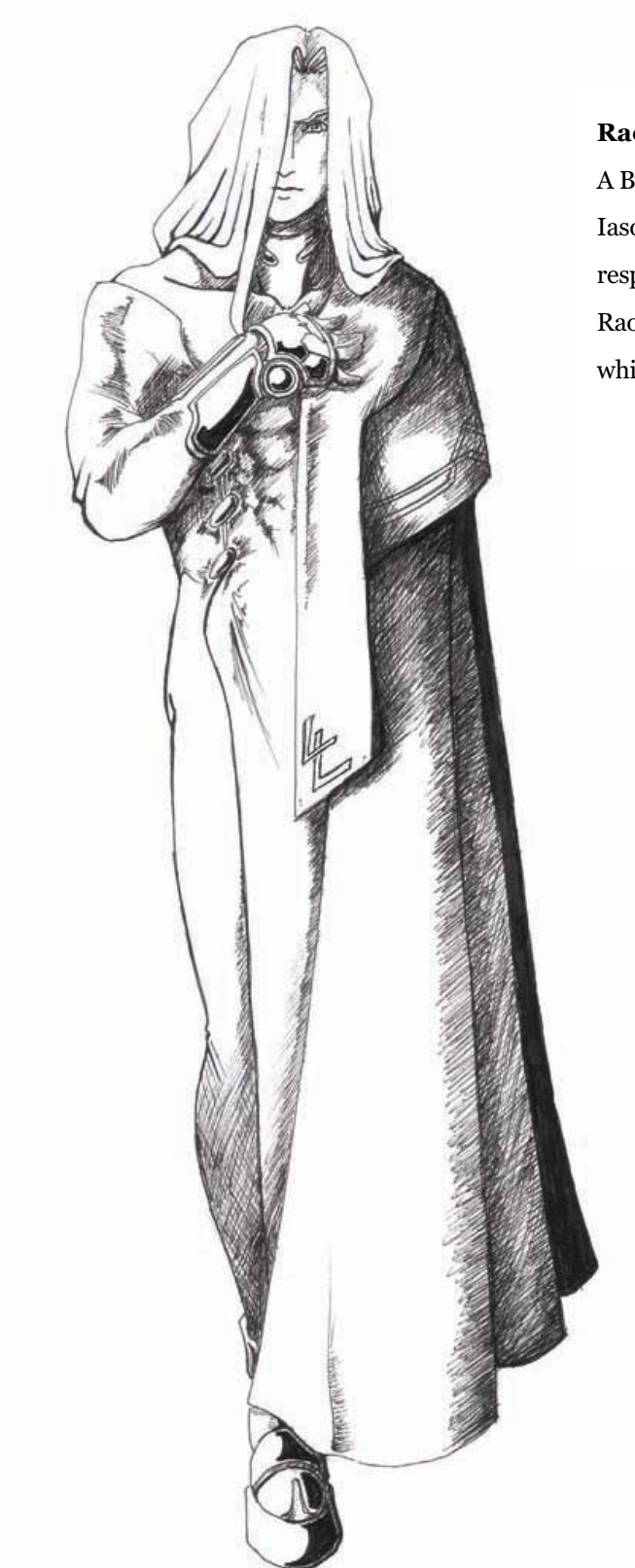
Aki (right) is a young orphan whom Omaki is grooming to one day become his pet.

Ru

Omaki's attending servant. Ru has been with him for seven years, since the age of nine. Ru is at the top of the social world for his caste, along with Sarius, Heiku's head servant. He is an excellent cook (albeit one with a short temper).



The House of Am

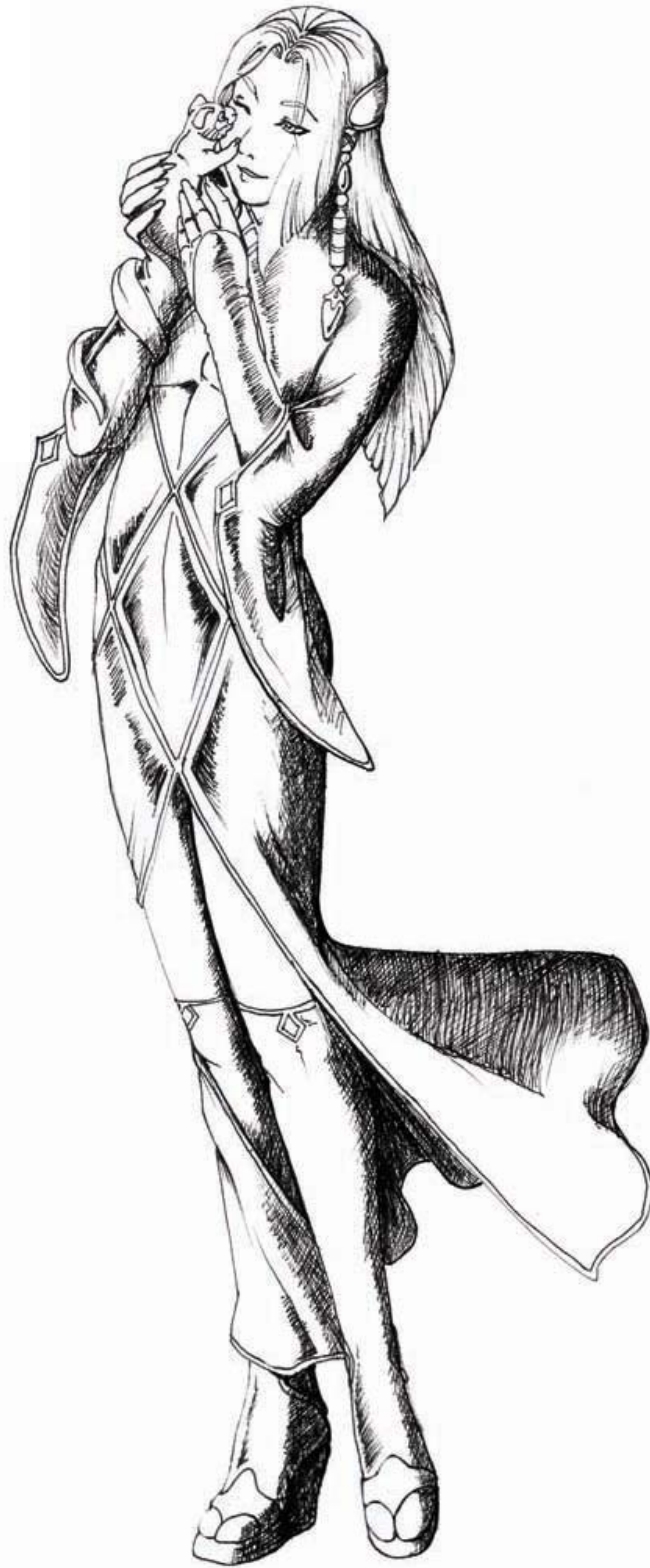


Raoul Am

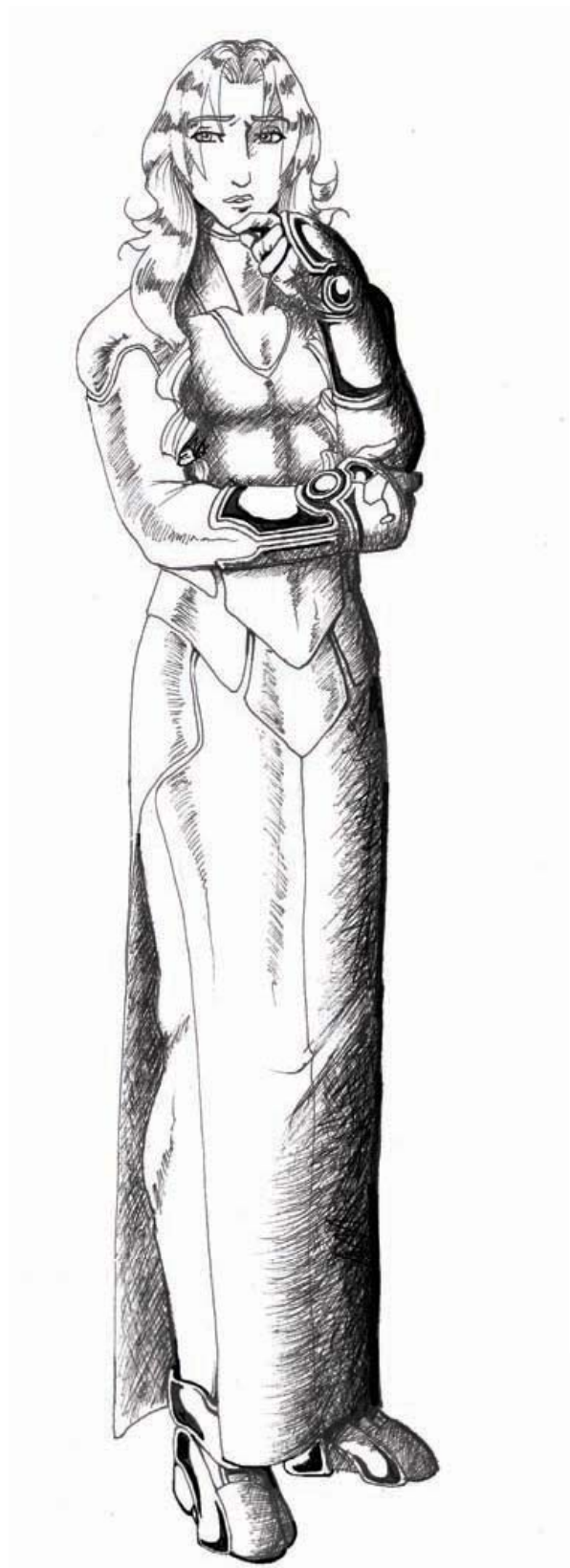
A Blondie. Raoul is the former lover of Iason Mink and Tanagura's most respected artist. As a disciplinarian, Raoul is also a crowd favorite at public whippings.

Yui

A eunuch. Yui is Raoul's loyal and obedient attending servant. He is pictured holding Pixie, a Xeronian feline that was given to him by Raoul.



The House of Xuuju



Yousi Xuuju

A Blondie. Once an extremely brilliant Syndicate apprentice, Yousi fell from grace when he very unwisely claimed Jupiter could be overthrown. As punishment, Jupiter tampered with his mind and confiscated all his assets (with the exception of his servants and his pet).

Yousi runs the Bondage & Discipline Shop in the pavilion. He was best friends with Omaki and once the lover of Heiku.

He has a pet, Arian, and two attending servants, Quin and Yura.

The House of Quiahtenon

Heiku Quiahtenon

(pronounced “we ah teh non”)

A Blondie. Head of

Reconstruction at Tanagura

Medical. Heiku’s most striking attribute is his bionic arm, which is usually encased in a

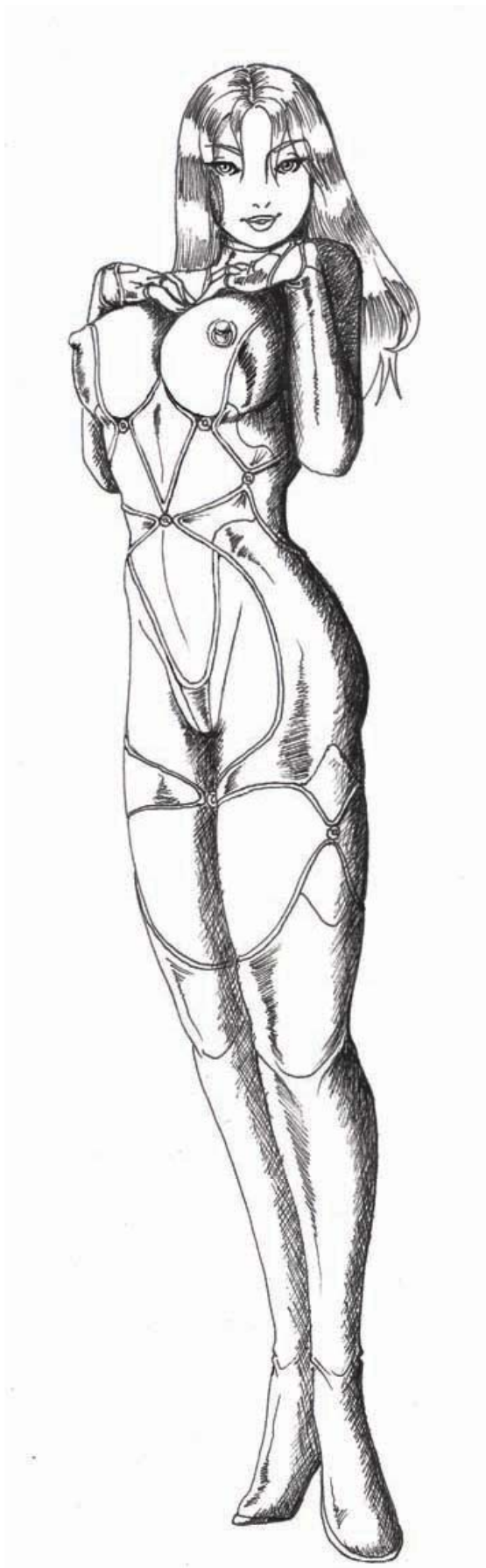
transparent outer shell, allowing the mechanical workings to be seen (pictured here with formal

armor). He is fabulously wealthy and owns the Denovian Royal Suites, where royalty and ambassadors stay during their visits to Amoi.

Sarius

Heiku’s attending servant. A notorious gossip who is good friends with Ru, Omaki’s head servant.



**Ima**

Heiku's pet. Ima is an A-class pet with a propensity for deviance. She posed in a popular though technically illegal magazine while still at the Pet Academy. Everyone seems to know this fact about Ima except her own Master, much to the amusement of the Elites.

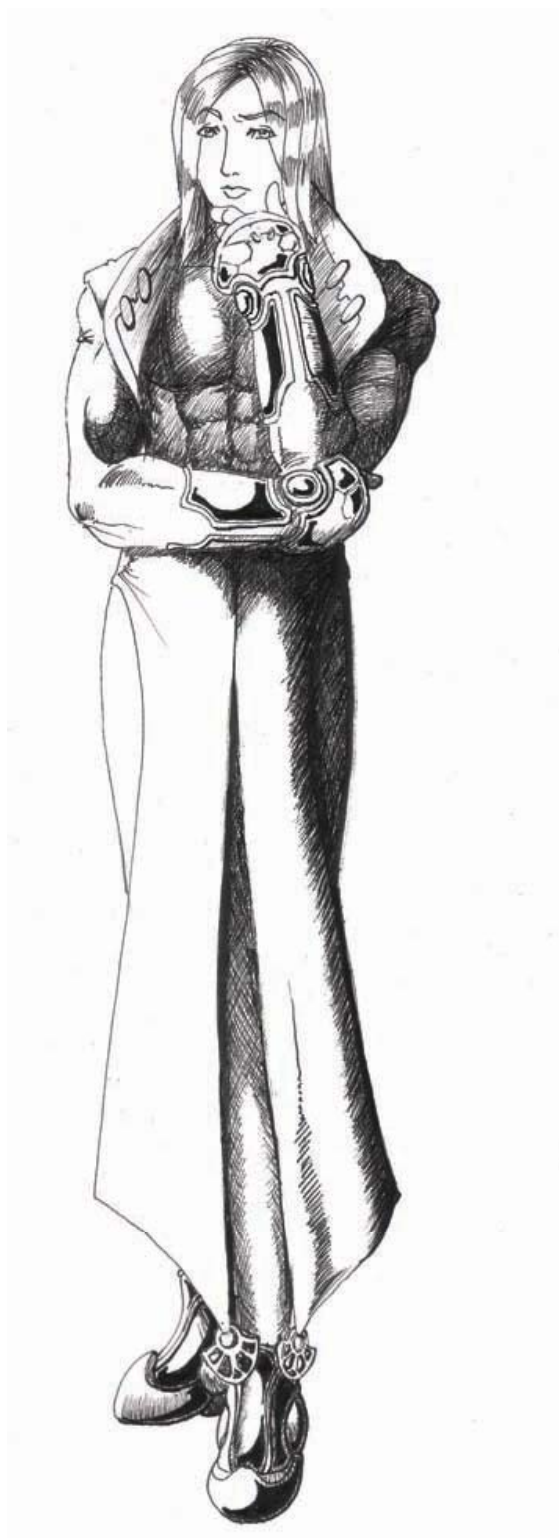
The House of Chi

Megala Chi

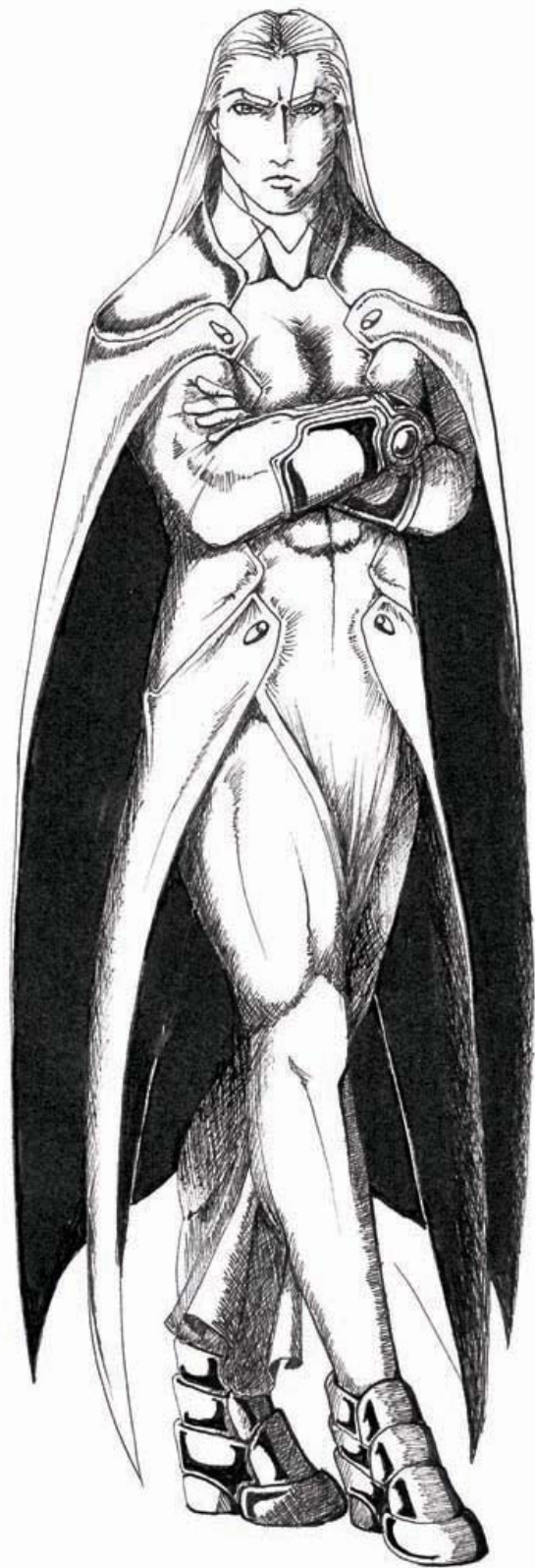
A Blondie, Raoul's next door neighbor. He has been in love with Raoul Am since the Academy.

An outstanding architect, his buildings include the Eos Tower, the Taming Tower, and the Emporium. In his youth he once slept with Omaki in an unsuccessful attempt to attract Raoul's attention.

His pet is Shimera and his attending servant is Nomi.



The House of Sung

**Konami Sung**

Headmaster of the Academy for Elites, a disciplinarian and father figure to most Blondies, including Iason Mink.

✧ Minor Characters ✧

Commander Kattahar

A famous military commander from Alpha Zen, Kattahar was once the commander of Voshka Khosi. A mountain range on Amoi, formerly named the Qentu Mountains, was renamed the Kattahar Mountains after the commander was killed there on a weekend pleasure excursion.

Janja Urubia

A wealthy non-Blondie Elite club owner with many holdings in Tanagura and Midas. He is the owner of the club Serendipity.

Kobin Nu

A Blondie and close friend of Xanthus Kahn, Kobin runs a fishing enterprise on the coasts of Midas. His pet is Jewel.

Lieutenant Tung

Commander Kattahar's lieutenant, known for the Accelerator incident that caught the commander's tent on fire.

Zanbar Su

An Elite with an insatiable appetite for gossip who runs "the Channel," an audio-only gossip broadcast on an Independent frequency listened to by Elites, servants, and pets alike.

✧ Glossary ✧

Academy: All citizens attend some sort of Academy: the Elite Academy, the Pet Academy, the Military Academy, or the Academy for Public Service. Blondies attend the Elite Academy and are, in fact, raised in the Nursery of the Academy from birth. Other Elites (those with silver/grey hair) attend when they reach the age of nine. At age 12, Elites can opt to finish their education at the Military Academy to serve in the Amoian Guard. Military cadets serve an apprenticeship either in the Amoian Guard or on another planet before they matriculate. Pets are either bred by the Masters that own them, are born in the Pet Academy, or are imported from the border planet, Gardan. They are immediately sent to the Pet Academy and are raised in the Nursery there. All non-Elite citizens who are not pets attend the Academy for Public Service, learning the trade they have been assigned to by Jupiter.

Accelerator: A topical medication that promotes healing of wounds and reduces scarring through accelerated activity at the molecular level. The administration of an Accelerator is very painful.

Agatha: A poison used during the Gang Wars. Survivors often experience excruciating headaches and reportedly see visions from time to time (called *Halos*). Agatha poisoning is said to enhance telepathic and precognitive abilities.

Alpha Zen: A very cold but beautiful planet, with volcanoes, glaciers, boiling mud, geysers, waterfalls, mountains, and impressive fjords, Alpha Zen is a complex blend of ancient warrior cultures and longstanding traditions, city-states, and the most technologically advanced modern society in the Quadrant. The planet is known for its exports in G-wave emission technology, sex toys, weaponry, armor, cognac, brandy, taming sticks and paddles, security devices, fine art, games, and literature. It was ruled for nearly 500 years by a senatorial democracy (an oligarchy) until Commander Khosi rose to power. Ultanum is the capital city.

Ambrosia: An expensive cognac from Alpha Zen. Raoul's favorite.

Amoi: Jupiter's planet, Amoi was originally believed to be previously uninhabited before Tanagura was built. However, archaeological discoveries have revealed the existence of many thriving ancient civilizations predating Jupiter's creation and sentience.

Amoian Calendar: The Amoian year is 585 days long, comprising 13 lunar months, each 45 days long. The Amoian day is 26 hours long. The days of the 9-day week are: Iosday,

Tuhnday, Danaburn, Erphanesday, Midweek, Darkfall, Astrajia's Rest, Jupiter's Eve, and Moonday. The moons Ios and Erphanes share identical cycles, thus they are referred to as the "twins."

Anubius: An immense asteroid the size of a small planet in an elliptical orbit around Amoi's sun, around which revolves a smaller belt of asteroids; on its approach, every few hundred years, Amoi experiences spectacular meteor showers.

Apprenticeship: Select Blondies at the Academy are slated by Jupiter for apprenticeship, also called the "Syndicate track." Those who manage to secure this highly-coveted honor typically work in the Syndicate with direct access to Jupiter (though only the Head of the Syndicate usually reports to her in person). The Head of the Syndicate is always selected from among Syndicate apprentices. Elites who choose to join the Amoian Guard also complete an apprenticeship with a military Commander before they graduate from the Military Academy.

Aristia: A border planet, Aristia is warm all year around with extensive beaches and mild weather, a favorite "vacation spot" for dignitaries from throughout the Sector. Aristia is known for its fine wines, luxurious perfumes, silks, and beautiful music, and is the home planet of Tai, who is a member of the ruling family, the House of Merovia.

Aristian Red Emperor: An expensive, fine red wine. Iason's favorite.

Assignment: Jupiter formally recognizes all citizens at the age of nine, at which time they receive their identification number and classification. All non-pets also receive an assignment. The assignment for non-Elites is some sort of trade or occupation, such as a security guard or a shopkeeper. Citizens do not have the option of rejecting their assignment. An assignment of "General Service" is the lowest but broadest classification; a citizen assigned to General Service can choose from any number of occupations, including janitor, cook, driver, or attending servant. The Elite assignment is a "track" of studies that will prepare them for various high-ranking positions in Eos; the most prestigious assignment is the Syndicate Track, which gives select Blondies access to Jupiter's mainframe.

Auction Posting: The official Syndicate listing of pets being put up at the next auction, with photographs and starting bids, distributed free of charge. All purchased pets dread the release of the posting; a Master's announcement that he is "going to the auction" is usually a hint that a new purchase is imminent.

Dark Baccalias: A pricey, specialty cigarette, imported from Alpha Zen; Riki's favorite. Each pack costs about 1000 credits. Dark Baccalias offers a smooth smoke and is mildly intoxicating. Its active substance, *yutonga*, is found only on Alpha Zen, and is very addictive. However, yutonga soothes cravings and addictions to other substances.

Devonian Royal Suites: A posh hotel where foreign dignitaries and royalty stay when visiting Amoi, owned by Heiku Quiahtenon.

Elite: The highest ranking class of citizens on Amoi. Blondies are considered Elites, but they outrank all non-Blondie Elites. The role of the Elites is to ensure order and stability in Amoian society, and to protect Jupiter. Thus Elites control most enterprises and real estate on Amoi, and serve in a variety of governing capacities; all Elites serve on some type of Council, while some Blondies serve as "Prefect" of an assigned region (a *province*, or Area). For instance, Iason Mink is the Prefect of Eos.

E-zone: The "red light" district of Midas, at the hub of the city's night life, in Apatia.

Emission Technology: Technology that allows a device to "emit" additional effects or substances. For instance, the MXV Emperor has six emission options—sting, G-wave, stimulant, buffer, Accelerator, and opiate release. Sting releases an irritant into the flesh. G-wave elicits sexual arousal. Stimulant releases a potent norepinephrine to revive the unconscious. Buffer provides the usual protective retracting mechanism to reduce scarring—quite an innovation for the whip, although some scarring is still probable. Accelerator applies an opiate-free Accelerator with each lash to promote healing—also quite painful. Opiate release provides variable options for administering pain relief.

Enkephalin Meditation Spheres: A form of emission technology that works in concert with the user's brain waves. If the user is able to achieve a theta brain wave, the spheres trigger an endorphin release, using the body's own natural opiates, enkephalins. The spheres are used to develop meditative abilities and are popular among the Elites.

Erphanes: Legendary twin of Ios. See *Ios*.

Gang Wars: A period of intense instability in Ceres not long after the Revolution, when those who had lost their citizenship—eventually known as mongrels—began fighting among themselves to survive the streets of the slums.

Gardan: A border planet, where the concept of "pets" originated. Gardan provided Amoi with pets long before the Syndicate was created and Amoi began its own pet auctions.

General Code: The Code is a book of legal rules and regulations which bind all Amoian citizens, created by Jupiter.

G-strap: Punishment device used to discipline unruly pets and eunuchs. It emits G-wave technology, which eventually causes arousal in non-eunuchs. Can be used in conjunction with a D-type pet ring for enhanced G-wave stimulation.

G-wave Devices: An Alpha Zen specialty, G-wave devices emit G-waves at 10,000 times the level of a pet ring or G-strap, and can literally produce, in a eunuch, a replication of the pleasure achieved at orgasm. The device is strapped around the pelvis and can be fitted with “toys” or organ simulators for an even more authentic sexual experience.

G-wave Technology: Gamma-wave emissions used in pet-rings, straps, and sexual devices. Depending on the sort of emission, these can cause pleasure or pain.

Halo: A vision induced by Agatha poisoning, sometimes accompanied by a headache.

Hecatron: Unit of measurement equivalent to about 50 miles.

Holo-pic, holo-projector: Holographic picture; holographic device that projects holographic films.

Icaria: A border planet. The only democracy in the entire Quadrant, Icaria was in ancient times once home to an extremely barbaric culture, the Vendi. Known to Amoian Blondies for its line of fabulously decorated whips, and for its honey, beer, and fine white wines, which are usually purchased first by Xeron and then exported to Amoi. The Icarians are afraid of Jupiter and refuse to deal directly with Amoi.

Icarian Amber: Iason’s second favorite wine, imported from Icaria. An expensive, fine white wine, known for its mild aphrodisiac qualities.

Icarian Gold: A very good stout imported from Icaria.

Independent Channel: Used by Omaki and Heiku, among others, it is a channel for communications that Jupiter cannot intercept, thus, Jupiter cannot “listen in” on what’s being said. All other channels are automatically monitored by Jupiter (there is no way to prevent this, since she controls the entire grid). Independent Channels are illegal on Amoi.

Ios: Legendary twin of Erphanes. Ios and Erphanes were warriors and lovers from the Lost Age who committed suicide rather than renounce their love. According to legend, the

brothers drank poison and died on the beach as the tides came. Their souls were said to be transformed into the twin moons of Amoi, which take their names.

Kasey-whips: Stiff but flexible whips, similar to crop whips, with varying thicknesses. Class numbers are from 1 to 21. Lower class whips lack the more extensive buffering mechanisms to prevent scarring as well as other fancy emission technology, but the upper class numbers are thicker and more brutal. The C-20 Spider releases a poison that paralyzes the receptive parties or persons, causing them to eventually stop breathing and is used for terminal punishment. A C-21 is specifically designed to arouse eunuchs, but when used on a fully-equipped male, the end result is castration without organ removal.

King Chunamenkahn: Ancient Amoian king from the Lost Age, said to be gifted in the art of spells and battle magic.

Krevlians: A cream-filled pastry typically served at breakfast.

Krostafish: A type of fish with sharp, vicious teeth; during the Gang Wars of Midas, some mongrels were fed to the fish to die horribly gruesome deaths.

Lake Erphanes: A deep, pristine blue lake east of Tanagura where the villas of the Elites are located.

Lost Age: Amoian history, pre-Jupiter. Although Amoi was believed to have been previously uninhabited, archeological digs eventually uncovered evidence of many previous thriving civilizations on the planet.

Manatung Bay: A bay on the outskirts of Midas, where the best Amoian fishing markets are located.

Minas Qentu: An archeological dig in the Amoian desert that uncovered evidence of ancient civilizations on the planet.

Modification: The castration of a male for the purposes of becoming an attending servant. Usually the castration is voluntarily submitted to, because it is considered a privilege to become an attending servant to an Elite. Modification can also refer to mind tampering, a form of punishment used by Jupiter to force deviants into neurological submission. Things like memories, behavioral patterns and attitudes—whole personalities, in fact—can be taken away. Raoul Am is responsible for organizing such “intervention” while Heiku Quiahtenon and Yutaku Iman perform the actual surgery.

Molecular Detector: A device used to determine the molecular structure of nearly any known substance, utilized specifically to check for possible poisoning.

Neal Darts: An area in Midas. Maylord, the mongrel poisoned by Agatha who survived and developed psychic abilities, lives there.

Open Club: A club where sexual acts may be performed openly.

Opiate-3: An analgesic similar to a strong narcotic. (O-3)

Opiate-6: A far stronger version of an O-3, so strong, in fact, that it can kill if dosage and use are abused. Death is more likely when one drinks alcohol with it. (O-6, or Sixes)

Opiate-7: The most potent non-anesthetic opiate available, it is so valuable on the Black Market that it is even used as currency. (O-7)

Opiate-8: An opiate combined with a numbing agent, usually injected. (O-8)

Pavilion: An Elite market situated on the second level of the Eos Tower, where Yousi's Bondage & Discipline Shop is located.

Revolution: An early rebellion by citizens of Tanagura and Midas against Jupiter's authority, the Revolution resulted in a permanent group of non-citizens, the mongrels, who were barred from Tanagura and Jupiter's favor forever.

Serendipity: An open club in Tanagura.

Series 6500 Stun-Pen: A small weapon which causes temporary paralysis when deployed; the "stun" is very painful.

Taming Tower: The privately owned suites run by the infamous Omaki Ghan. It is a palace of punishment—a dark, but posh hotel, designed by Megala Chi, where Elites bring their pets and servants to be tamed into total submission.

Taming stick: Discipline instrument. "The taming stick had no fancy technology, no protective buffering system, no variable settings—it was just old-fashioned, brutal punishment intended to be wielded without restraint, saved for the most rebellious, disobedient pets." – *Taming Riki* Vol. I, Part I.

Tanagura Medical: Tanagura's biggest hospital.

The Channel: An audio-only gossip channel listened to by Elites, servants, and pets alike.

The channel was banned for a time by Jupiter but was eventually tolerated due to its unflagging popularity. It runs on the frequency 507.8 with the main transmission originating from the private residence of Zanbar Su.

T-stand: Punishment/bondage/restraining device that restrains arms and legs spread-eagled, in an upright (standing) position.

Unclassified: An individual that, for some reason, lacks an official classification (Elite, Servant, Pet). Rare.

Urasia: An ancient barbarian culture that thrived on Amoi 2,500,000 millions years before Jupiter's awakening.

Urus: A second, much smaller Amoian city west of Midas. It was built by the Elites as another pleasure city—considered “safer” than Midas because it was free of mongrels, and soon attracted a steady flow of tourists from the border planets during the summer months. The city is positioned along the ocean, and many Elites own beachfront property there. The city is unique in that its power source does not depend on Jupiter. The city uses Elite identification and security, though, so it remains off-limits to mongrels. Urus arose as Tanagura became increasingly crowded, but beyond Urus no other cities have been built, since the rest of the planet is a wasteland. It has also become a cluster for research and development, with a number of laboratories.

Vendal Dynasty: Ancient line of kings from the Lost Age.

Vendel Park: A park on the outskirts of Midas, near Ceres, but frequented mostly by the Elite. Popular for its elaborate sculptures, fountains, and breathtaking gardens.

Vendi: A barbaric culture of ancient Icaria.

White Moon: Iason's third favorite wine. An expensive, fine white wine.

Xeron: A border planet near Icaria which provides Icarian imports to Amoi.

Yutonga: The active substance in Dark Baccalias, mildly intoxicating and very addictive. Found only Alpha Zen.

Zavo Vergatti: One of Iason's favorite artists. A “Vergatti” is a much sought after, expensive sculpture.

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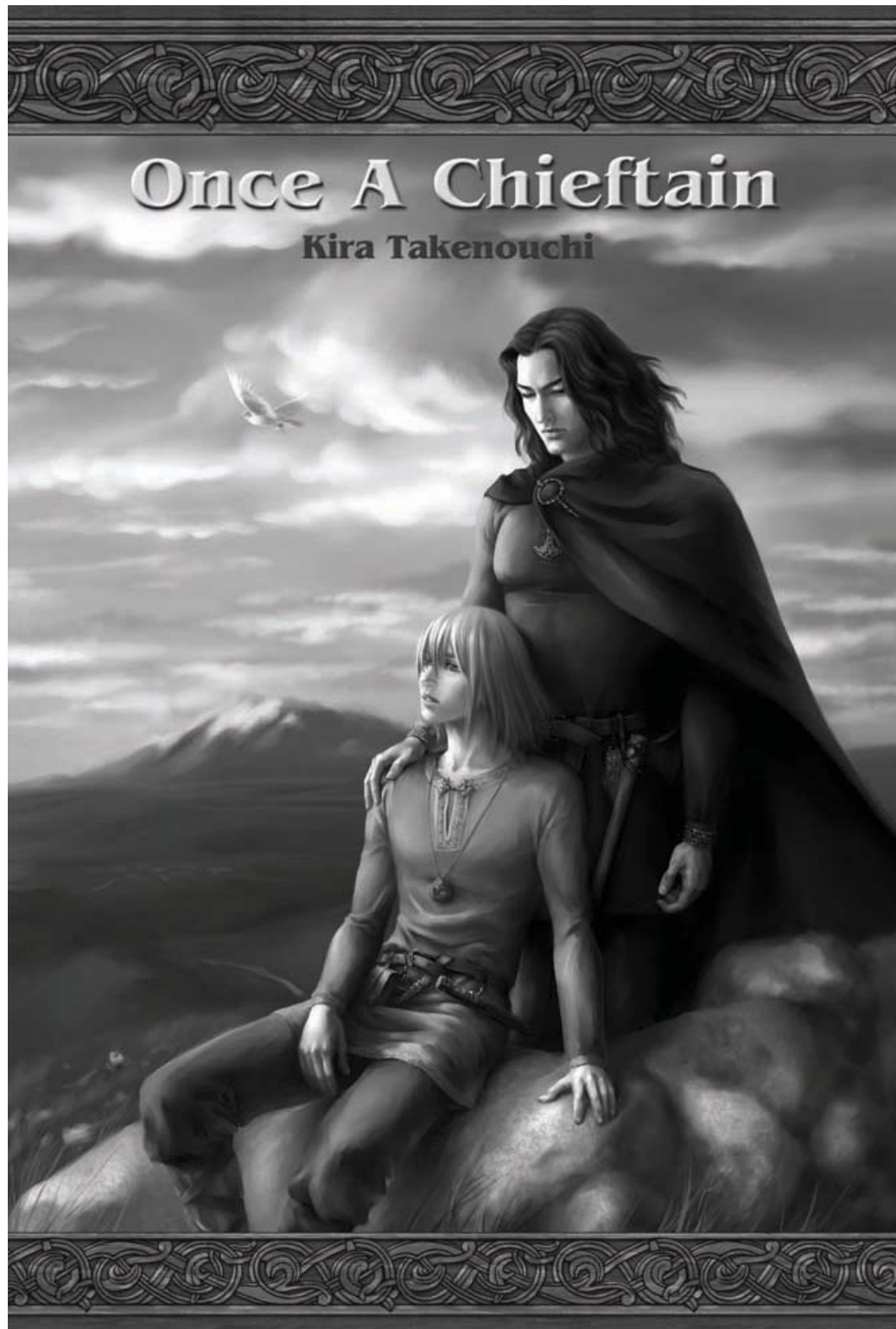
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